Australian
PENTHOUSE
THE AUSTRALIAN MEN'S MAGAZINE
MARCH 1987

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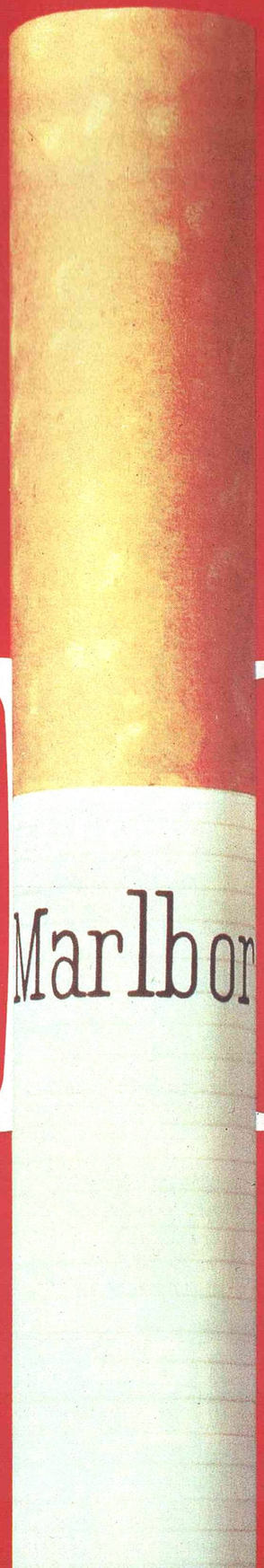

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The Australian Men's Magazine/Vol 8 No 3/March 1987

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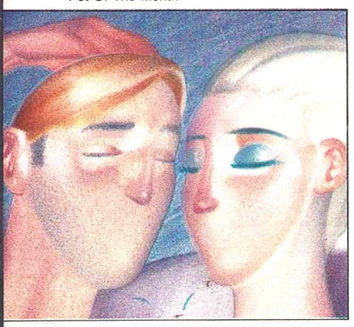
Going Down

Corporate Cannibals

Brock's Black Magic

REGULARS

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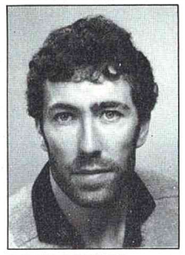
MARCH

PETER McKAY

FRANTS KANTOR

BOB BOTTOM

NIGEL BUCHANAN


COLIN BOWLES

GRAEME SIMS

HOUSECALL

LICENTIOUS PREMISES
Whichever way you look at it, prostitution is a tough trade. Victoria's Cain government has analysed the complex problems of organised crime involvement, drug addiction, police corruption, underage girls (and boys), immigration rackets etc — and decided the best solution was to hand the shady beneficiaries of the world's oldest profession a licence to print money. Crime reporter **Bob Bottom** puts the acid on Victoria's "model" legislation in a disturbing story beginning on page 32 and illustrated by **Yvonne Sutherland**.

CORPORATE CANNIBALS
The new generation of captains of industry has been leaving the older men for dead. With fire in their bellies rather than an Australia Club lunch, they've led a barbarous rampage through a significant slice of the Australian economy. What effect will the activities of the big five — Holmes a Court, Bond, Elliott, Spalvins and Brierley — have on the wealth of the rest of us? **David Quicksilver** provides the answers in a colorful analysis of corporate cannibalism starting on page 50 with an illustration by **Frants Kantor.**

BROCK'S BLACK MAGIC
The rumor mill has been working overtime on tales from the Peter Brock camp. "Brock's got a witch doctor on the team. Brock is casting spells to make his car go faster . . ." The cause of all this tongue-wagging is the Energy Polariser, a device which Peter Perfect claims will revolutionise the laws of physics. Motoring Editor **Peter McKay** got the full story on the race ace's magical gizmo, which Brock claims "can make a shithouse car good." Mumbo-jumbo or manna from heaven? Turn to **Michael Coyne's** photo on page 54.

GOING DOWN
How'd you like to be the first guy in Australia to go down in criminal history — literally? We're talking about a jail term for performing oral sex — an outrageous concept five years ago but now a conceivable threat as the swing toward sexual repression gains momentum. In Part 4 of the New Conservatism series **Graeme Sims** reveals how the right-wing backlash has gained a toehold in the bedrooms of middle Australia. **Nigel Buchanan's** illustration starts that story on page 74.

THE CHEAT'S GUIDE TO GOLF
All golfers cheat. It's part of the poetry of the game. But the real artists are those who not only win money by cheating, but do so in such a way that their opponents *know* they cheated but can't prove it. "No matter what the Bhagwan says," contends **Colin Bowles**, "this is the road to true bliss." Check out the golfing guru's hilarious tips on page 124. **Chris Payne** provided the accompanying artwork.

PENTHOUSE SURVEY
As well as the free poster in the centre of this month's issue, you'll also find a survey which has been commissioned especially for you — the *Penthouse* reader. We want to find out what our readers want in a modern men's magazine so we can continue to provide you with the publication which gives you the best value for your money. You could also win a case of Johnnie Walker Black Label Scotch. O⊢

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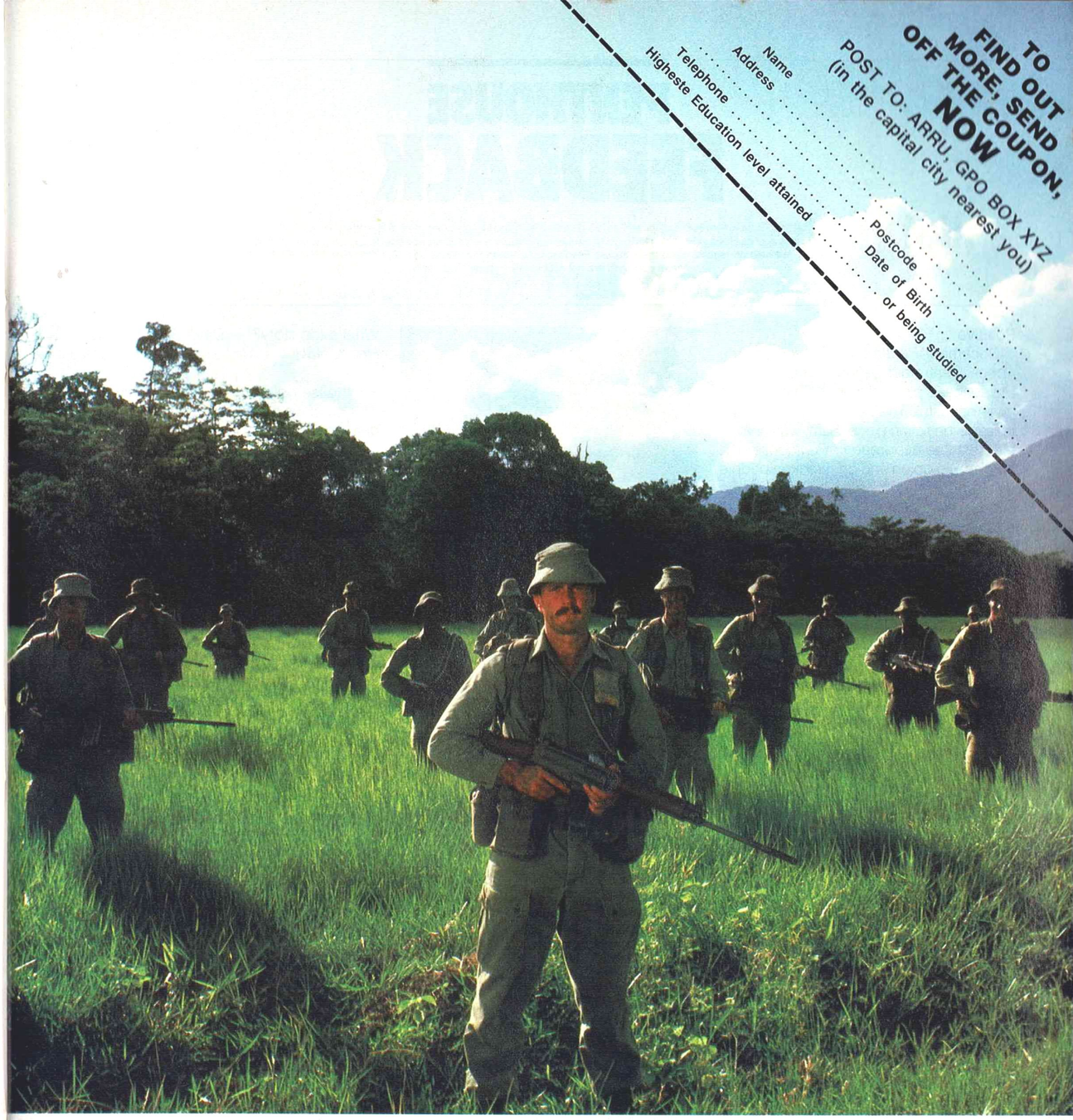

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PENTHOUSE FEEDBACK

Is a dialogue between readers and editors concerning the editorial content of Australian *Penthouse*—
its aspirations and its areas of interest. Letters for publication should carry name and address (in capitals), although these
will be withheld on request. Send to Penthouse Feedback, Australian Penthouse Box 42, Cammeray, NSW 2062.
Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

Positive

December *Penthouse* was an absolute ripper. Centrefold Belinda White and the Maidenhead pictorial were both breathtakingly beautiful. The Joke Offensive was a scream, the fiction piece, Sam, was among the best I've ever read in *Penthouse* . . . and I could go on and on. I reckon people would normally only write to a magazine if they were upset about something and I notice that *Penthouse* does publish a lot of negative letters. But let me tell you, there are lots of people out there who wouldn't dream of missing an issue of *Penthouse*. I'm one of them, and I hope this letter helps redress the balance. — *Vince Parsons, Carlingford, NSW*

Bella Belinda

If the sun doesn't shine out of Belinda White's arse (December *Penthouse*), then it ought to. I loved the way she presented herself on the balcony in your glorious tribute to her exceptional beauty. Daniel Nolan's use of shadow-play was good, too.

Congratulations to everyone associated with that pictorial for capturing the most gorgeous arse ever. — *J.V., Grafton, NSW*

Your December 1986 edition of *Australian Penthouse* is the most beautiful document I have ever laid eyes on. Sincerely. — *Barry Rutherford, Canberra, ACT*

Responding gingerly

What a great magazine. I have just received my third copy of Black Label *Penthouse* (November issue). Should have got it years back. Stories are great, cartoons funny. The girls are the best — but in all the time I have been reading these magazines I have never been as impressed by one of the girls as I was by Ginger Miller. In fact, she leaves the others for dead. She is so good I went out and bought the standard copy to get more photos of her.

Ah, to come back to this Earth as a string of pearls. Now *that* would be heaven. Please, please — more blondes and redheads. Also, Forum letters are great reading. — *M.W.H., Charters Towers, Qld*

Dear Playboy

No, I haven't got it wrong — I haven't got my magazines mixed up, at least not any more. I, along with other misguided souls, have for a long time indiscriminately bought whatever was closest to hand, but enough is enough. Frankly, *Playboy*, I'm disappointed in your pictorials and your articles — and since we're at it, your humor stinks. Yet I need not despair, thanks to *Australian Penthouse*.

Breathtaking Belinda White

Now, if you can take some friendly advice, have a close look at some of those *Penthouse* magazines you smuggle into the staff room. Without exception, you'll find fantastic pictorials like Jennine Caiphness, thought-provoking articles like Reefer Madness, and outrageous humor as in Snow White And The Seven Minority Groups (all in November *Penthouse*). Though on second thought, go back to sleep. You couldn't top *Penthouse* if you tried. — *J. Patrick, Highgate Hill, Qld*

Climax

Liane Shavian will be a name that I will keep a sharp lookout for after that stunning work of fiction in your December edition entitled Sam — with one of the most chilling climaxes I've ever read. If Sam Keen "needed just one more for the road" then this reader would like just one more of Liane's stories.

I've always read your fiction. It's always terrific. Yet you don't always publish fiction. What's the story? — *Dave Bailey, Norah Head, NSW*

Penthouse *policy on fiction is simply this: if it's great we publish it. If it isn't, why waste our readers' time?* — Ed

Corn corner

I haven't been able to stop laughing since I read The Joke Offensive in your December '86 issue. One oversight, though: where were all the classic offensive jokes about lepers? What have you guys got against lepers, anyway? I expected to at least see the one about the leper having to leave the party because everyone was dipping Jatz in his back. And the one about the leper saying to the prostitute: "Keep the tip." They just break me up!

May I suggest a follow-up of 101 Corny Jokes? It would be a surefire winner with this reader. Here's a couple to get you started. **Q.** Did you hear about the witch who started her own liberation front? **A.** She was sick and tired of being treated as a hex object. **Q.** Why did the guy take a job at Manly Marineland? **A.** He wanted to feel that his work served a porpoise. **Q.** Any luck turning up that missing pineapple? **A.** No, our search was fruitless.

I've got a million of 'em. — *Alex G. Carpenter, Adelaide, SA*

Don't call us, we'll call you. — Ed

Here's another joke for your offensive jokes list. **Q.** What's white and slides around a dance floor? **A.** Come dancing with Arthur Murray. — *Name and address withheld*

The Joke Offensive featured in your December issue was about as funny as a turd in a punchbowl. — *F. Fairchild, Newcastle, NSW*

I loved your list of awful jokes. In fact I photocopied it and distributed it around the office. My mates and I decided that you'd missed a couple. **Q.** What's pink and has seven dents in it? **A.** Snow White's hymen. **Q.** What's the definition of an optimist? **A.** An Australian batsman putting zinc cream on his nose. **Q.** What's the difference between a feminist and an elephant? **A.** About six kilos.

Keep up the good work. — *Bob and the boys, Carlton, Vic*

If one green bottle should accidentally fall, there'll be hell to pay.

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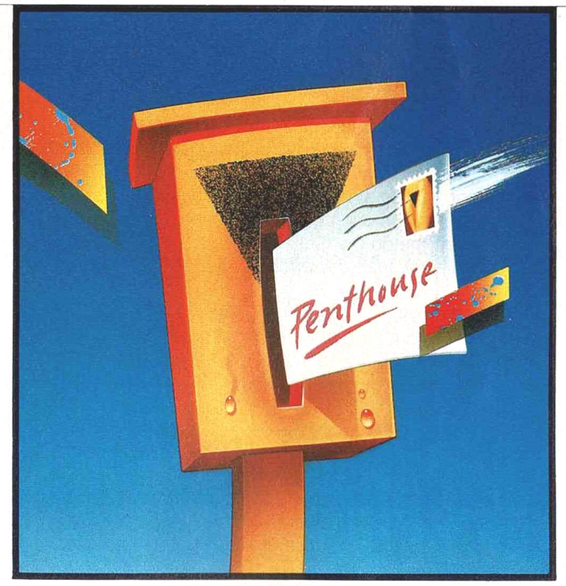
Sex siren

As an emergency department nurse, it is a part of my training to do paramedic ride-alongs to observe the techniques of medical intervention. Little did I know that one of my rides would turn out to be the experience of my life and my entry to a very exclusive group.

During these excursions, I'd find myself getting very excited whenever the rig would pull out of the fire station, its siren blaring and the lights flashing. Between runs, I enjoyed the company of two very attractive, enthusiastic paramedics. These guys risk their lives and deal with life's most unpleasant situations on a daily basis. One of them, John, was particularly attractive to me, and I found my eyes repeatedly wandering to follow the lines of his jumpsuit. I would fantasise what it might contain, and admire the tight buttocks that it concealed. While I was in the middle of one such erotic daydream, the alarm went off. We listened for the street address, and took off.



We zoomed down the street with the lights and siren on. I got hot and closed my eyes for a moment to enjoy my fantasy. As we assisted our elderly patient, I noticed John looking at me. When my eyes met his, he gave me one of those looks, and I blushed. I wondered if he somehow figured out what I was thinking about. I knew right then and there that I just had to have him!

After we had dropped the patient off and were making our way back to the fire station, I turned to John and said, "You know, I've always wondered what you guys wear under those jumpsuits." While I spoke, I playfully toyed with the zipper of his suit. John put his arm around my waist and smiled. "I'm sure I can satisfy your curiosity," he replied with a smile. We pulled into the parking lot. John climbed into the back of the rig where I was sitting, saying to his partner over his shoulder, "We've got a 'code three' here."

John sat down next to me. His hand moved slowly but purposefully along my cheekbone to behind my head as he pulled my face forward to kiss me. I felt my pulse racing and my juices flowing from the intensity and passion of his kiss. His hands moved down and he deftly started to undress me. This guy's a pro, I thought, realising that my fantasy was about to come true. I went straight for his zipper, pulling it down to reveal a sensual chest, and tight red bikini briefs with an already protruding member. I traced the same line the zipper had just passed, cupping my hands around the balls at the end of its trail. His mouth went down to suck and kiss my breasts.

As I pressed his head against my chest, I realised we were not alone. I looked up into the rearview mirror to see John's partner's eyes and an approving smile. That did it! The enticement of exhibitionism set me off. Dropping to my knees, I slid the blue jumpsuit and red underwear off John and wasted no time in wrapping my lips around his cock. I wanted to take my time teasing and pleasing him, but I was afraid we would get another emergency call at any minute. John's groans of pleasure grew more intense, and he must have also sensed the need to act quickly, because with one swift movement, he swept me up and put me down on top of one of the stretchers. He stood over me, preparing to mount, then signalled his partner, "We're ready for code three." His partner switched on the lights and siren at the exact moment that John penetrated me. My hips met his every thrust; his strokes were long and deep. I felt myself coming and couldn't even hear the siren over the sounds of my own screams of ecstasy. He clutched me close to him, moaning softly as he came. I tensed every muscle I had, stroking and milking him dry.

As we settled down to savor the event, the alarm went off; we were needed at another medical emergency. We dressed quickly in anticipation of a life-or-death situation. As the ambulance rolled off into the night, John looked at me longingly and whispered, "Welcome to the code-three club." I later found out that I was not alone in being turned on in the back of an emergency transport vehicle, and several other paramedics had used the stretcher equipment for what certainly were emergencies but not life-threatening in nature. This particular form of resuscitation was referred to by all the guys on the paramedic team as a "code three." From what I hear, at least half-a-dozen more members have been added to the "club" since my wild initiation, and membership is growing fast. Next time you see an ambulance race past you, have a good look at the driver. If he has an ear-splitting grin on his face and a glazed look in his eyes, you can be sure he's a card-carrying member of our little club! — *Name and address withheld*

Bald is beautiful

My wife and I have been married for 15 years now and have had a very active, creative sex life. Tamie has tried many different ways of making love, and I am one man who has no complaints in that department. Still, there are a few fantasies I have that I wouldn't expect her to fulfil.

One night I had picked up a little adult entertainment for the evening, something Tamie and I enjoy about once a month. Sometimes the movies are great; other times they are barely passable. This night we got lucky—the film was outrageous. We particularly liked one featured blonde who bore a resemblance to my wife. She was small and perky, with bouncy tits and a shaved pussy.

About midway through the film, Tamie said she had to go to the bathroom. I hit the pause button on the VCR and waited

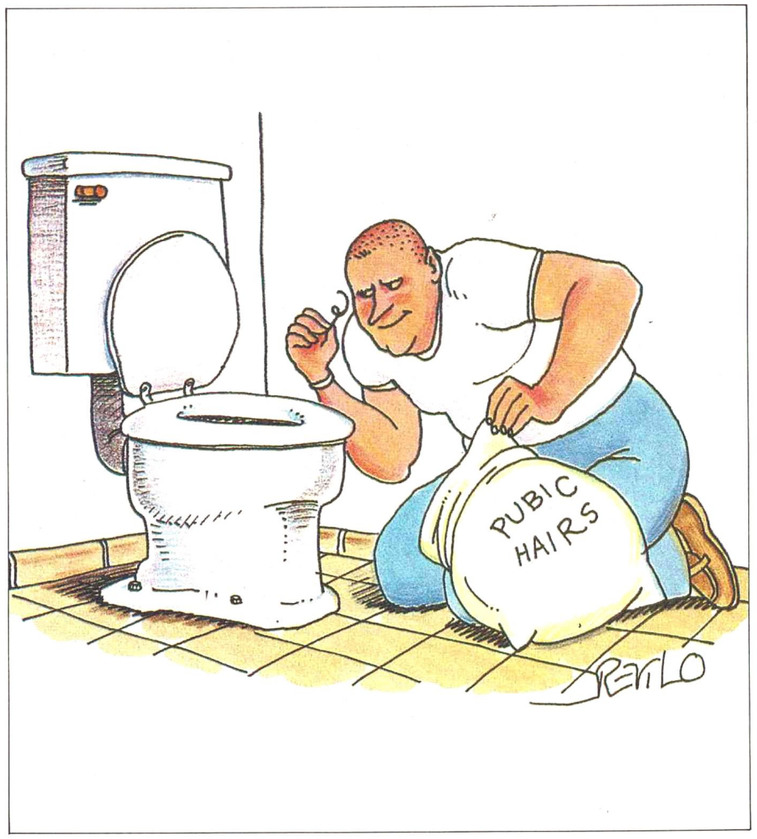
about ten minutes for her. Tamie returned wearing a hot red teddy. She was obviously in heat as she snuggled up to me and whispered in my ear, "I have a surprise for you." I was practically panting as she unhooked her teddy. I could barely make out her body by the light of the television screen, but I could tell something was a little different. She had shaved her snatch! I was in heaven. I had asked her on numerous occasions to let me shave her, but she had always refused.

Tamie reached over and turned on the light so I could get get a better look. My cock was as straight as a flagpole, but I wanted to tease her before she got a taste of my meat. I put my face up to her bare quim and gave it a kiss. Tamie sighed and pushed her pelvis into my face as I sucked her clit for all I was worth.

Tamie started to moan and babble about being banged by my stiff cock. I couldn't answer her because my mouth was full, but I did my best to oblige her by finger-fucking her with one hand while working the thumb of my other on her swollen clit. Tamie was thrashing about on the floor, squeezing her tits and pulling on her erect nipples. I got my tongue into fourth gear as I licked, sucked, and pulled on her bare mound until the lips were wet with my passion.

I pulled my face away from her because I just couldn't get over the amazing sight of her naked pussy. It looked so hot, and was shiny and wet from my mouth and her own love juices. Tamie was so revved up that she began rubbing her snatch, begging me not to stop, pleading for me to fuck her hard. With that bald little twat staring me in the face, I had no problem sliding myself in to the hilt. She wrapped her legs around my back and began to buck, moaning about how much she liked my big cock inside her. She had a tremendous orgasm, and I exploded my cream inside her, still driving full force into her slippery love hole. I didn't want my orgasm to ever end.

I still can't get over her shaving her pussy. I had been living with her for many years and it just goes to show you that life can still be strange and unpredictable. I can't say enough about a wife that can still keep me on my toes. Never give up, fellas! — *Name and address withheld*



Spin cycle

I live in an apartment complex that comes with all the trimmings, including a private pool for residents only. She was lying by the pool when I first saw her, lying on her stomach with her bikini straps down, catching a few rays. Her rear end had a perfect profile, and as I watched her, she gave her bikini pants a couple of tugs, shifted her hips and spread her legs a bit.

I went for a swim, and when I got out of the pool I saw that she had gotten up and gone into the community laundry room, where the unit owners will let your ruin you clothes for 50 cents. As I watched her walk away, I noticed she had a great walk and a sexy little sway to her hips. I was dying to get a better look at her, maybe even introduce myself, so I followed her to the laundry room.

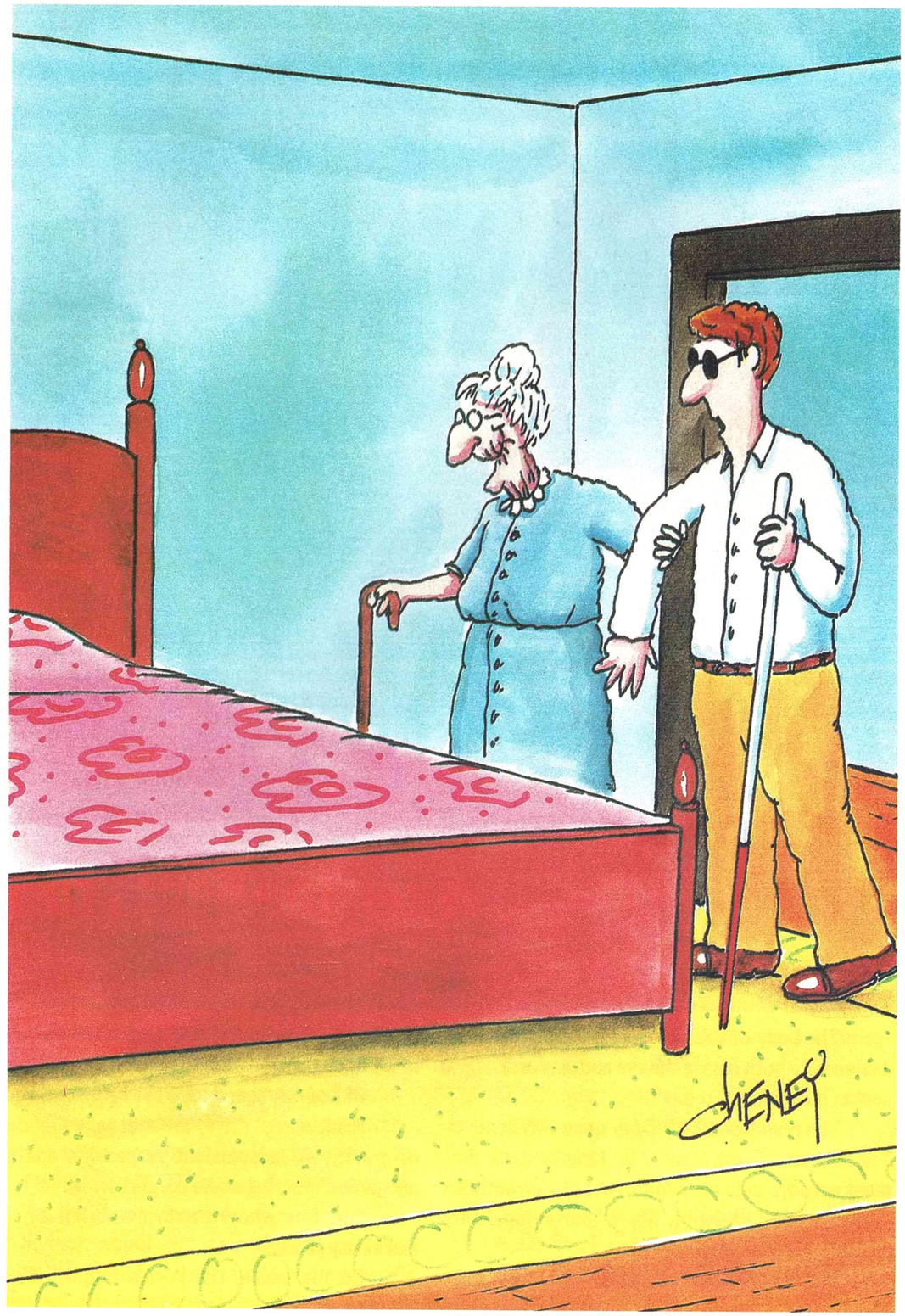
I peeked through the door. It was obvious she couldn't hear me because the clunky old washer was on the spin cycle, making its usual racket. She was standing with her back to me, pressed up against the washer. Her hands were in front of her, just as they'd be if she were fooling around with her nipples. All I could see were her elbows. Her head was tilted back slightly and she was working her hips against the vibrations of the machine. It was an incredibly horny sight.

I stopped just inside the door to watch her. I could see her mouth and it was parted slightly. Occasionally when she moved, I heard something between a sigh and a pant. I noticed she was pressing her thighs and tummy against the washer, squeezing her buttocks together as she moved against the vibration of the old, out-of-balance machine. I continued to stare as she brought her hands down over her stomach and began to rub her buttocks. Her head was totally thrown back now and she was breathing hard, fucking that ancient washer for all she was worth. I was breathing pretty hard myself. I pulled my swimsuit aside and began to squeeze my dick, thinking I could get it back inside if I heard anyone coming.

The only person coming was the lovely lady in front of me. She was biting her underlip and pinching her nipples. I was mesmerised by the sound of the washer and the beautiful girl coming together. By now, my own squeezing had augmented the erection her performance created and I was on the verge of coming myself. Then the cycle ended. The washer rolled to a halt.

When she turned, I saw her reflection move in the glass of the soap-vending machine, and I realised that she had been aware of my presence the whole time. There was lust in her eyes as she walked toward me, untying her bikini top as she approached. Pressing against me, she put her hands on the small of my back and began to repeat the movements she had been making against the vibration of the machine. I could feel the bone of her pelvis and the cushion of her pubic hairs against the top of my stiff dick.

"I'm so hot!" she moaned in my ear. I began to press her against me tighter. With one deft move, she reached down with her right hand and pulled the crotch of her red bikini pants aside. As her bottom moved forward I could feel her warmth and wetness. I easily slid my cock into her. I grunted and thrust forward, impaling her atop my organ, feeling the hot fluids our bodies



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produced mingle and drip down my leg. I felt my orgasm build up, and as her cunt muscles contorted around my cock, I ejaculated deeply inside her belly.

The explosion brought us both to our knees on the dirty mats of the laundry room. I helped her to her feet, and walked over to the washing machine. I figured after the delightful experience I just had, the least I could do was help her finish her chore. Besides, I was dying to see what would happen when she got her clothes in the dryer! — *Name and address withheld*

TV dinner

I am a television repairman and installer for a large TV rental company. One day I had to do an installation of a video in a large, modern apartment building. When I rang the doorbell in the lobby, a sultry voice invited me up to the fifth floor. After I identified myself at the door, I found myself faced with the foxiest lady I'd seen in a long time. She introduced herself as Roxanne, and I stared at her, dumbfounded. Roxanne was a beautiful amber-skinned woman with small, perky breasts, a slim waist, and a firm little bum.

She invited me in and I walked over to the TV. As Roxanne leaned over to show me where the connecting wires were in the back of the set, I couldn't help but notice the short, revealing robe that seemed to be the only article of clothing she was wearing. I knelt down to get to work. My vantage point was excellent, as I got a bird's-eye view of her beautiful pussy. I thought this heavenly vista was an accidental blessing, but soon found out I was wrong.

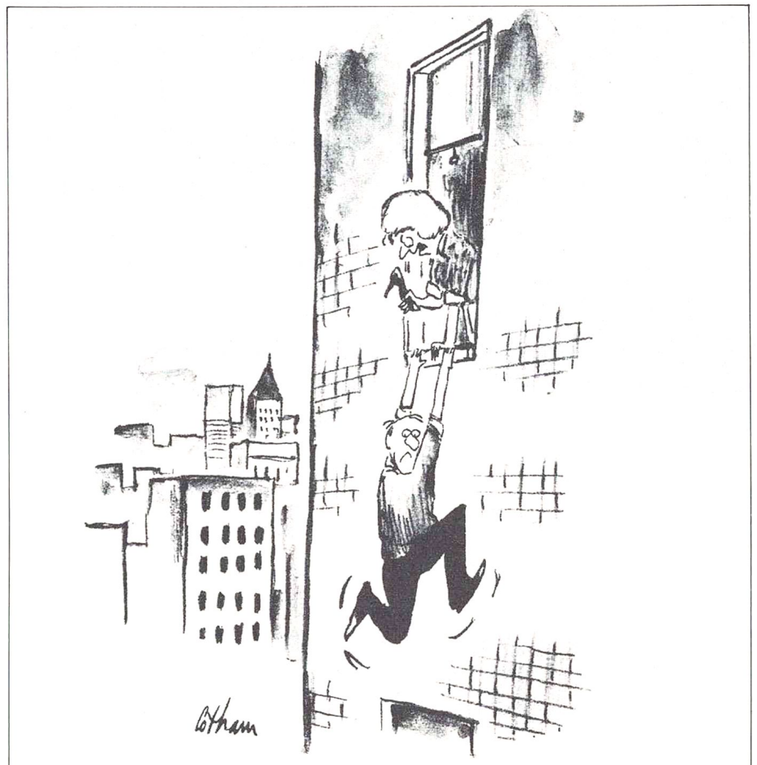
I finished installing the video, wrote up the service order, and turned to Roxanne to collect the money. She was sitting on the couch and asked me to come sit next to her. Her robe fell open, and of course I couldn't help staring. She looked up at me through her long, dark eyelashes and said, "You can have me if you want to." Let me tell you, I was in heaven. My ecstatic surprise must have shown on my face, because scant seconds later Roxanne was pulling down my fly.

She reached inside my pants and pulled out my rapidly hardening cock. She gently surrounded it with her soft, moist lips. She sucked harder and harder as she unbuckled my belt, letting my pants fall to the floor. Roxanne then lay down on the couch with her head hanging over the end. She guided my cock into her mouth and let it slide all the way down her throat. Slowly she began to slide it in and out of her mouth, going faster and faster until my entire eight inches were throbbing. Finally, that familiar feeling began to boil in the bottom of my balls. I started to come, and my cock shot out great gobs of jism deep into her throat. Roxanne kept sucking until every drop was consumed.

Normally I am not very quick to get hard after an orgasm, but as Roxanne licked the sides of my cock with long strokes, I felt myself rise again. I was pleasantly surprised to find that I was ready to enjoy the delights of her fantastic body. She rolled over on to her stomach and purred, "Do me from behind, doggie-style, lover." I rubbed my joint around her tight hole until she was sopping wet and I was rock hard. As the head of my dick disappeared into her slit, she let a small whimper escape her lips.

Steadily I fed my entire shaft into her waiting cunt. I began to pound, building up my rhythm until I could tell we were both about to explode. Roxanne screamed with sheer pleasure as I fired shot after shot of hot come into her now pulsating vagina. We collapsed together on the couch, panting for breath and enjoying the afterglow of our amazing orgasms.

Luckily I noticed the time, and it was not too late to catch up on my rounds before my supervisor checked up on me. As I kissed Roxanne good-bye we made a date for the following Friday night. For six months we had a terrific relationship. I will never forget her, because she made me a believer in the cliche "service with a smile." — *Name and address withheld*



"We've had 25 wonderful years of marriage, Harold! Now let go!"

Erotic workout

Astrid is a stunning blonde with small, firm breasts and legs that seem to stretch for miles. Her roommate, Nina, has big brown eyes and waist-long black hair in addition to a perfect 36-24-36 body. I met both of them while I was working out at my local gym. They were both working with weights when they approached me with some questions about techniques. I was more than happy to help them out, and even went so far as to offer them a cool drink after their workout. After a good hour of "feeling the burn," the two women said they'd just run home for a shower and meet me back at my place. I set a speed record in getting home, showering, and straightening up my flat. Just when it seemed that everything was in order, the doorbell rang.

They stood, still in their leotards, wet with perspiration. I began to ask what was up when Astrid slipped passed me and headed straight for the shower. "We changed our minds," explained Nina, "and decided to save water by showering here." With that, she closed the door behind her and pulled my face to hers. Being too stunned to realise what was going on, I clumsily fondled her hot body.

With nimble hands, Nina had me nude, and led me to the bathroom before I could catch my breath. The room was fogged with steam from the shower, making it difficult to see. Nina pushed me into the shower recess, where I was greeted by Astrid's soapy, naked body. My throbbing

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SMILE, YOU'RE SMOKING THE BEST TOBACCO IN THE WORLD.

member was wedged between our stomachs as she fondled me with slippery hands. Nina entered the shower and stood close behind me, caressing my bum and balls as she tongued my ears. I had three fingers up Astrid's box, and she stopped kissing and touching me as she had her first orgasm. I turned around and applied the same technique to Nina, and she came almost immediately.

We rinsed off and headed for the bedroom. I was thankful I had splurged on a king-size bed as we all tumbled upon it. Astrid sat on my face, and as I licked and sucked her pussy lips, Nina did a number on my love muscle. Astrid was practically fucking my face when I felt the first load build up in my nuts. I blew off in Nina's mouth and before my cock got a chance to soften, she sucked and fondled me to another erection. She got down on all fours and I swiftly entered her from behind. Not to be left out, Astrid shoved her twat into Nina's face. Nina lapped at her hot box in time with my thrusting tool.

Suddenly Nina stopped her oral attack on Astrid and began to scream and howl in pleasure as she came violently. When her moans subsided, I pulled out of her, still hard, and spread Astrid's legs wide. I slipped my wet cock into her inch by inch. She wrapped her legs around the small of my back and kept in time with my pace. Nina planted her mouth on Astrid's and they French-kissed each other. I felt my second load building as Astrid thrust harder and harder against me, approaching her own orgasm. As the two girls kissed, Nina fingered her clit frantically, and I could tell by the noise that we were all approaching the end. I wanted to shoot my load into Nina's mouth again, so I pulled out of Astrid and stuck my cock into her open lips. Astrid scrambled down to feast on Nina's snatch, and within minutes we were slurping love juice like we were dying of thirst.

Exhausted, we lay in each other's arms for the rest of the night. When I woke up the next morning, I found a note, signed in lipstick, that read, "See you in the gym tomorrow night!" I guess there are more benefits to keeping in shape than just a healthy body. That night, I really "felt the burn"! — *Name and address withheld*

Tender loving care

For the past year I have noticed her whenever she worked in her garden, yet she wouldn't so much as give me her name. Each day for a week, as she pruned her flowers, I would play seductive music loud enough to ensure she would hear it. I had to try something, because I was getting desperate — my bat and balls were throbbing to get to her wicket. On the eighth day, I gave up. She was not picking up my signals. I tried to ignore her.

To my great delight, later that afternoon my cock's desire knocked on my door, bearing a bowl of chicken soup. She had noticed my music, she said, and when I didn't play it she was sure I must be ill. At the sight of her standing before me in tight shorts and a revealing T-shirt, the hungry lust of 12 months panted in my loins as my soldier of love strained to come to attention.

"Sit down," she demanded, her eyes drifting down to my tool. "I'm going to nurse you back to health." She pushed me on to the sofa and placed the bowl of soup on the coffee table. Kneeling in front of me, she spoon-fed me the broth, her free hand resting lightly on my knee. Her hard nipples grazed the side of my thigh. It wasn't long before her hand busied itself at the folds of my shorts. She adjusted the fabric until the round, purplish tip of my erection stuck out past the edge of the cuff.

Lowering her soft cheek to the inside of my knee, she slid her face toward the knoblike head of my cock. She opened her mouth and stuck out her tongue, wagging it back and forth eagerly. I gasped as her mouth closed in on the top of my penis. My cock flexed savagely at the contact, jerking hard against the folds of my shorts. She watched my face as she licked the salty head of my love tool, gauging my reaction as her tongue slid wetly up its central cleft, over its top, for a French kiss. She teased me by licking all around the rim, her saliva smearing over the inside of my thigh. I found myself holding the cushion with both hands, fighting the urge to buck my groin into her face. I went rigid on my seat. The sight of such a lovely woman nursing my shaft was more than I could bear. Her cheeks hollowed as she began to suck at my erection. She rolled my huge bulb over the smooth insides of her mouth. With every thrust things were getting juicier and juicier.

She was going after my meat with such a frenzy that it sent chills rocketing up my spine. Each time she jammed her mouth down over the throbbing head, she pushed a little harder as if she were going to swallow me, balls and all. She bobbed her head, lips brushing against my thigh. Suddenly, she let me pop out of her mouth. I gasped as the cool air hit my wet cock. With quick strokes she finished me off with her hands, catching each drip of my love juice in the bowl of soup. With eager eyes locked together, we shared the newly seasoned broth. I'm actually looking forward to this winter's cold-and-flu season. With loving care like this, I may just manage to be sick until next spring. — *Name and address withheld*

Private dancer

For years I've fantasised about being onstage doing a male strip act. A few times I've put on private shows for my lady, but I really longed to dance in a skimpy

Continued on page 114

"You don't seem very excited about your new promotion."

THE SEVEN DEADLY SINS

ANGER

THE TROUBLE WITH NOWADAYS

I wake up on the wrong side of the slab and smoke my last three cigarettes. I know it's going to be a lousy day. My teeth are brittle and my hair hurts. I turn on the radio and that same cloying jock tells me the time 43 times a minute and I hate him for it. Before showering, I kick the ridiculous smoked glass coffee table that I bought at the markets for seven dollars. When I get out on the street I realise there are a whole lot of people who are feeling as angry and frustrated as I at this sorry state of affairs we've gotten ourselves into.

An angry mood hovers like BHP air. People are pissed off. So here is a collection of less than earth-shattering, but still important, things which are making people mad.

BANKS: As depicted in the cartoon of the guy at the teller's window who's just been clubbed in the balls with a cricket bat as a penalty for early withdrawal, banks don't really give a rat's shingle about me, you or your disabled half-brother Elwyn. Money is their ace. *Your* money, not theirs. Why else would they jack up home loan interest rates just to fund their higher investment rates? Once you're locked into them, you're stuck. And they know it.

NOISE: We are suffocating in noise. Step in a lift and dribbly music invades. Make a phone call, get put on hold and (a) saccharine rot or (b) mind-numbing rock 'n' roll is piped into your brain. Whatever happened to silence over the phone? There is no escape from aeroplanes. They find you in the most remote parts of the world and zoom down low and blast you with their sonic, ear-crunching din. The only people who aren't bothered by it are inside the damn things. Whoever invented the ghetto-blaster should have it surgically attached to his ears, with Kamahl playing constantly.

PARKING: There is an enormous sign on the roller shutter. "Please Do Not Park Here. In Use 24 Hours." Along comes Mr Inconsiderate and parks in front, leaving it there for the day or the week or whatever he feels like. You get the bastard towed and all hell breaks loose when the moron can't find his wimpy Suzuki.

SUPERMARKETS: It is never the person behind you. Only in front of you will a woman have her last item accounted for on the checkout when she squeals, "Oh, I've just forgotten something. Won't be a minute." You know it will be at least an hour and you're clutching your baby, who's screaming and weeing and struggling. Everyone behind you is getting aggro and you would enjoy nothing more than to axe the stupid wretch for forgetting her Stayfrees.

TERRORISTS: Murdering towelheads should be sexually humiliated on national television. Then cut into tiny pieces and left for the ants.

TELEVISION: The abundance of precocious eight-year-olds in humorless sitcoms is driving people bananas. These kids are too sophisticated and cute for their age. Their stage mothers should be ashamed of themselves at their greed. What kind of name is Punky, anyway?

RICH PEOPLE: "My yacht's being overhauled, so let's take the jet." Rich people who let you know they're rich are an immense pain and a bore. "The bathroom is through there — it's all gold, you know." I'd love to burn all their money. Maybe keep just a little and burn the rest. Or maybe most of it.

ALARMS: Don't you just hate it when a burglar alarm goes off and nobody reacts? And it keeps screaming for days, and all people do is complain about it. Yet they're the first to scream if it's their alarm and everyone ignores it. A weird complexity.

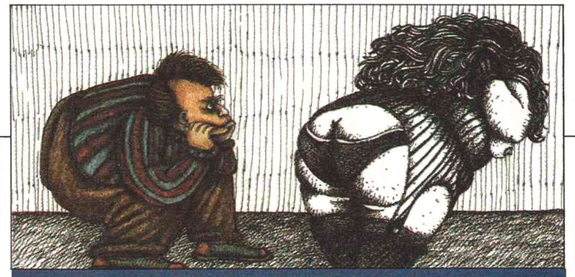
CINEMA TALKERS: Ranging from low-brow comments during *Yamamoto Pussies* ("Go on. Put it to the bitch. Tighten her up!") to the familiar: "Harold, the car is playing up again. Can you take it to that Bernie mate of yours? Friday maybe?" — usually delivered just as Hercule Poirot is explaining the murder. For years I thought the final word spoken by Charles Foster Kane in *Citizen Kane* was "rowboat." All movie chatterers should be extradited. And to all those who rattle cellophane for the first ten minutes of a movie, may you be dipped head first into scalding chocolate and rolled in used Fantales wrappers.

PUBLIC SERVANTS: The amount of unsatisfactory service from public servants is increasing. Rome had 400,000 slaves and things were hunky dory because the slaves knew their place. Include waiters in this deplorable category, too. It's no accident that the word "waiter" is actually a corruption of the phrase "wait here."

CROTCH GRABBERS: Guys, if your BVDs are last year's models, get hip. Don't rearrange them in public. It's unsavory behavior and a bit, well, primal. Or so women tell me. Don't you just loathe bra straps falling down in public? So there.—*Steven Gibbs*

Illustration by Graham Rendoth

LUST



SEX AND VIOLENCE

Several years ago, a team of scientists visited a Swedish prison and collected the spinal fluid of some of the most bloodthirsty people in the country—murderers who had killed not once, but many times. What the scientists were looking for was a biochemical "fingerprint," a chemical glitch in the brains of these people that might explain how they got so vicious.

What they found was startling. All the killers had unusually low levels of the chemical 5-HIAA, a metabolite, or breakdown product, of a natural brain chemical called serotonin. There was an interesting exception, however. One man had entirely normal levels of 5-HIAA, yet he too was a mass murderer. He was a nursing-home attendant who had quietly and methodically performed "mercy" killings on some two dozen elderly patients in his care. Proving that, even among mass murderers, violence is not a one-dimensional affair.

What makes someone violent? The accepted folklore is that a steady diet of kung fu movies, *Miami Vice*, or even violent cartoons can transform the average *Leave It To Beaver* innocent into a raging Rambo at best, a Boston Strangler at worst. Likewise, reading about sex or playfully acting out sexual fantasies supposedly turns any warm-blooded male into a rapist-killer. But recent neuroscientific research shows that such theories are completely unfounded.

For one thing, some are probably born felons, not made; some brains seem to be biologically predisposed to aggression or mayhem. For another, violence is complicated. As the Swedish study shows, the homicides of a brooding Swedish euthanasiast are not the same as those of a psychopath on a sex killing spree. It's hard to believe that a change in network programming standards (or any other simple panacea) would wipe out all these forms of violence and give us a peaceful world.

After a five-year tour of America's brain labs while researching the book *The Three-Pound Universe* (Macmillan), the authors came to one now-obvious conclusion: all violence begins in the brain, and recent neuroscientific studies directly contradict the Moral Majority notion that a resurgence of puritanism will lower the crime rate. In fact, the best antidote to violence may be sexual freedom.

That, anyway, is the gospel according to James W. Prescott, a developmental psychologist who in 1980 was fired from his $43,000-a-year job at the US National Institute of Child Health and Human Development (NICHD) in Maryland for preaching the message of pleasure. Specifically, Prescott had become convinced that lack of pleasure — and not a lack of Bible instruction, old-fashioned discipline, or law-and-order morality — makes people violent.

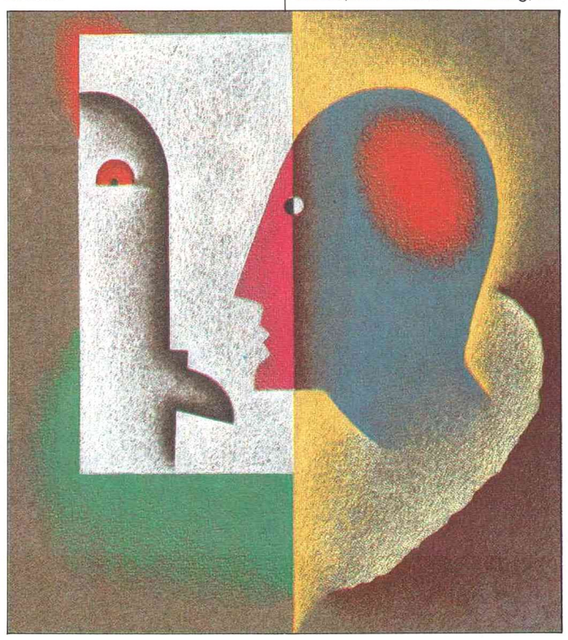


Illustration by Chris Payne

During his 15-year stint at the NICHD he sought a cure for violence as religiously as other researchers hunt for a cancer cure. He started NICHD's Developmental Behavioral Biology Program specifically to track the origins of hostility in the developing brain. In particular, he wanted to answer some questions about child abuse — since abused children often grow up to be child abusers themselves — and his concentration on this subject put him on a collision course with his superiors.

"I'm now convinced," he says, "that the root cause of violence is deprivation of physical pleasure. When you stimulate the brain systems that mediate pleasure, you inhibit those that mediate violence; it's like a seesaw."

Several years ago, Prescott computed statistics on theft, child abuse, and customs of "killing, torturing, or mutilating the enemy" in 49 different cultures, from the peace-loving to the martial Comanche. Sure enough, violence was uncommon in the nurturing cultures, he found. And a society's ranking on the "Infant Physical Affection" scale uncannily predicted its rate of "adult physical violence," according to Prescott.

Contrary to Moral Majority dogma, sex and violence seem to be inversely related. According to Prescott's cross-cultural data, cultures with strong sexual prohibitions tend to put a premium on military glory, while sexually permissive cultures are typically nonviolent.

Though it may run counter to our society's puritanical assumptions, the idea that carnal pleasure is an antidote to violence is supported by a number of studies on child abuse. One group of social scientists recently reported that child abusers "rarely experience pleasure in day-to-day living, and their sexual lives are especially impoverished." And in a classic study of three generations of abusing families, University of Colorado researcher Brandt Steele discovered that among over a hundred mothers who abused their children, only a "handful" had ever experienced orgasm and that the child-abusing couples had very poor sex lives.

In the meantime, violence has reached epidemic proportions in the United States. In 1978 (the last year for which comparative statistics are available), the US homicide rate was eight times higher than Britain's, and nine times higher than Denmark's. More chilling still, US homicides are disproportionately directed against children. Between 1950 and 1976, while the overall homicide rate rose 70 percent, the killing of children under the age of four increased by over 300 percent. Prescott attributes the mayhem to the "failure of love in America — the failure of love for our infants, our children, our spouses, and our families." — *Judith Hooper and Dick Teresi*

AVARICE

PLAYING WITH BANK MANAGERS

It was a motoring writer who taught me how to handle my bank manager. Motoring writers are, of course, masters at getting by — indeed, looking as though they are doing really very well — without actually having anything at all of substance behind them. Which is why they know about handling bank managers — they have to, or they starve.

His basic lesson was this: contrary to popular belief, the bank manager *needs* you. Or, at least, he needs "good" customers. Not customers who go to church on Sundays and stand up in the bus for little old ladies, but customers who make his figures look good — who bring some business his way.

You see, a bank manager is just an employee trying to get on like the rest of us. He doesn't get on if he doesn't drum up business, or if he loses business. If he loses too much business there's always the branch at Bourke.

So, first you have to bring him some business. And that means put some money his way. No, clown, not a back-hander; just a straight savings account. Or, if you already have a lump of loot, put it in a term deposit. (They're those things where you choose how long the investment will last — the interest rate usually varies with the time span of the deposit and you choose the term you think will give you the best rate of interest.)

Once you do have a sizeable sum invested in the bank — a couple of grand was all that was needed when I started, but these days it's probably a bit more — you do the same with another bank.

What you're going to do is play the two bank managers off each other. Besides enhancing your chances of getting out of them what you want it is also a valuable lesson in business negotiations.

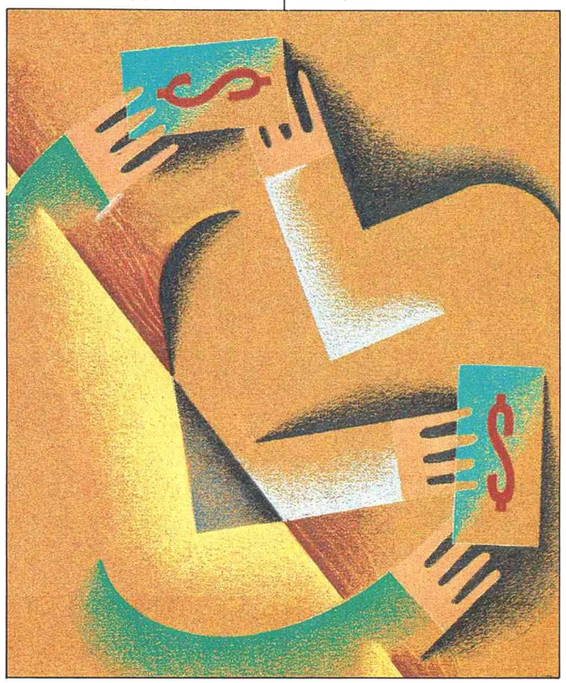
Now that you've got, say, $3000 in each of two banks, work out what you want. If you want to go into business or do a bit of share trading, you go for an overdraft. If you just want to do some renovations to your home or buy a car you can go for a personal loan — or a thing called a "fully drawn advance" (FDA), which is like an overdraft but you get all the money straight away.

The advantage of the FDA over the personal loan is you set your own pace for repayment — you're not stuck to a rigid same day of the month repayment schedule. These FDAs can be a little cheaper if you manage to pay a fair whack of them off in the early part of the loan. On the other hand, they can be dearer if you get a bit slack and let it run on a bit too long without a repayment.

Anyway, whatever form of loan you chose, you then go along to each of the managers and put it to him: "Gimme some dough," or words to that effect. He'll then look at your account, see you are a customer of fair to middling standing, and probably say yes. If he tries to be tricky and steer you to the friendly affiliated finance company, tell him politely but firmly that you don't borrow from finance companies — they charge too much and you don't believe that you are such a bad risk that the bank can't lend you the money.

If he is unwilling — and I would be surprised if he was unwilling — you then point out that he has got a couple of grand of your money but perhaps he might not have it for much longer, as you believe there are plenty of banks looking both for people to invest money in them and for people who want to borrow money from them.

If he is still unwilling, you're either asking too much or you've struck a stodge and you'll be better off without him. But before you sack him, check the other manager. If he doesn't want to lend you probably *are* asking for too much. Usually the manager will tell you if you are — they are, basically, willing to provide help, but not to clowns who can't pay off the debts.



Let's now assume your request is reasonable and both managers are willing to grant it. You then simply compare the terms. For a personal loan these are usually pretty much of a muchness, although most banks do give their managers a bit of leeway — sometimes as much as one percentage point off the interest rate — to provide good customers with a little bit extra. That's what you're after. Go for it: "Gee, is that the best you can do, Mr Manager? I can get it better down the road."

One thing he doesn't want is to lose a customer with money in his bank. It appears on his monthly reports to Head Office, and he begins to hear the crows cawing as they sweep across the great red plains back of Thargomindah.

However, he can't give you a better deal than bank policy allows. So there's a bit of bluff going on here because you don't always know what bank policy is. Usually, bank policy is at least half a point on the interest rate better than what he first tells you. He may be a wonderful chap and give you the best rate straight away, but I doubt it. You don't get to be a bank manager that way.

Negotiating overdrafts is trickier because there are more bells and whistles. For instance, there are charges for setting up an overdraft and thus you've got to avoid those accursed short-term extensions — they hurt, especially when you realise you need the money a bit longer than the term given and you have to pay another fee.

Then there is always the matter of security. However, it *is* sometimes possible to get the loan without security, even an overdraft. Possible, but difficult.

That's where you really start to play the two managers off each other. The one who grants the best deal is the one you take up. — *David Quicksilver*

Illustration by Chris Payne

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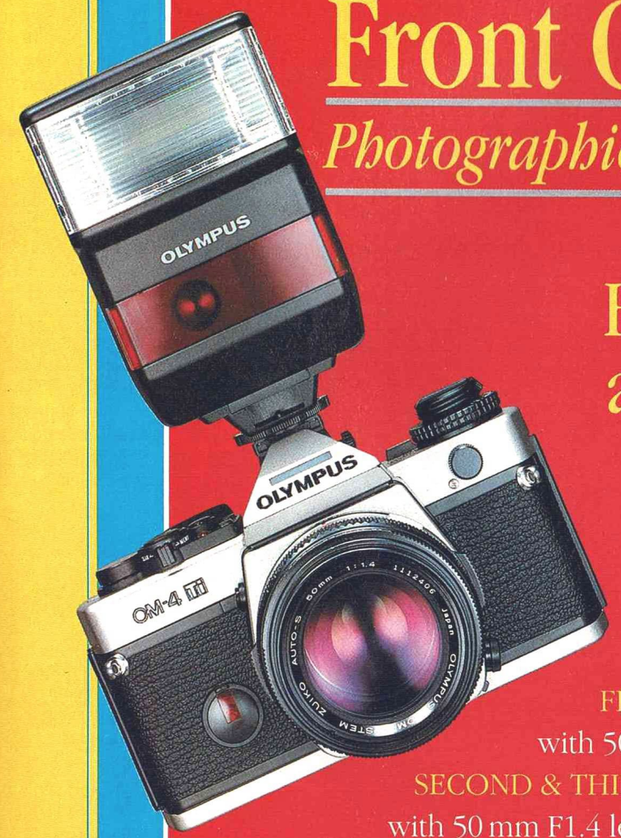

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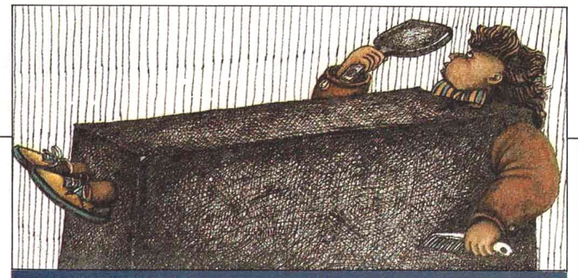
VANITY



SARTORIAL SHORTCUTS

So who asked Randy Newman? And why all the angst about height, anyway? Like women and weight, men suffer equally over their stature, fearing anything under the six foot mark will decimate job prospects, bar them from female companionship and lead stray dogs to use them as public conveniences. All of which is blatantly untrue, as a host of successful and sexy shorties can testify. After all, neither Mel Gibson nor Jack Thompson are exactly giants.

What constitutes short, after all? It's pretty much all in the mind. Statistically, five foot nine is a fairly average male height — give or take an inch (and, face it, most of us still talk in inches when we give our heights.) A man has to be down around the five foot five mark to be clinically considered short.

Still, quite sensible and otherwise intelligent men fall victim to the John Wayne syndrome. I know a uni lecturer who stands a respectable five foot seven. He's the kind of guy who scoffs at fashion and takes a pair of rusty gardening shears to hair and beard once a year whether they need it or not, but he wouldn't even consider appearing in public without his lifts. Perhaps Cuban heels are considered ideologically sound.

I personally consider lifts on a par with falsies. Not that I'm against helping nature, but what's the point of cheating when you're inevitably going to be found out? To my mind, Cuban heels are permissible on a man only if he intends to regale his dinner companions with a spot of flamenco among the port glasses.

A lot of men get downright ornery once they've realised the nasty little hormones that supervise the height thing have closed down operations and hung out the "project completed" sign. The small man complex is no joke, but, on the other hand, it may simply be a case of having to try harder when you're down there fighting among the kneecaps. After all, it's a fact that taller men are perceived as more capable, personable and desirable by employers — ask any employment agent. That's the kind of thing that would make any less than lofty lad a mite tetchy.

Let's face it, the scientist who invents a tonic to turn Mickey Rooney into Tom Selleck will be the first living being to achieve canonisation. In the meantime, make friends with a good tailor — you're going to need one. Men's fashions come in stock sizes and it's almost never that the less than average size man will get a decent fit off the rack.

Nothing sends up flashing neon SHORT SHORT signs faster than trouser bottoms flapping around your shoes. The same goes for sleeve lengths that are just that little too generous. Get them seen to. In fact, if you're very small and can in any way afford it, have suits and jackets tailored. An impeccably tailored man looks so good nobody worries about his height.

Avoid double-breasted suits, particularly if you also tend to be overweight. This particular style needs a trim figure and above average height to carry it off well. Wear shirts, jackets and trousers in similar tones as much as possible — dark shirts and light pants or vice versa tend to break the line of the body, emphasising lack of height. Heavy men would do well to choose darker shades such as navy which will minimise the barrel look.

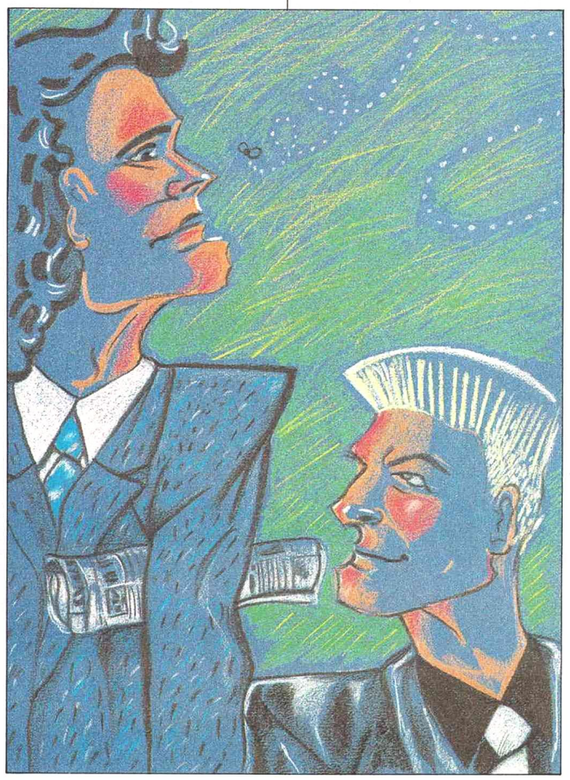


Illustration by Rosanne Hyndman

The *Miami Vice* team may look great in those baggy Gianni Versace jackets, but loose lines only highlight small proportions. Stick to tailored, as they say in lower Manhattan.

Unless you're a very rich, very famous rock musician (in which case you can wear bell bottoms, day-glo shoes and mauve eye shadow with impunity), get regular haircuts. All those border guards were right: long hair looks scruffy and can make a short guy look like an ambulatory shaving brush.

So much for grooming (you already know lots of jewellery is tacky, don't you?) But while we're in an elevating mood, why not take up exercise — particularly a sport that develops co-ordination like tennis, aerobics or even dance. It will not only improve muscle tone, making you look healthier, but it's great for posture and balance as well, creating the illusion of extra height. After all, Barishnikov doesn't exactly tower over his partners, but the way he moves, who the hell cares?

A final word: lots of women find shorter men very sexy. Some swear they're better lovers, more considerate than their taller brothers. And medical research has put to rest that old saw about the correlation between height and genital size.

In fact, a short man's worst enemy is likely to be himself. Work on your self-image, cut the aggressive impulses and stop making your girlfriend stand in trenches when you're out in public.

Abraham Lincoln probably said the most sensible and comforting thing I've heard on the subject of height. Lincoln was an exceptionally tall, lanky man and as such he suffered the inevitable digs from political enemies and unkind caricatures in newspapers. Once a heckler interrupted one of his speeches with the query: "Mr Lincoln, how long should a man's legs be?"

"Long enough to reach the ground," replied the president. — *Mary Ellen Dyster*

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ENVY

PRIVATE PLEASURES

Envy is the poor relation of the Seven Deadly Sins. The others all have something in their favor, and some of them are downright fun.

A touch of vanity ensures that you have the self-respect required to look half decent, smell half decent and squeeze the blackheads on your nose. A soupcon of sloth is just what the doctor ordered to battle that much-publicised modern menace, stress. The same with anger — a good apoplectic rant alleviates tension build-up and keeps the trappings of wimpdom at bay. Gluttony is just epicureanism with a bit of sauce on its tie. Avarice may as well be the eleventh commandment and lust is the kind of good old-fashioned fun that lets you know that your glands are in working order.

And envy? This futile emotion is nothing but a hateful boiling in the guts; an irrational loathing for anyone you consider to be better off than you are by dint of money, looks, drive or sheer bloody luck. It's the Clayton's sin — the sin you're having when you're not having fun.

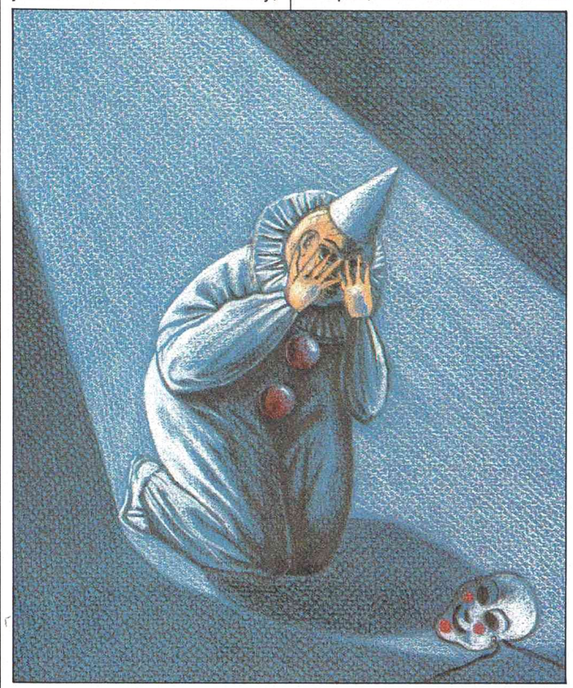
But envy does have its pleasures, and they're as dark, seething and secretive as the sin itself. To realise them is to probe the murky depths of the soul that inhabits your three cubic feet of bones and blood and meat. You must unlock the attic door and cop a full frontal of your personal picture of Dorian Gray.

To dabble in the twilight zone of your nasty psyche, put yourself in the following situations.

(a) You and your neighbor have houses of similar value before he invests $40,000 in extensions. Your house now looks shabby next to his and you know the investment may well double the value of his property. Some months later in a chat over the fence he tells you the sorry tale that the new foundations were improperly laid, cracks are appearing in the new rumpus room, the roof leaks, one side of the bathroom is sinking and the builder has skipped town. How do you feel?

(b) You have worked in your job for five years. When a better paid employee leaves, your boss hires an outsider to take the position you feel should have been yours. The new man isn't a bad bloke; he's reasonably competent, good-looking and popular with the female staff. Six months later he is fired after a secretary with whom he had a brief affair complains of sexual harassment. How do you react?

(c) A couple of your longstanding acquaintance earn as much as you do, have as many kids and in many ways parallel your own situation. They announce that they have saved to take the kids on a three-week holiday to Tahiti. You and your wife are hard-pressed affording a family trip to the pictures and McDonalds. On their return, you hear that it rained constantly, Tahiti was horrendously expensive and little Johnny developed a gastric complaint. How do you feel?



If in each situation you thought you would feel deliciously and maliciously happy, you have answered honestly. It is most likely that in each situation you would have listened to the tale of woe, or observed the sacking, with a concerned look on your face and you would have made tut-tuts at appropriate intervals. All the while within a miniature you would be brandishing a pitchfork, dancing a little jig and supping illicitly at the hard cheese of the uppity bastard who dared to think he could do better, look better or have a better time than you.

Though this feeling is universal, there is no word in the English language for it. The closest we come is spite, and that's not close enough. Spite is taking your ball home because you couldn't be captain in the backyard footy game. It is a more vicious emotion that would warm your innards if you had left your ball and the bloke who was chosen captain had his ankle broken in a tackle and couldn't play footy for six months.

The Germans have a word for this evil and pleasurable byproduct of envy. They call it *schadenfreude*, from the words for "misfortune" and "joy." It is not a word that gets bandied about, and it's little wonder. Revelling in the pain, misfortune and misery of others may perhaps be likened to giving your nose a good picking. We all do it from time to time and we find satisfaction in it, but it is a private pleasure that is seldom, if ever, discussed.

Schadenfreude embraces much more than the middle-class Mephistopholean musings listed above. It takes in tall poppies and small fry, those close to us and those we're never even likely to meet. It lurks behind the screaming banner headlines whenever anyone famous is busted. It is the fascination with Fergie's bum. It is Geoffrey Edelsten, Liz Taylor, Boy George and Fred Nerk who wins the lottery and blows all the money. On a much darker personal level, it's the feeling you'd get if you were swimming with a friend and it was he, not you, who was taken by a shark. Beneath your shock and sorrow there would lie a renewed joy in life, an affirmation of your own invincibility. Better him than you, for you are the centre of the universe.

It is at once the cruellest, most cerebal and private of pleasures. Without actively seeking to harm another, the other is harmed for your voyeuristic pleasure. It is as if the great puppet master in the sky is pulling the strings for your entertainment alone. *Schadenfreude* is the little trophies we secretly award ourselves and place on the mantlepiece of our obscurity. It is the bad seed, the Mr Hyde, within all of us. It is man at his most human. — *C.J. Mackay*

Illustration by Rosanne Hyndman

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HANAE MORI

The Butterfly of Enchantment

The incomparable beauty of shimmering mother-of-pearl set with diamonds — in a most original work of fine jewellery.

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Ring shown actual size.

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However, in order that the crafting of your ring can begin as soon as possible, we urge you to return your order form no later than 15th April, 1987.

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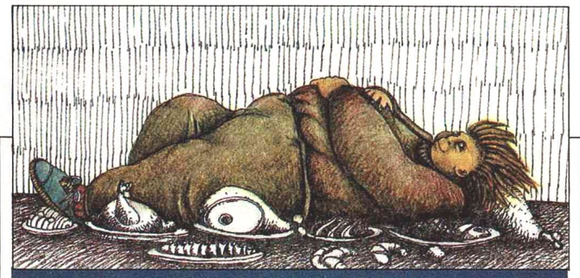
GLUTTONY



BEANS MEANS COFFEE

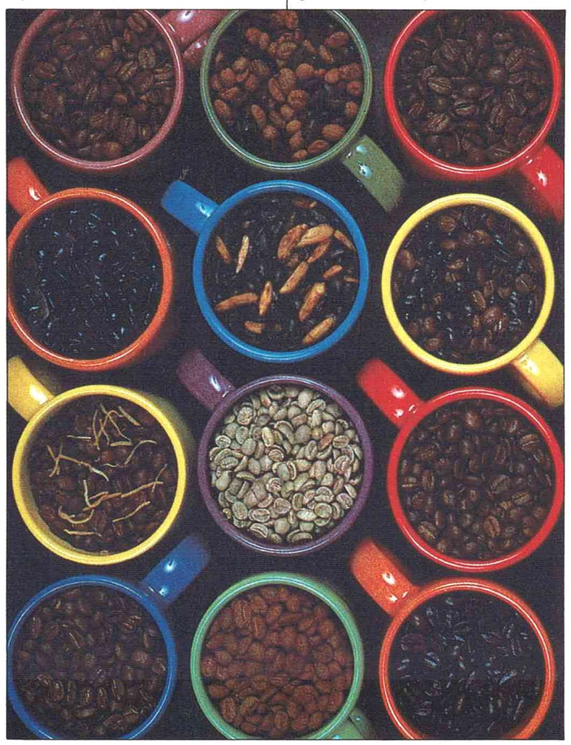
With the vast, mad scientist's array of coffeemakers on commercial display today, it's difficult to know precisely which model will satisfy your tastes and needs. It's equally hair-pulling trying to cater for friends, who only a few years ago would have been happy with a heaped teaspoon of international Roast swirled in tepid water. These days you have to know how to deliver everything from a mellow American-style brew to an Italian espresso so rich and powerful it might fall under the piratical surveillance of the Red Brigade.

The good news is that there are only six major points to keep in mind for brewing a perfect cup of coffee. The bad news is that, to have even the faintest chance of passing yourself off as a man of the caffeine world, you have to brand the coffee wanker's lexicon into your brain.

For example, when someone mentions Blue Mountain, don't leap in with jolly reminiscences of adolescent hanky-panky west of Sydney. The talk is, in fact, about the world's rarest coffee — Jamaica Blue Mountain. If you're absolutely desperate for a Nescafe society rating, bone up on the supposed taste, bouquet and history of these fabled beans, then bring up the topic with as much world-weary nonchalance as three hours practice in front of the mirror can perfect.

Okay, let's start with the basic principles. The mechanics of a suave cup of coffee are: (1) the high quality of the coffee itself, whether it be your favorite brand or, as purists prefer, freshly roasted beans ground at home as needed; (2) proper grind of coffee for the method of brewing; (3) proper ratio of coffee to water; (4) quality of water used (if your tap gushes unpleasant municipal chlorine and/or artesian bore water, filtered or bottled water is worth the trouble and money spent to impress the average social mountaineer); (5) water temperature (look, no-one said it was dead simple), the ideal being just under boiling, approximately 93ºC; (6) duration of infusion (for coffeemakers using this method) — set the stop watch at four minutes.

Coffee beans aren't beans at all, but the pit of a cherry-like fruit from an evergreen tree. As anyone who has ever done a school project on the subject can tell you, coffee is grown in many parts of the world. Central and South America are big producers, excluding Brazil's enormous crop (which, incidentally, was disastrous in 1986, forcing Brazil to import coffee for the first time). East and West Africa, Indonesia and the West Indies are countries for the connoisseur. The only coffee produced in any quantity in the US is Hawaiian Kona.



Coffee . . . learning the ropes makes for a rewarding grind

Photo by Gary Chapman/The Image Bank

Closer to home, top class coffee is grown in New Guinea and in Queensland. Jaques Coffee is the one and only commercially available Australian coffee, and only in very small quantities.

Most coffee is made from two varieties of beans: the aristocratic arabica, which is grown at high altitudes (snobbery is everywhere in the topic of coffee) and produces all the finest coffees, and the blander robusta, used mostly for instant coffee and blending.

The most popular coffeemakers, and the best, use the quick and easy drip method, while the boil-up percolator gets the guernsey for absolute worst way to attempt to get a decent cup of coffee. Other good coffee-making purchases are: vacuum pots, plunger pots, cold water steeping or espresso machines.

Coffee has by-passed tea as Australia's number one beverage, but most of us remain relatively unsophisticated about experimenting with different tastes and "weights" of coffees. Indeed, the great majority are unaware that coffee-talk can get as complicated as winespeak. Here's a quick rundown of world coffees, to be drunk here or abroad.

Brazil: Most Brazilian coffee (35 percent of the world's output) goes into instant or vacuum-packed coffee. Santos, the Chateau Lafite of Brazil, is smooth, rich, aromatic and mule-kick on flavor. Hanging around Oslo, Stockholm or Copenhagen gives you the most chance of getting a cup — the majority of the Santos supply goes to Scandinavia.

Colombia: The world's most popular coffee; low in acid, rich flavor, mellow yet pungent.

Dominican Republic, Nicaragua, El Salvador, Ethiopia, Haiti and Guatemala: Unfortunately, civil wars, IMF repayments, death squads and revolutions are making these coffees increasingly hard to come by. Mostly of interest to journalists, arms dealers, peace workers and UN staff.

Hawaii: Grab a packet as you run through duty-free on a stop-over, or after a week's package sojourn at Waikiki. Rich aroma, clear, smooth flavor.

India: After boiling the water six times in Calcutta, enjoy a sip, then if you're not dead, have another of this acidic coffee.

Jamaica: Here it is again, the world's most obscenely expensive brew — rich flavor and aroma, full body, moderate acidity. Got that?

Kenya: A rather winey aftertaste, preceeded by a sharp acidity, bright flavor and medium body.

Java: Another hen's teeth type; spicy flavor, pungent, low acid, smooth, full body.

Mexico: A good blender with pleasant acid content, light body and full aroma. — *Elisabeth King*

Hey gringo.

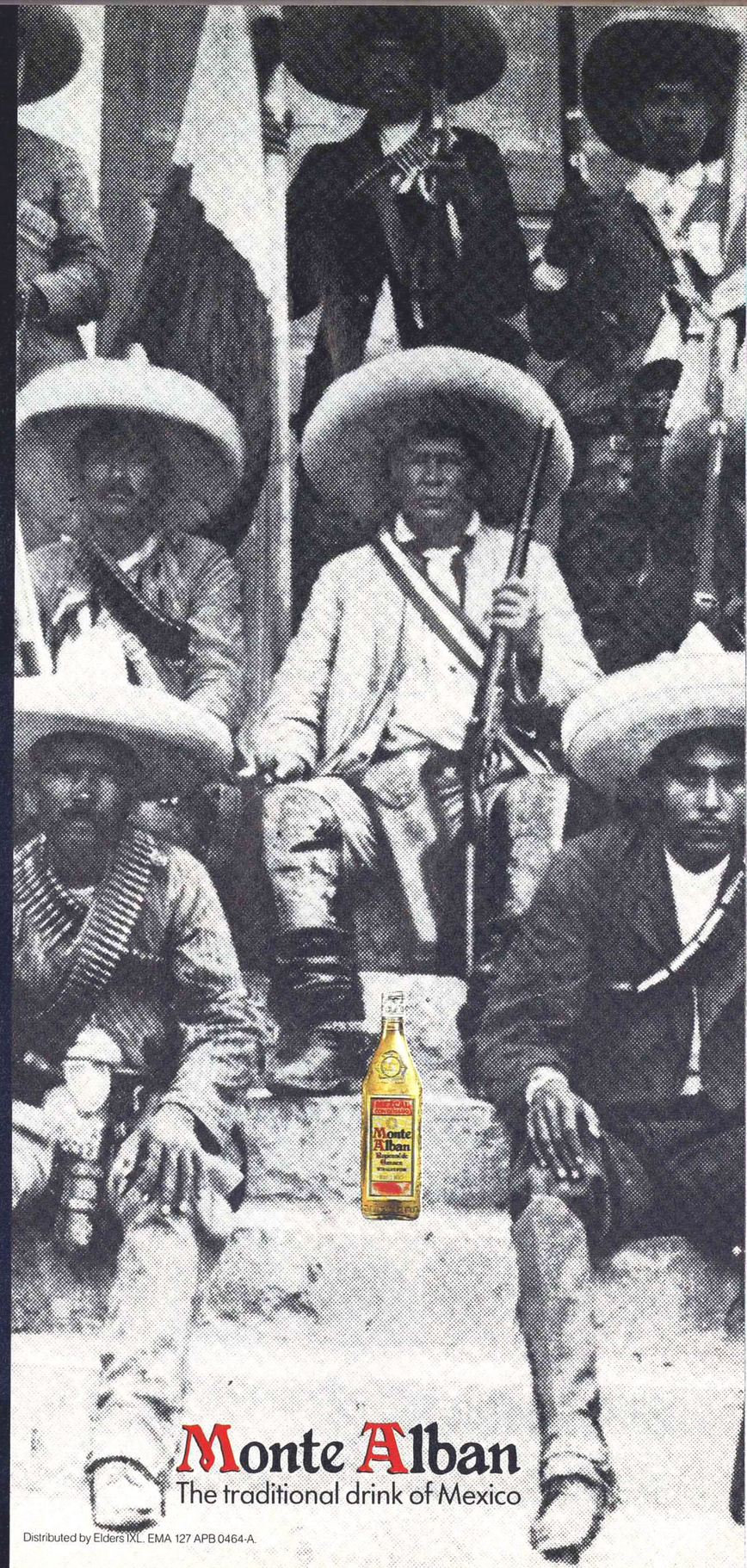
Are you game enough to try Monte Alban?

Say adios to tequila. Give Monte Alban Mezcal a shot. Like every bottle of true Mezcal made in Oaxaca Province Monte Alban contains an agave worm. And since the agave worm only inhabits the species of cactus that Mezcal is made from, the worm is proof of authenticity.

The worm isn't there for looks. It is meant to be eaten.

Some say it unlocks the door to a world of wondrous experience. Others say it sets free a spirit of celebration. One thing is certain, it has been the traditional drink of Mexico since the Spanish Conquistadores.

Are you game enough to try it?



Monte Alban
The traditional drink of Mexico

Distributed by Elders IXL. EMA 127 APB 0464-A.

SLOTH

TOKYO'S THE GO

My treasured memories of Tokyo are always those wonderful English brand names that sound Occident-prone to Oriental consumers, but odd, inept or hilarious to us. A very un-Japanese lack of market research has produced Pocket Wetty pre-moistened towelettes, Green Piles lawn fertiliser, Nuclear mints (I haven't decided whether the monicker refers to an explosion of taste or teeth fall-out), Shot Vision TV sets, Trim Pecker trousers and Creap, yes you guessed it, an artificial coffee creamer. Calpiss, you'll be relieved to know, is not bovine urine but a soft drink.

A trivial point, perhaps, but a significant key to unlocking the Japanese character. If you are to do anything but gawk, if you are to *see*, bear the following in the front of your mind. Despite an imported and carefully nurtured Western image, the same traditional pattern of community has been juxtaposed over an American overlay. 20th Century technocrat gloss notwithstanding, Tokyo dissolves into a series of almost village-like districts, each with its own peculiar flavor.

Shinjuku is being touted as a rival Ginza. Up until recently, its greatest claim to fame was that the local subway station was not only the biggest in Japan, but the most potentially horrifying to Westerners. The station is the frontier between Shinjuku's split personality. On the west is a warren of spit and polish skyscrapers, the backdrop for relentless ads touting every consumer item in the known world.

East of the station is another story altogether. Here you will discover why the Japanese creation myth is based on an erotic dance, unlike our own moralistic Adam and Eve tale. An unbroken lineup of bars, ranging in size from tiny to smaller, restaurants, sinemas, strip joints, gay bars (you haven't lived until you've seen the standard-issue Japanese businessman, still in his suit, sporting Joan Collins make-up) and anything else pertaining to life on the edge stretches ever onwards. As in the rest of Tokyo, fears for your personal safety are largely unfounded, in spite of the fact that the yakuza (the benign Japanese mafia) have their fingers in most pies.

Harajuku, a main part of Japan Air Lines Tokyo Rages promo, is the headquarters of the Takenokozoku (Bamboo Shoot Gang) who, name and race aside, are indistinguishable from Paddo and Toorak home-groan trendies. Once part of the extensive parade grounds of the Japanese army, the suburb has metamorphosed into a parade of conspicuous consumption. Japan's new wave leisure class walk along the wide boulevards, holding hands (scandalous even ten years ago), perusing some of the best clothes and jewellery shops, patisseries and design palazzos in the world.

Tokyo . . . a heady mix of tradition and modernity

On Sundays, the main streets are closed off to traffic to accommodate retro hipsters jiving away to a ferocious din emanating from loudspeakers. Pop bands beat the shit out of guitars and drum kits. At a given signal, the Elvis look-alikes all run combs through their expertly greased hair.

If it's traditional culture you're after, find solace in the stunning grounds of the Meiji Shrine. Together with nearby Yoyogi Park (which doubles as an open-air "love hotel" at dusk), this patch of tranquil garden forms Tokyo's biggest spread of greenery. No trivial piece of knowledge after a week in the carbon dioxide swoon of the world's biggest city.

There is also another "station" at Harajuku, but don't go looking for it on any JNR plan. The platform is for the exclusive use of the Emperor. Two stops down the Yamanote line is Akihabara — the Great Pyramid of electronic goods. The prices are unbelievably cheap, the quality impossibly high. The only caveat when buying anything is to make sure it will work back home, even with adjustment. (This advice also holds true if you are tempted to buy one of those appalling light-up replicas of Tokyo Tower.) Asakasa, at the fag end of the Ginza subway line, has two magnets for me. Firstly, the Kannon Temple, a microcosm of traditional shops and stalls, huge red lanterns and tranquility, that is the ideal place to consider the bargains nations are forced to make. And equally important, the Kuramae Kokugikan Sumo Hall, the heartland of the Emperor's favorite sport.

Next to the Imperial Palace (in fame, not proximity) stands the Ginza. The name translates as Silver Mint, and it'll cost you one to buy anything here if you're not on your guard. Sleek and swish, the Ginza started the Seventies spend-your-money craze and still sports a lot of the best shops. This is where you will find the bars that fuel those horror stories of two innocents abroad being asked to pay $500 for three drinks. The whole set-up and the prices are geared to the bottomless pit Japanese expense account. Take note.

The main gaijin (foreigner) hangout is Roppongi. Younger, weirder, later, noisier and a shade cheaper than the other midnight oil spots. Practically beseiged by embassies, the streets arrowing towards Tokyo Tower are spattered with discos, American bars, pubs, jazz meccas, and truly international restaurants.

English has in no way become the lingua franca in Japan, but the Japanese are among the friendliest and most helpful people on Earth. Japanese customs are still convoluted. Be up front — state plainly that you don't understand them. In which case your host, or indeed anybody, will feel pleased and touchingly honored to explain them. — *Elisabeth King*

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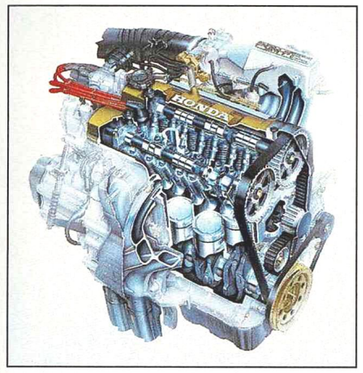

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The power of precision

When is a brothel legal? When it's run by a Victorian crime boss . . .

BY BOB BOTTOM

LICENTIOUS PREMISES

ILLUSTRATED BY YVONNE SUTHERLAND

If the American Mafia or Australia's notorious "Mr Sin" wanted to, they could set up licensed brothels in Victoria right now with virtually no questions asked. If they wanted a monopoly over all licensed brothels in Victoria, they could get it without too much trouble. With dozens of brothels already licensed, the scene in Victoria has been set for an organised crime takeover.

Legal brothels became a fact of life in Victoria in 1985, and the Victorian experiment has been touted as a model

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LICENTIOUS PREMISES

for other states. But the new licensing laws have been so loosely structured they amount to a franchise for vice interests to set up brothels in suburbs and towns throughout Victoria.

The odd thing about this is that the Cain Government has already outlawed casinos and poker machines because of the fear of infiltration by organised crime. The same government claims to be equally concerned about organised crime involvement in the vice trade. Victoria's Minister for Planning and Environment Evan Walker (aka the "Minister in Charge of Brothels") has said: "It was not possible, as a responsible government, to continue to do nothing about brothels. There was evidence that brothels were becoming the base for organised crime and drug trafficking." Rather than apply the same policy to brothels as it had to casinos and pokies, the Cain Government's solution has apparently been to hand the shady beneficiaries of the world's oldest profession a licence to print money.

Prostitution has always been as deeply ingrained in Australian cities as illegal gambling. Not even the most fervent wowser could pretend that it can be stamped out. But the worst aspects of prostitution can be attacked, and the inroads made by organised crime can be combatted. The "model" Victorian legislation, which became law on July 2, 1984, will do neither.

A MODEL OF INCONSISTENCY

Melbourne has long been the brothel capital of Australia. When the number of "massage parlors" mushroomed in the Seventies, the then Liberal Government ignored police calls for tougher laws to close them down. Instead it amended the law to allow massage parlors as a legitimate land use, without acknowledging that they were in fact brothels. Some councils introduced planning schemes totally prohibiting massage parlors.

When the Cain Labor Government came to power in 1982 it adopted the principle that "brothels are here to stay." In the formulation of its Planning (Brothels) Act, which decriminalised prostitution in brothels with valid town planning permits, the government wanted as few restrictions as possible.

Under the new Act, all a Victorian brothel-keeper has to do is select the right site. As long as he or she doesn't want to set up shop in a residential area, or within 100 metres of a school, or a scout or girl guide hall, or a place where kids under 18 regularly gather for recreational or cultural pursuits, an application for a brothel permit is almost guaranteed success. (Evan Walker actually circularised every one of the state's cities, towns and shires with specific directions that they could ban brothels no longer.)

There were, of course, some restrictions as to who was a fit and proper person to run a knocking shop. People convicted within the previous five years for drug or other serious offences would be ineligible to obtain a licence. That might deter a few crims, but the fact is that the Mr Bigs of crime are so good at insulating themselves from offences committed by their underlings that few have ever been convicted. Even a convicted killer fresh out of jail after serving a life sentence for murdering prostitutes would not be ineligible, since the conviction would not come within the five-year limit. And any front man from overseas whose convictions weren't known in Australia would have carte blanche.

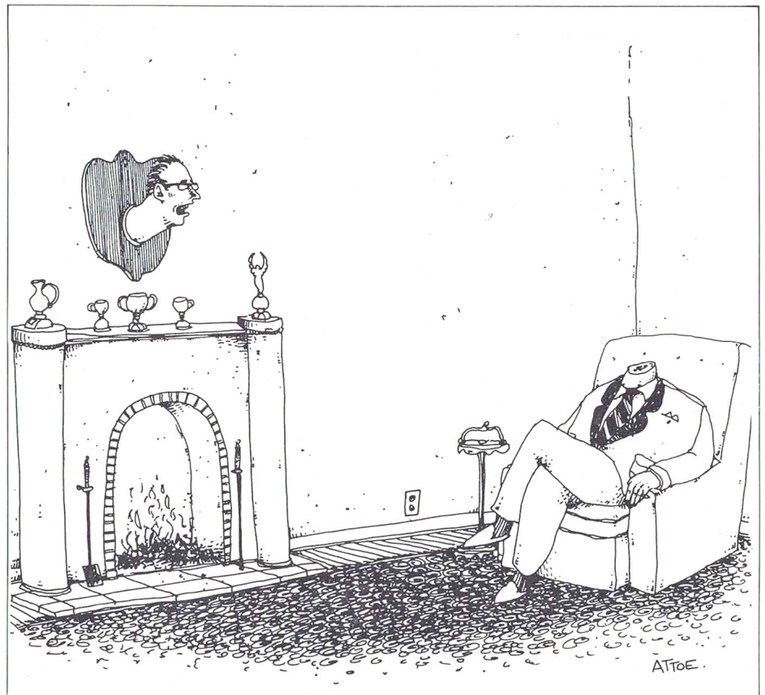
Even notorious convicted racketeers could claim a piece of the action. A permit holder does not have to be the owner or occupier of the brothel premises. It would simply be a matter of buying up premises and putting in "dummies" to apply for the necessary permits in their names. That way the big-noters could maintain hidden ownership and control.

Under the new legislation, brothel means "land to which people of both sexes, or of either sex, resort for the purpose of prostitution." There's no distinction between heterosexual and homosexual activities.

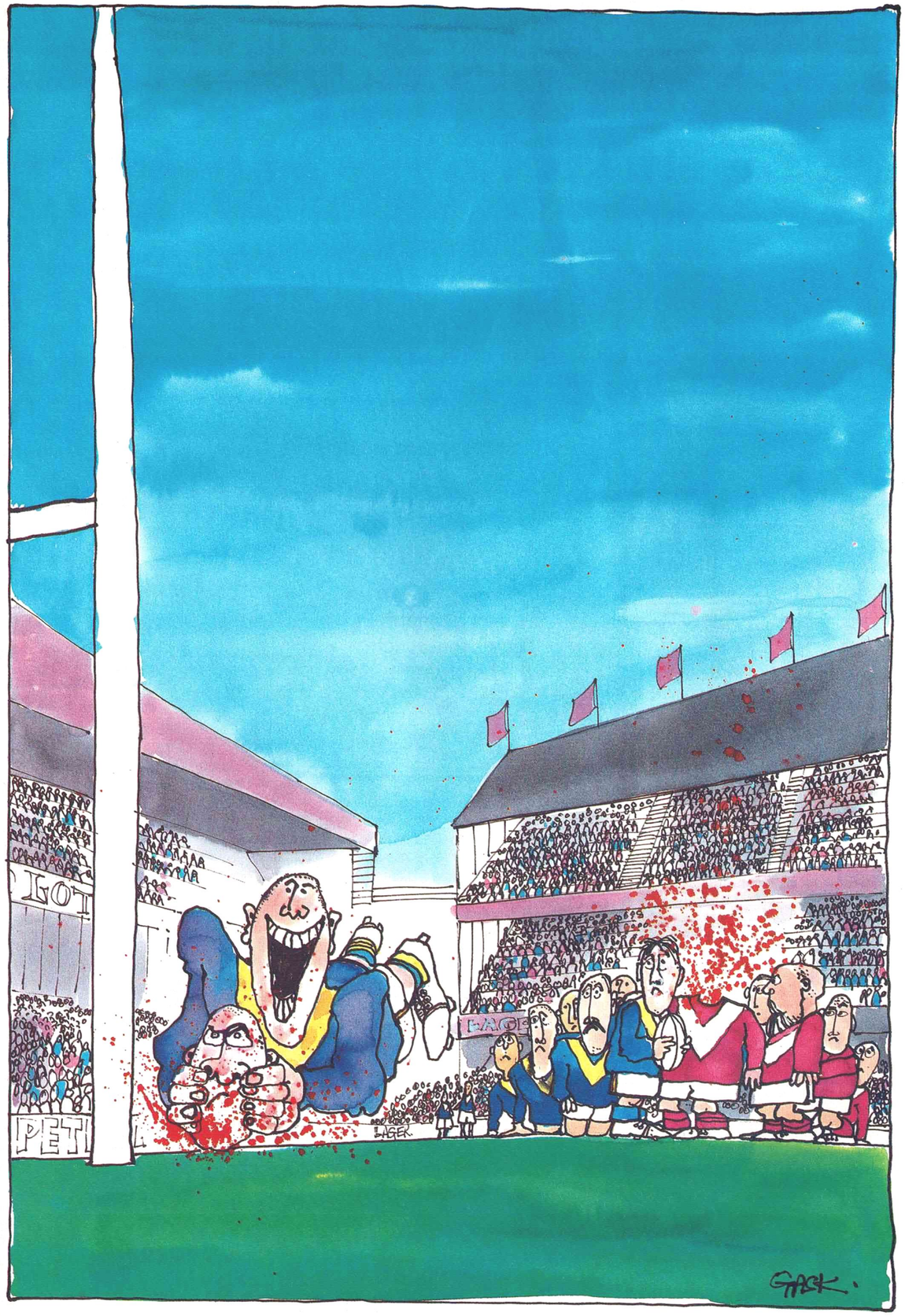
The Liberal and National opposition MPs pushed for tighter controls during parliamentary debate, but Walker responded by saying the government was not keen to "bring the police in, as it were." In fact the provision prohibiting criminals with convictions in the previous five years was only agreed to under pressure. And it was with similar reluctance that the government initially agreed to demands to prohibit multiple ownership of brothels. A fine of $10,000 was to apply against anyone having "an interest" in more than one brothel permit, either in his own name or in the name of an associate — defined as a spouse or partner. The same applied if there was "an agreement with another person (whether formal or not) regarding the occupation or management or otherwise" of another brothel.

The ban on multiple ownership was to have been the key to preventing any Mafia-style takeovers. But an examination of the government's own list of the 23 brothels that had secured valid permits after a 12-month moratorium shows that the multiple ownership provision was treated with absolute contempt. There are numerous examples of individuals openly having an "interest" in two or more brothels. No serious attempt was made to enforce the law and ultimately the government reneged and dropped the limitation altogether.

Running a brothel is no penny-ante occupation. According to one West Australian operator, Susan Deveraux, a brothel which was allowed to operate in Perth with unofficial permission from the police had sold for $650,000. One of Melbourne's better-



"Fuck you, too!"



LICENTIOUS PREMISES

known brothels, the Daily Planet in Elsternwick, had been lucrative enough for its owner, John Trimbole, to offer a $100,000 sponsorship to the Fitzroy Football Club. The Daily Planet was listed for sale in 1979 for $250,000. With a permit, its value on today's market would be several times that. The overall turnover of the brothel business in Victoria alone is estimated at $100 million annually.

You'd think, then, that the government would at least make arrangements to extract its own pound of flesh from this incredibly lucrative industry. Not so. A brothel's town planning permit costs nothing and no other fees are payable. There's not even a state payroll tax, nor any compulsion to comply with industrial laws so stringently applied to all other Victorian businesses. The control of licensed brothels has been placed largely in the hands of local council officers rather than police. During the first 12 months under the new law there was one report of a council officer being offered a bribe of $10,000 to ensure the smooth passage of a brothel permit application.

It's pretty clear, then, that "brothel" is about to become synonymous with "goldmine" in the state of Victoria. But the new Act left completely untouched the most lucrative of all forms of sex for sale — the "escort" business. Nine out of ten ads in the Melbourne *Truth* are for escort services, with few of the licenced brothels rating a mention. The escort trade is booming, all the more so since many in the brothel game switched to escort services immediately after the government announced its licensed brothel system. Under the new law, prostitutes who go by invitation to a hotel, motel or other premises to meet the customer are not commiting any offence.

Competition doesn't breed excellence in the vice business; it breeds violence. Thugs using standover tactics soon tried to monopolise the uncontrolled escort services, and some outfits mounted 24-hour guards after death threats and bashings. Escort agencies were pressured into entering a partnership arrangement. When they refused, their girls were beaten up in attempts to put the agencies out of business.

This kind of violence was always on the cards. Victorian homicide detectives at that time were still probing the deaths of six prostitutes over a six-year period prior to the new licensing system. As well, they'd kept an open file on the execution of brothel-keeper John James Ebert, who was ambushed by two gunmen in April 1980. Ebert had apparently been trying to expand his business and "trodden on some toes."

A government-sponsored report on the effects of the new prostitution policies, brought down in late 1985 by an academic lawyer, Marcia Neave, led the government to confirm the abandonment of any law making it illegal to live off the earnings of prostitution. It was, however, stipulated that it would be an offence to share prostitution earnings by the use of violence or intimidation, or the promise to supply addictive drugs. It was also made an offence to pay anyone under the age of 18 for sexual services.

This, then, is Victoria's "model" legislation in a nutshell. How far will it go toward cleaning up the skin trade? Time will tell, but an examination of the facts surrounding the prostitution industry in Australia suggests that without more dedicated police and government action, organised racketeers will strengthen their grip on the business while its innocent victims continue to be taken for a long, hard ride.

THE TIES THAT BIND

Everyone is familiar with the public face of prostitution: girls loitering in the streets of Sydney's Kings Cross or Melbourne's St Kilda, conspicuously attired and spouting the inevitable: "Want a girl, luv?"

> A heroin addict will inject $150 worth of stuff per day. Not even the PM earns that much after tax.

Apart from the more visible street girls there are the tawdry backstreet brothels, usually easily identifiable terraces or flats. Often under age and drug addicted, the denizens of these sleazepits have normally been excluded from massage parlors. Going way upmarket, there are the call girls — often models or uni students relying on a discreet telephone system. And, increasingly, male prostitutes whose presence on the street scene has become as blatant as the women's.

However ambivalent you might be to all this, the bottom line is that once a person becomes enmeshed in organised prostitution, escape is seldom an option — especially if they're addicted to a drug. For street prostitutes, the chances of that are something like nine out of ten. In fact, the chances are better than even that a heroin addicted prostitute will die from an overdose or drug-related causes before he or she is too old to stay on the game.

There has always been a nexus between prostitution and illegal drugs in this country. Drugs are the organised criminal's entree to the equally seedy world of sex for sale. In the early days of organised crime in Sydney and Melbourne, cocaine was king; today heroin is the mainstay of the vice trade.

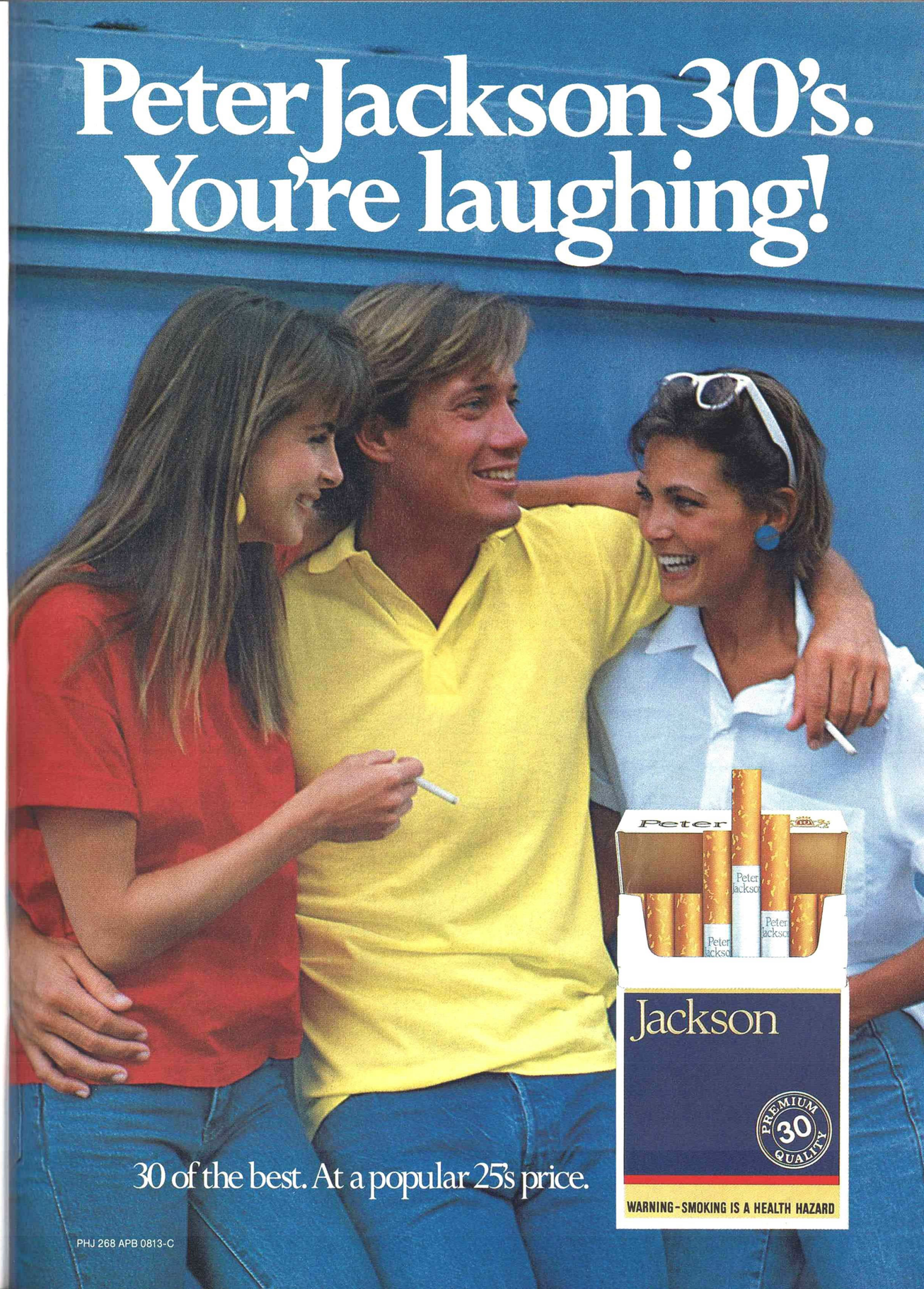
It has been estimated that one in ten of Australia's 20,000 known heroin addicts is involved in prostitution. Since Woodward Royal Commission figures show street prices for heroin amounting to no less that $1.1 billion a year, supplying the captive prostitute market would be worth well over $100 million annually. Some street prostitutes and massage parlor girls are known to use up to $1000 worth of heroin a day. On average, though, according to the Royal Commission's analysis, a heroin addict can be expected to inject $150 worth of the stuff per day. That's still $54,600 a year, and not even the PM earns that much after tax.

The Victorian licensing experiment *might* serve to keep underage girls out of licensed brothels, but the government's endorsement of prostitution could well make it easier for them to rationalise going on to the streets. According to Queensland's Director of Prosecutions Des Sturgess, who prepared a report highlighting the involvement of young people in all forms of prostitution, an environment has been created in Australia where young girls see nothing wrong with selling their bodies for profit. More and more kids are appearing around the Cross and St Kilda; day and night, on the streets or in shady night-spots, they ply their trade. Most of them should still be at school. Since many operate out of single rooms, they're not always easy to detect. Naive young girls and boys are more vulnerable to veneral disease — or worse — than the old pros.

On any night of the week, boys as young as 12 will be found hanging around the El Alamein fountain at Kings Cross. Like the girls, in most cases they're selling themselves for another taste of heroin. A Sydney vice squad detective has stated that male prostitutes were making up to $750 a day, working 15 hours. Of that they spent around $400 on smack.

According to Annie Crowe, a social worker for a voluntary organisation called Street Network, children as young as eight were being sexually exploited in the Cross. "Hundreds of children", most of them girl runaways, were involved in the prostitution scene. Eighteen-year-old girls were considered too old to work in the areas haunted by paedophiles.

Many of the more sordid aspects of prostitution were reported on in May 1983 in a paper presented to the 1983 ANZAAS Congress by Douglas Meagher QC, counsel assisting the Costigan Royal Commission into the criminal activities of members of the Painters' and Dockers' Union. As Meagher described it, "There are few more depressing businesses conducted by



organised crime than those in the area of vice." He said investigatory work over ten years had revealed a major organisation ranging across the whole of Australia.

Meagher pinpointed the use of prostitutes for bribery and corruption. "There is evidence of deliberate attempts to corrupt those customers who occupy significant positions in our community," he said. "Sexual entertainment is provided in which the victim participates, but unknown to him the occasion is recorded by camera. The technique is as ancient as photography itself. The photographs (or video) are later produced to the victim with the threat of publication, embarrassment and possibly disgrace. The victim is then asked to show favor to the organisation in return for the suppression of these revelations of behavior."

He cited one example where several young police officers were invited to a party where they were photographed with prostitutes. The photographs were to have been used for blackmail later on as the officers rose through the ranks. The scheme was uncovered, however, and the disgraced cops resigned from the force.

Meagher spoke out particularly against white slavery — the supply of Australian girls for the prostitution trade in Asia and the Pacific. As Meagher explained it, "Promises are made of legitimate employment and the girl, more often than not in her teens, is transported to an environment totally foreign to anything she had previously known. She is then called upon to provide the services of a prostitute. Her passport is taken from her and she is deprived of any financial resources that would allow her, independently, to escape.

"Since frequently she will not speak the language of the country concerned, will have no knowledge of the geography or the layout of the town, and even less knowledge of people to whom she may safely complain, the girl is effectively trapped. The trap is often reinforced by inducing heroin addiction, thus creating a desperate need for the income."

THE NSW SCENE

On the occasions when police have tried to crack down on prostitution in Sydney they've had their efforts ridiculed by courts imposing fines of ten cents. Emboldened, the hookers have spread from the Cross and the traditional backstreets of East Sydney into residential Darlinghurst. Local residents became so incensed in late 1982 they threatened a blockade to shut out motorists who were being solicited as they passed by.

Police tried to have brothels that had opened in residential streets declared disorderly houses under an old law, but they found it hard to get neighbors to sign the affidavits required by the courts. The then NSW Vice Squad Chief Detective-Inspector Ernie Shepherd explained: "You can't blame them because they don't want to get their houses burned down or get a brick through their windows."

When publicity was given to residents' complaints about having to put up with female and male prostitutes having sex in front yards, on doorsteps and on footpaths, sight-seeing buses included the red light streets on their Sydney by night tours. Rowdy scenes erupted at Sydney City Council meetings when aldermen complained that neither the council nor police were doing enough to control prostitution. Residents crowded the gallery, brandishing placards: "Darlinghurst — Paradise For Pimps."

Councils in NSW have tried to clamp down through the use of planning laws, making it an offence to operate a brothel in a residential area. Under legislation enacted in response to the Darlinghurst outcry, hookers were barred from soliciting near homes, schools, churches and hospitals, the idea being to force them back into commercial districts.

The NSW Government set up a special parliamentary select committee to examine the entire issue. Chaired by the ALP backbencher, Pat Rogan, it was the first of its kind in Australia. Unlike the Neave study in Victoria it boasted Royal Commission-style powers and attracted evidence from a colorful assortment of characters.

"I'd like to masturbate, but I don't feel I deserve myself."

One was Ms Roberta Perkins, a volunteer counsellor and member of the Transsexual Association, who maintained in evidence that prostitutes were not organised by pimps or syndicates and that organised crime involvement came through the related drug trade.

The scene shifted from Sydney to the bush when a National Party backbencher, Jack Boyd, disclosed results of an investigation at Tweed Heads, on the Queensland border alongside the Gold Coast, which found that 35 housewives in the area worked as part-time prostitutes. They had organised a prostitution ring and serviced clients while their husbands were at work. An investigator had told Boyd that girls were being recruited to join prostitution rings with offers of $1000 a week and a free flat. However, the girls were frequently given coffee laced with drugs as a means of making them dependent not only on the drugs but on prostitution.

A former Sydney prostitute, Roz Kelly, who worked for 14 months in a Kings Cross brothel known as Anita's Top-To-Toe Health Studio, told of being asked twice by the parlor manageress to give free sex to visiting police officers. "Freebies" had been given to police officers on at least six separate occasions by a number of the girls working at the parlor. "The manageress came up to one of us, saying that someone important from the force was coming in . . . She would indicate that it was to be a special job and that special care should be taken."

Whereas the Neave report tended to play down the organised crime links with prostitution rackets, the NSW inquiry, which brought down its report six months later in April 1986, noted the involvement of organised crime figures using immigration rackets to supply overseas prostitutes to brothels in Sydney. Similar rackets had previously been detected by Federal police in Melbourne.

The NSW inquiry reported that it had been told of "a well-established relationship between an Australian, Todor Maksimovich, reputed to be associated with Abraham Saffron and with organised crime, a number of criminals from the Philippines who have criminal records in that country and in Australia, and persons involved in prostitution in Sydney."

While no one organised crime figure or group was said to dominate the prostitution trade, the inquiry found that some people owned several buildings containing brothels in one or neighboring suburbs and they could be said to be dominant figures. One man, who operated under six or more aliases, ran about 32 brothels.

Not surprisingly, the inquiry found evidence of widespread police corruption, with brothel owners having to pay police for protection either with money or sexual favors. In one instance, a brothel owner was said to have paid $1000 a month to police. The annual turnover of the NSW industry was estimated at $250 million.

In NSW there were 2200 prostitutes; 80 percent of street prostitutes were heroin addicts. By contrast, the Neave study identified between 3000 and 4000 females, males and transsexuals regularly working as prostitutes in Victoria. "We make no comments," the Neave report stated, "on links between drug dealings and prostitution occurring through brothels and escort agencies since we have little evidence on this issue."

The NSW report recommended decriminalisation (not legal licences) and financial aid for councils wanting to oppose applications and appeals under town planning regulations. Unlike in Victoria, the NSW inquiry stipulated that there should be a law to prevent a monopoly of decriminalised brothels. It would be illegal for any individual or group to own or operate any more than three brothels. Ownership also was to be restricted to "an individual resident in NSW" and could not be in the name of any registered business or company. The report also outlined a ban against anyone becoming involved with ownership if they had a conviction within the previous ten years, rather than just five years as in Victoria.

CRIME AND PUNISHMENT

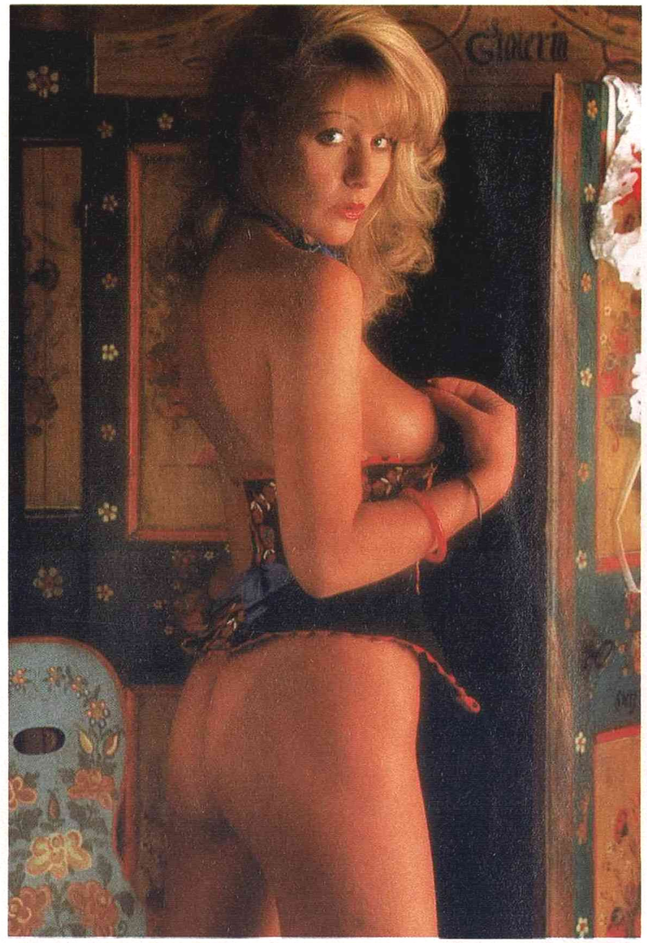
There are some things that some people will always do regardless of the law. They will take drugs; they will gamble; they will have sex with prostitutes. It is one thing to debate the merits of such human foibles on moral grounds. It's a different thing altogether when it comes to the exploitation and degradation of female and male prostitutes by organised crime. That's the crux of the issue.

It is generally reckoned that the best way to curtail the activites of organised criminals is to make those activities legal under very strict controls, and to police those controls rigorously. That way the public gets an outlet for its vices and the damage to the community is limited.

The Victorian experiment may suppress conspicuous involvement in prostitution by organised criminals, but through the sanction of multiple brothel ownership it may ultimately allow for behind-the-scenes control by local or overseas interests prepared to outlay enough money to buy up the premises for which licences have been secured. The approach recently adopted in NSW is more solid, but its success will rest finally on the willingness of police and courts to apply the letter of the law.

Whichever way you look at it, prostitution is a tough trade. It is never glamorous and often incredibly sordid. Where organised crime is involved, individuals lose their freedom and take up their positions on an elevator going down. That's the real crime in the business of sex for sale. Every government should have the means to deliver a suitable punishment.

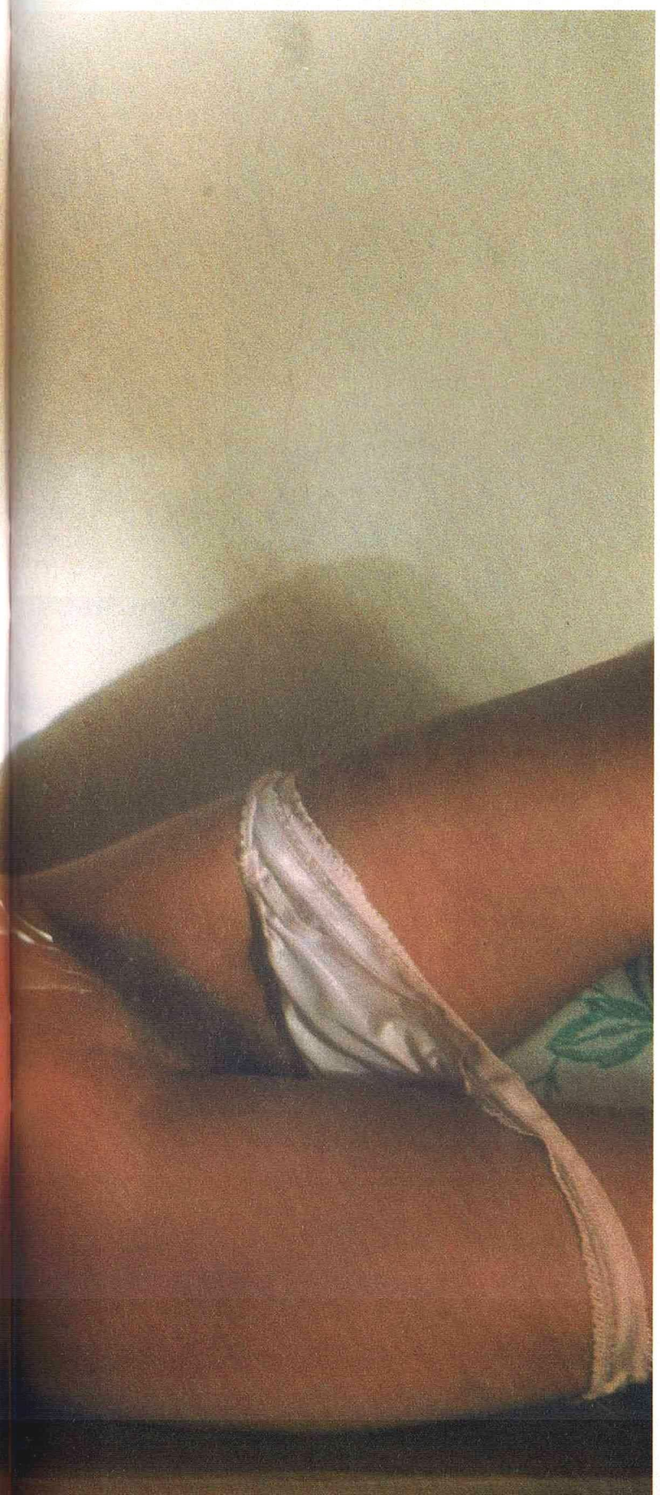
"Before we begin today's meeting, gentlemen, I'd like to share with you a fantasy I've been having about my secretary."



WOMEN'S SPACE

PHOTOGRAPHY BY JOHN COPELAND

Though her name suggests sweet possibilities, Johanna Sugarman is hardly your sugar and spice and all things nice kind of girl. "I'm made of more interesting stuff than that," says the 21-year-old blonde, "though if we're talking spice, you could say I've got a salty tongue and I'm not averse to giving a bit of curry." A saucy lass, to say the least.



There is, however, a chink in her armor.
She admits to having read hundreds of romance novels.
"It was just a difficult stage I was going
through," says Johanna. "You know, I graduated
from *The Bobbsey Twins* and *Famous Five* to *Harlequins*
and *Holiday Romance*. But I only read them for the
bodice-ripping bits."

Johanna is still an avid reader, though these days her tastes are more *Barbarella* than Barbara Cartland. She's nuts about science fiction and says she's planning to write her own sci-fi epic soon.

"I'm going to call it *Bra Wars*," she says with tongue firmly in cheek. "It's set in women's space, a feminist galaxy that's at war with the evil inhabitants of the chauvinist constellation. The central characters are Harassment Ford and Carrie Aplacard. It'll be a balltearer — literally!" Johanna, may the sauce be with you.

Australia's new generation corporate pirate has fire in his belly — not an Australian Club lunch

CORPORATE CANNIBALS

BY DAVID QUICKSILVER

September 15, 1986 was a day of great significance in Australian corporate history: the Goths had entered the Senate, and Rome was ready to fall. The Alaric was Robert Holmes a Court. Also taking up a new seat was another barbarian, John Elliott, but this barbarian was, the Senate half-believed, loyal to the Emperor.

Like the Roman Empire of the 5th Century, BHP had grown rich and fat — too fat to deal with the devastations of the Seventies and Eighties — and had begun to lose that integral strength that had given the giant corporation supremacy in the Australian economy.

Jealously guarding its historic role as the Big Australian, BHP had laughed when, in 1983, Holmes a Court took over a West Australian bulldozer distributor (the local equivalent of a small tribe on the Danubian Marches) and promptly launched a takeover bid for BHP. Barely one quarter of one percent of BHP's shares went to Holmes a Court's Wigmores, later to be renamed Bell Resources. The raid was a joke and treated as such by the BHP board, then still considered impregnable to the corporate raiders who were hooning around like

ILLUSTRATION BY FRANTS KANTOR

CORPORATE CANNIBALS

Huns on the borders of the Australian economy.

True, some major companies had fallen to these raiders. The mighty pastoral house of Elder Smith & Goldsborough Mort, itself the product of an earlier period of corporate cannibalism, had been merged into a lowly jam-maker, Henry Jones IXL, and had become Elders-IXL, with the IXL people, led by Elliott, firmly in command.

In the west a bumptious land developer, Alan Bond, had been active stirring up the mining tribes over there and had amassed a powerful army under his leadership — an army which stormed one of the power bases of the west, the Swan Brewery Ltd, and won it.

From across the sea to the south another barbarian, who had come across the borders in the guise of a youthful investment newsletter writer, had amalgamated a decent-sized sub-empire out of many small and varied companies. Ron Brierley of Industrial Equity Ltd has spent 25 years in Australia analysing company balance sheets and share prices and buying forgotten little bargains, taking over the smaller ones and encouraging others to take over the bigger ones, usually taking good profits when he too sold out to the new raider.

In 1983 Brierley controlled, or owned a large part of in Australia, Acrow scaffolding, Brisbane's gas supplier, a life insurance company, the Sydney-Newcastle oil pipeline, a Brisbane supermarket chain, Caltex, the Cascade brewery, Four Seasons motels, Huttons, a property trust, oil explorers, a leading pastoral house and more than 7000 blocks of land.

Neither Bond nor Brierley played any direct part in the battle for BHP — but they were always there, on the edges, ready to snap up any stray pieces that could have come their way. There is no doubt that while BHP managing director Brian Loton was mustering his defences against Holmes a Court, he could not ignore the possibility of either of these two entering the fray.

But another leading barbarian, John Spalvins, mercenary general of the southern province Adelaide Steamship Ltd, in an effort to secure an advantage for his side, did play a part in the war by entering a loose but complex alliance with Holmes a Court. Indeed, it was this alliance — the promise by Spalvins to sell seven percent of BHP to Holmes a Court within 15 months — that gave Holmes a Court a solid base on which to attack the giant BHP.

For the Adsteam parcel of BHP shares gave Holmes a Court — even though it was only a promised parcel, not a delivered package — a big enough slug of shares for Holmes a Court to trade with, making large profits each time.

Now, if you are in a position to exert some influence over the price of a commodity and you trade in that commodity you are a damned sight better off than those poor buggers who trade but cannot influence the price.

But the most amazing thing about the Holmes a Court-BHP deal is that not only was Holmes a Court able to trade, he was doing so using a parcel of shares that someone had only promised to sell 15 months down the track. That is, he was using a slice of the pie that wasn't his to parley for himself a bigger slice of the pie today.

In order to get the $581 million needed to pay for the promised parcel he could either borrow, when the time came, or generate enough profits between making the contract and delivery to pay for the delivery. He went a long way towards this latter aim by, first off, using a sophisticated form of trading known as the option market. By clever use of selling or buying promises to sell or to buy BHP shares (got it? Four choices, all tradable), Holmes a Court was able to earn profits today — and as he was ultimately after more shares, the fewer he sold the better position he was in.

All right, so what he did was complicated. So you don't really understand it. I believe there are very few people who do — perhaps even Holmes a Court doesn't, since he required a team of PhDs to work out his option strategies with a computer model only they could understand.

Holmes a Court, if you haven't worked it out yet, is one of the cleverest wheeler-dealers wheeling and dealing in the world today. He is more than your usual high-flying takeover merchant, who is basically someone who sees a bargain and then borrows and shouts and cajoles and bullies enough to get his hands on it. What Holmes Court has done with BHP is more akin to a conjuring act than ordinary business.

Here is a man who, not long ago, owned a little blanket factory and a one-state-only trucking company, a man who bought a Caterpillar franchise and launched a bid on Australia's biggest company. Then, he ends up with almost one third of the Big Australian and the recognition that he is Australia's richest man.

When the South African-born solicitor made his fourth and most successful bid for BHP in May last year BHP directors were no longer content to just laugh it off. It was obvious that the man was determined to win and had the ability to win. The BHP board decided that board room fights were necessary to get the paperwork in order while it simultaneously battled to win the loyalties of the shareholders.

It was about this time that public mention was first made of the so-called Australia 2000 Club, allegedly a group of large Australian companies banding together to defend each other from takeover.

You see, companies can't legally buy their own shares. If they want to protect themselves from the corporate cannibals they have to get friendly parties — often called "white knights" and sometimes no whiter than the adulterous Sir Lancelot — to hold the shares. So if Company A buys shares in Company B and B buys shares in A then those shares can be bedded down and kept safe from the raiders . . . until, of course, the raider, after A, buys B, sells all of B but the shares in A, and next thing A is gone. To reduce the risk the Australia 2000 Club allegedly developed more sophisticated arrangements using obscure subsidiaries and multi-shareholding involving four, five or more big companies at a time . . . just as in the latter days of the Roman Empire the provincial governors used an ever-changing system of treaties and alliances with the barbarians on their borders to stave off the other barbarians from farther out.

Always ready to please his Melbourne Establishment colleagues — if it suits him — John Elliot conducted the world's biggest share market raid: on April 10 this year Elders-IXL, using three big Melbourne brokers, stood on the floor of the Melbourne exchange and took on all comers. At the end of the day they were still counting. The result — 16.6 percent of BHP bought for about $1.6 billion. Incredible. These were shares that Holmes a Court wanted, but they had gone to Elliott.

And just to show that BHP *did* approve of Elders, the big Australian then promptly lent Elders $1 billion at a very low rate of interest — which would come in handy, especially as Elders had had to buy all those BHP shares. This incredible deal raised the hackles of the corporate police but they were unable to pin anything on anybody, even after a lengthy investigation.

After picking up more shares in London Elders-IXL had 20 percent of BHP, thus denying that big slab of shares to Holmes a Court and at the same time, BHP hoped, settling those shares with a party who would be favorable to the existing board.

Not one of those members of the BHP board would have been unfamiliar with John Elliott's history. A cadet at the Melbourne headquarters of BHP, Elliott had (like many other bright and not so bright young men) looked at the long, hard road to success in this vast capitalist bureaucracy and decided a lifetime on this one ladder was not for him.

He left BHP, got his fancy businessman's degree (an MBA) and learned the ropes of life at the top by joining high-powered company doctors McKinsey & Co. After six years with them he had saved $50,000, which he used, along with the much bigger money of his backers (which included the old CBA bank and the NML insurance company), to pick out a likely company to run himself.

Henry Jones IXL, the jam company, was an ideal target. Once a major Australian company, it was languishing — its previous chairman was 92 when he finally left. It had not had a boss under 70 since 1945. It had a lot of undervalued assets and a lot of promise. It was, indeed, a bargain.

Elliott won a quick fight for control of the company in 1972, cleaned it up and then went on a campaign of buying, buying, buying. The jam-maker became a corporate raider.

In 1981 Holmes a Court made a bid for the giant pastoral house of Elder Smith Goldsborough Mort; Elliott was asked to help out and he did — he got his old friends at Carlton & United Brewing to take over Elder Smith GM and then got Elders to "take over" Henry Jones IXL. From this latter "takeover", guess who came out on top . . . Elliott and his team.

The same happened soon after to the helping hand, Carlton & United. Here it was Ron Brierley who got the ball rolling with a bid for CUB and again Elliott was asked to help out. The price of that protection was that CUB be taken totally under the wing of Elders-IXL. John Elliot had done it again—the minnow had swallowed the whale.

Thus, in accepting Elliott as a defender, BHP knew it was bringing in a Vandal to fight a Goth. The election of both Elliott and Holmes a Court to the BHP board merely invests these two raiders with the garb of the Roman Senate — granted, lest they grab the Imperial regalia instead. And nobody is thinking they won't eventually be fighting for, or settling on, the top spot.

The passing of control of BHP will be the crowning glory of a period of Australian business history which has seen the emergence of a new generation of captains of industry who have been leaving the older men for dead. Being born at the top doesn't necessarily make you a good businessman: look at Ranald MacDonald (was managing director of the *Age*, now being forced to sell his house to pay his debts); look at Robert Cadwallader (whose family company, Allied Mills, was swallowed in a "friendly" merger).

What has been happening is that the older generation has been constantly and consistently losing to the younger generation — and to members of that generation who have no family-old loyalties or customs to constrain them and who have fire in their bellies rather than an Australian Club lunch.

And just five of this new breed now control vast slabs of Australia. Robert Holmes a Court, 49, owns three-tenths of the $12 billion BHP, a West Australian media group, WA's main trucking firm, and a giant British entertainment company that once owned the rights to the Beatles' first songs (he sold them to Michael Jackson).

Alan Bond, 49, controls our second-biggest brewer, Castlemaine-Tooheys, lots of gold mines and lots of land. When Bond Corp decides to do a real estate project it does it big: it builds whole towns, not developments. Now he's starting Australia's

Continued on page 106

"Wait! There's been some mistake!
I'm here on a grant from the Exxon Corporation."

BY PETER McKAY

Peter Brock: Peter Perfect. Winner of more races and more female hearts than you can wave a pit board at. The daredevil demon driver. Brockie, the brown-eyed handsome man who became Australia's greatest racing hero and wed Miss Australia. Brockie, the knockabout kid from suburban Hurstbridge in Melbourne who peddled a marvellous natural gift into wheels of fortune. Brockie, the fan favorite and sponsors' dream, with an ace line of chat and a head that looks just right on a poster. Brockie, the Marlboro man in living color. "Stay alive; stay below .05." Brockie, Holden's driving force. Yep, and where it counted, at Bathurst, Brock blew 'em away, with his right elbow resting on the door. *Easy*! Year after year, until the tally reached eight. Today the King of the Mountain has twice as many wins as the next guy.

That was back then. But this is now, 1987. Time flies when you're having fun. Geez, can Brock be 41? The body is still whippet lean. But, yes, there's a silver lining in the carelessly-styled dark brown locks. Miss Australia is part of Brockie's matrimonial history; Beverley — "Bevo" — has been the femme Rock of Gibraltar in Brock's life for years now. And there are

BROCK'S BLACK MAGIC

Winning is supposed to be The Only Thing, but not for Peter Brock . . .

Peter Brock and his Energy Polariser: "It makes a shithouse car good."

PHOTO BY MICHAEL COYNE

BROCK'S MAGIC

three kids. He's on a health kick; he no longer smokes. The race gladiator and his Holden Dealer Team have departed Marlboro Country for the new backer, Mobil. Peter's now heavily into the business scene, building high-performance street Holdens.

But wait a moment . . . there's a mystical guru influencing Brock's personal and business lives, and a strange device called the Peter Brock Energy Polariser. This revolutionary new invention, claims Brock, is a magical cure. "It makes a shithouse car good." And Brock declares emphatically that it will change the laws of physics. Hey, run that by me again. It's a hard story to grasp . . . and just as hard to believe.

Australian motor sport has its tattle-tales. And the hot gossips have had a field day working the rumor mill with stuff on the Brock camp happenings these past couple of years. The race hero was copping plenty. They're saying Brock's out of his tree. Brock's gone weird. Polariser . . . what sort of crap is that? Whoa there!

Certainly Brock's controversial new philosophies triggered an almighty upheaval at the HDT. Pragmatic, no-shit, country-bred development engineer/driver Larry Perkins, the ex-grand prix driver who shared three Bathurst wins with Brock, signed off, saying he couldn't cop all the mumbo jumbo. Longtime HDT engine man Neil Burns followed. And there have been other defections. According to those close to the man, Brock doesn't accept employees who don't share his radical views.

Dr Eric Dowker was introduced to an ailing Brock by Bevo. It was mid-'84. Brock returned from Le Mans in a sorry state; mentally and physically he'd taken a hammering. Dowker, a chiropractor and nutritionist, started work on putting the pep back into Pete. The rejuvenated Brock, a refugee from cigarettes and now on a tighter diet, bounced back to win Bathurst. Dowker and Brock talked often about health. They became close friends, with the doc a regular fixture in the HDT marquee attending race meetings. The polariser? "Ah, yes, Eric and I were sitting about discussing the prospects of more advanced medical practices when I asked him why we couldn't use those philosophies on something inorganic.

"We tried it and discovered it works. It's sensational." Now the gizmo is obligatory on every HDT Brock Commodore sold. The device is the energy polariser, a cigarette pack-sized "thing" that sits under the engine bay, positioned, says Brock, where it can pick up on waste energy mainly generated by the engine.

"Physics doesn't recognise that this energy exists. The laws of physics are going to be re-defined." Pretty heavy-duty stuff and the sceptics are never far away.

Brock is the first to concede his invention is difficult to understand or even describe. The internals of the polariser are a Brock secret. "It uses sub-particle energy. It transmits on a multiplicity of frequencies, all tuned to dampen out various noises and vibrations normally associated with a motor vehicle. What's happening is we're inducing a charge. It's like a television transmission — an ultra high-frequency charge which is neither electric nor magnetic. It's not a radio broadcast, nor an X-ray — it's a new form of energy called orgone energy.

"We're still discovering things about the polariser effect, but we know it makes a car run smoother, quieter. It removes a lot of those oscillations and squeaks. It does it very simply. Everything's not jangling any more. The molecules are nicely aligned. Order has been placed into a component.

"There is nothing that can remain unaffected by this form of energy. You can expect the motor car to work better as an entity. Not only is it quieter but it gives additional benefits in roadholding and traction. It simply behaves better. A sweet car becomes sweeter; a dog becomes pretty good."

The motoring press has not rushed to embrace the polariser. Brock says some scribes have found in favor of his gadget in back-to-back tests in Melbourne and yet they've refused to write as much for fear of ridicule. Only one journalist has gone into print citing the polariser's advantages; he was convinced of a 25 percent improvement to the car. Equally, though, there are others who say they could not detect any difference in with/without testing.

Brock is out to sink the doubters and detractors. It's a Herculean task. However, his arguments are at the ready: "Orgone is an energy that exists but hasn't been widely used. But it will become popular when people realise its attractions — that it is something for nothing. Everyone knows you can transmute energy — you've only got to see the interaction of clouds and how they form lightning and thunder.

"No-one can explain scientifically why an electron flows down a piece of line and why it lights up a filament. No-one knows the answer to that but we accept it as a law of nature. We can't see gravity and yet we know it exists . . .

"Of course there are those who deride. It's human nature. It takes longer to accept any revolutionary new idea. And this one is outrageous, really. It's at the cutting edge . . . We're just waiting for acceptance by the rest of mankind."

But Brock the businessman must be concerned about the risk of alienating a section of his potential market — middle Australia — with such outlandish philosophies. "Yes, it's a risk. I recognise that. It's a risk I'm prepared to take. History shows us that many innovators were ridiculed at first."

The energy polariser has done more than polarise fans and clientele and provide a succession of lurid tales along pit lane; the strong word is that Brock's new ways have not been openly received at General Motors Holden's. The General's troops are deeply concerned that the current controversy could tarnish the golden boy's image — even ultimately make him a marketing liability.

So that glamorous image of the daring race ace who casually flirts with danger and sheilas on any Sunday is fading into black. "That was never the real me anyway," claims Brock. "That was a media image. A caricature. There's always been more to me than that," he asserts defiantly.

Today, Brock's racetrack life fights for time with his expanding business activities. The Mobil Holden Dealer Team and HDT Special Vehicles are inexorably linked. Brock, the high-profile race star, does a raging trade modifying factory Holden Commodores. They come in the back door like pussy cats and go out the front roaring like lions. Catchcry . . . "We Build Excitement."

Brock has close on 100 employees at his splendidly presented workshop/manufacturing facility in Bertie Street, Port Melbourne. This year it will turn out between 1000 and 1500 high-performance vehicles, mainly Commodores. Mainly V8s. Brock's an unabashed V8 man. He races 'em; he sells 'em.

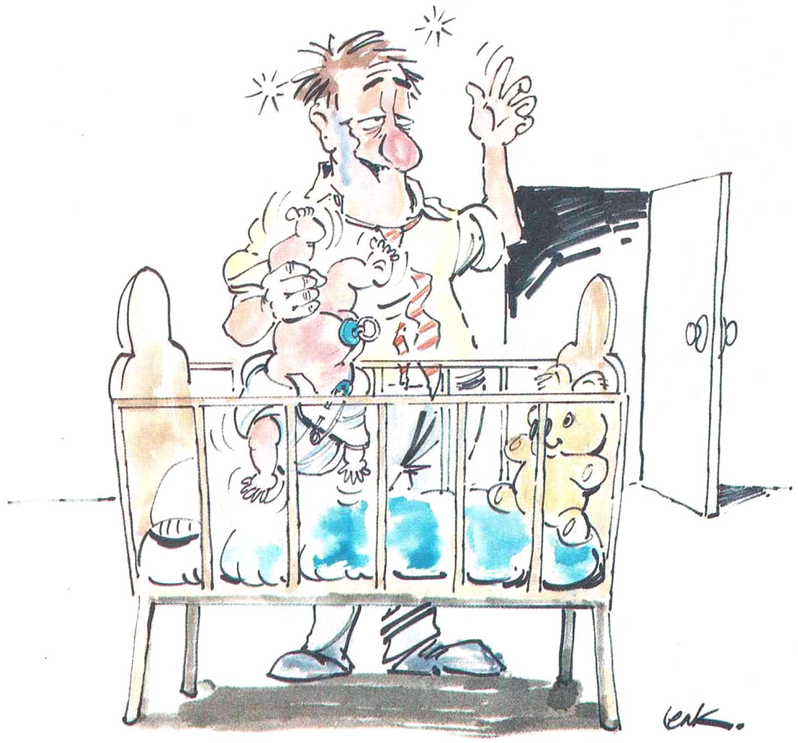
Firm plans are afoot to give the United States and the United Kingdom a taste of Aussie V8 grunt, Brock style. "The export program is financed by P. Brock Esq, with no government assistance," he says with no lack of pride.

The car for the Yanks, complete with left-hand-drive and all the regular Brock mods, is about ready. The industry experts assisting the HDT in the US reckon they can take 5000 models; Brock is thinking of a more modest number. "The sky's the limit, of course — it depends on our financial resources and our production capability. I've told 'em, 'Hang on a moment . . . let's try to build 200.' I don't want to sacrifice our integrity. You know our act. We build 'em by hand, and we do them spoofy."

Brock is forever juggling eight or a dozen different projects at once. The ideas cascade through his mind. "I've been sketching the new VL model Group III-cum-Director. It is positively extravagant . . . wild. It won't be too wild in Hoonsville though," he laughs.

Turning 40 certainly brought remarkable changes sweeping into the Brock life. They coincide with leaner times at the race track. Those who pander to the Tall Poppy Syndrome have been doing handstands. Wins have been scarce since Bathurst '84. The record books indicate that Brock's once unmatched win ratio — it usually ran around the 30-40 percent mark and some-

"I have the feeling they're getting desperate."



"Don't get up, love. I've changed his nappy all by myself . . ."

BROCK'S MAGIC

times climbed as high as 50 — has slumped. "Yeah, it's been an awful couple of seasons," he admits with good grace if not good cheer. Let it be said that PB is driving as well as ever; his machinery, though, hasn't been as competitive as in the pre-'84 era.

Then there was the shock liaison with Allan Moffat. It's been a year since the racing world was staggered to learn Brock's greatest adversary for the past 15 years was joining the team. When the intense, single-minded, highly-strung Moffat linked with the cavalier Brock, it was as if Gough and Malcolm had kissed and made up. Many said the superstar duo didn't have any chance of staying intact for long. But it did, and it has. One year has stretched into two. The old enemies get on famously.

Brock, professional pride close to the surface, lets it drop that he was usually faster than Moffat in the same car during '86. "But Moff put in a fantastic drive at Fuji in the last race of the year. Fantastic."

It was a tough, sometimes demoralising year for the Peter and Allan Show as it hit the international stage. Australia's most successful touring car drivers took on the world in their Holden Commodore and, after a winning opening flurry in New Zealand, the Europeans kicked their butts all the way home.

Brock admits they were caught unawares. "After winning in New Zealand in January against some of the Europeans I believed we had a package capable of matching the best in the world."

But the Europeans moved fast to upgrade their machines and the Commodores of the HDT and fellow jetsetter Allan Grice failed to win a race during their costly European campaign.

"My small team just couldn't keep pace with the relentless engineering development program undertaken by Tom Walkinshaw, BMW, Volvo and the rest and financed by the vehicle manufacturers. We had a development program of sorts too for the Commodore, paid for out of my pocket. It's worth recording that the benefits of this Commodore program were shared by Grice and other Holden teams," says Brock pointedly.

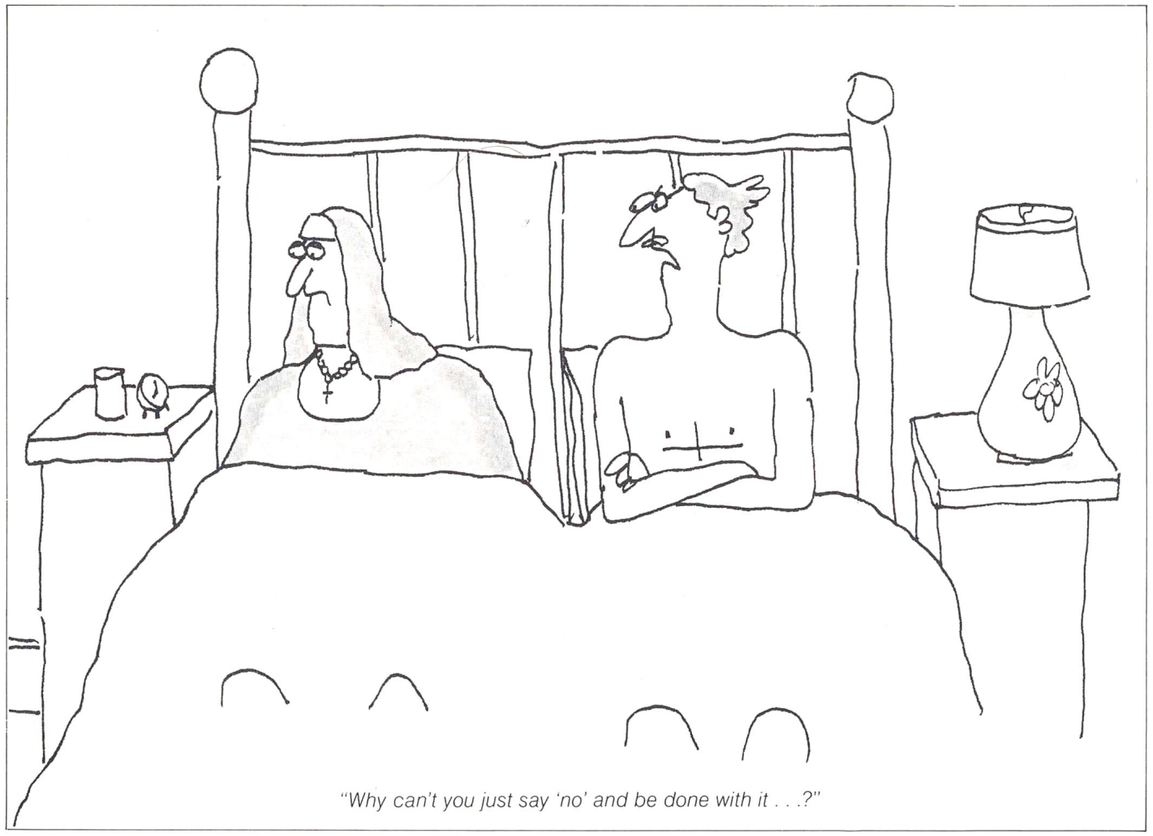
The HDT copped a bad time from the Aussie press on the basis of the Mobil Commodore's indifferent international form, particularly as the under-financed Grice regularly out-qualified the Brockmobile. Grice, who loves nothing more than to dust off Brock, also weighed in with a few carefully chosen barbs of his own. The criticism irks Brock: "The difference [between the Commodores] was mainly tyres. We didn't have qualifying rubber until late in the '86 season. But there's no doubt Grice also had the benefit of a few more horses."

And Grice put the advantages to spectacularly effective use at Mount Panorama. He won the Bathurst 1000; Brock/Moffat finished fifth after an unscheduled stop to fix a broken oil cooler.

Undaunted by the poor return for their efforts in '86, Brock and Moffat — wiser, and better prepared — are set to tackle this year's World Touring Car Championship which kicks off in Monza, Italy, in March. Brock says the HDT will also contest the Australian title series. They'll have a new VL Commodore, promising new tyres from Bridgestone and an engine that has been the subject of intensive development over the summer hiatus. The budget isn't known, but $3 million is a fair guess. Brock puts the cost of running a separate engineering development team at about one million. And the world and Australian championships would gobble another two.

Brock is planning fewer races during 1987. Has his enthusiasm for motor racing waned? "I still love to race. I love getting behind the wheel of a race car; I like meeting the fans. But there are a lot of negatives. I look at the petty politics, the backstabbing, the innuendo, and I'm happy to be away from it as much as I can. This is the trivial side of racing. It's destructive; it saps your energy."

As for not being recognised as a prophet in his own land: "I've got patience. Alexander Bell was accused of witchcraft when he invented the telephone."



"Why can't you just say 'no' and be done with it . . .?"

EMMA

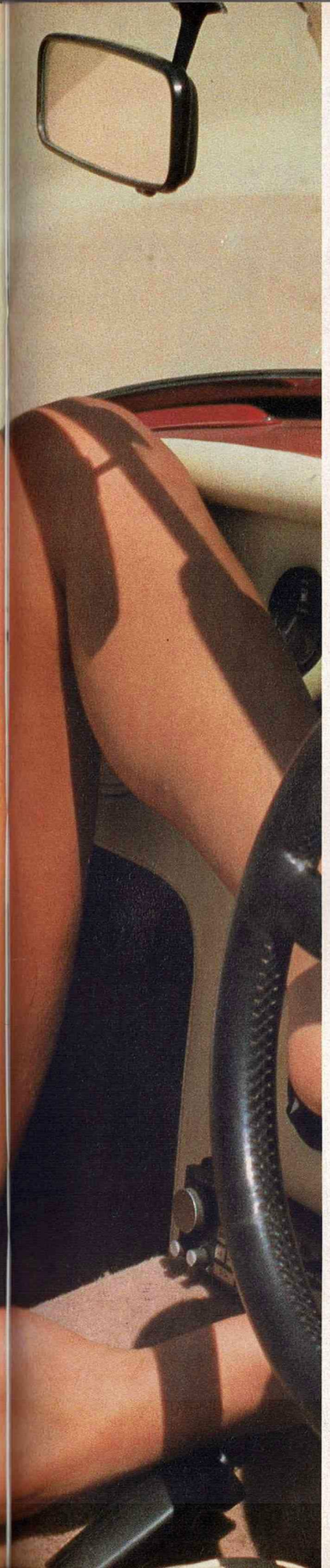
A.C. Cobra from The Toy Shop; Lingerie from Rosie Nice; Jewellery & hosiery from Nice Things; Garments by Trash and Kakoon from Fashion Concept; Garments by Ewaldo Bock; Gloves from Dents; Sunglasses by Jonathon Sceats; Sarongs & scarves from Sportsgirl and John Kaldor Fabrics; Other accessories from The Link Leatherware.

A WOMAN OF SUBSTANCE

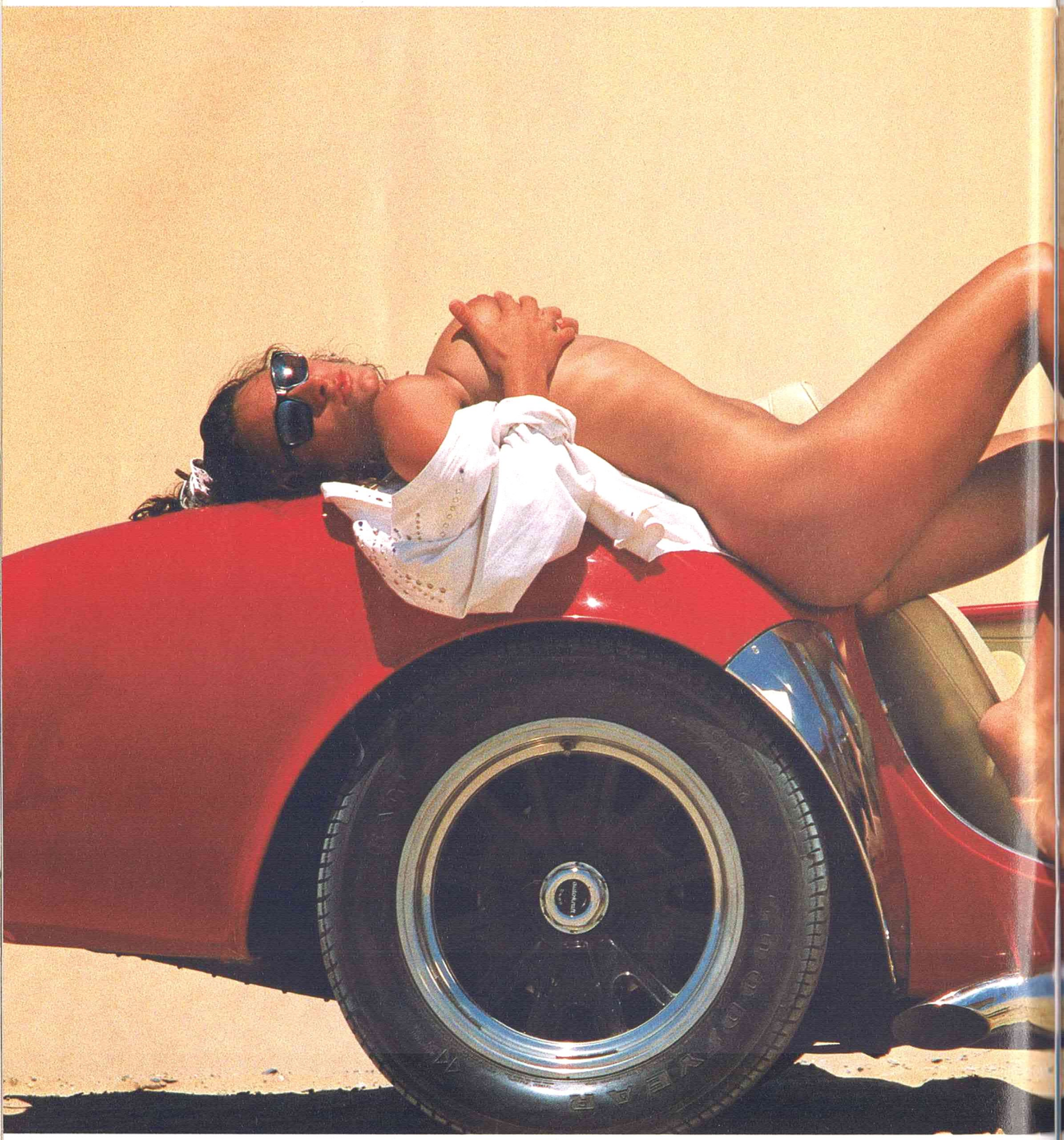
The exotic features of 18-year-old Emma Stone come courtesy of Maltese and Dutch ancestry. The outgoing personality, sense of fun and love of sport, sun and sea are all-Australian. Like a light, rosy wine that doesn't overpower on a summer's afternoon, Emma is refreshing, full-bodied, interesting and delightfully palatable. And a cheeky little drop into the bargain.

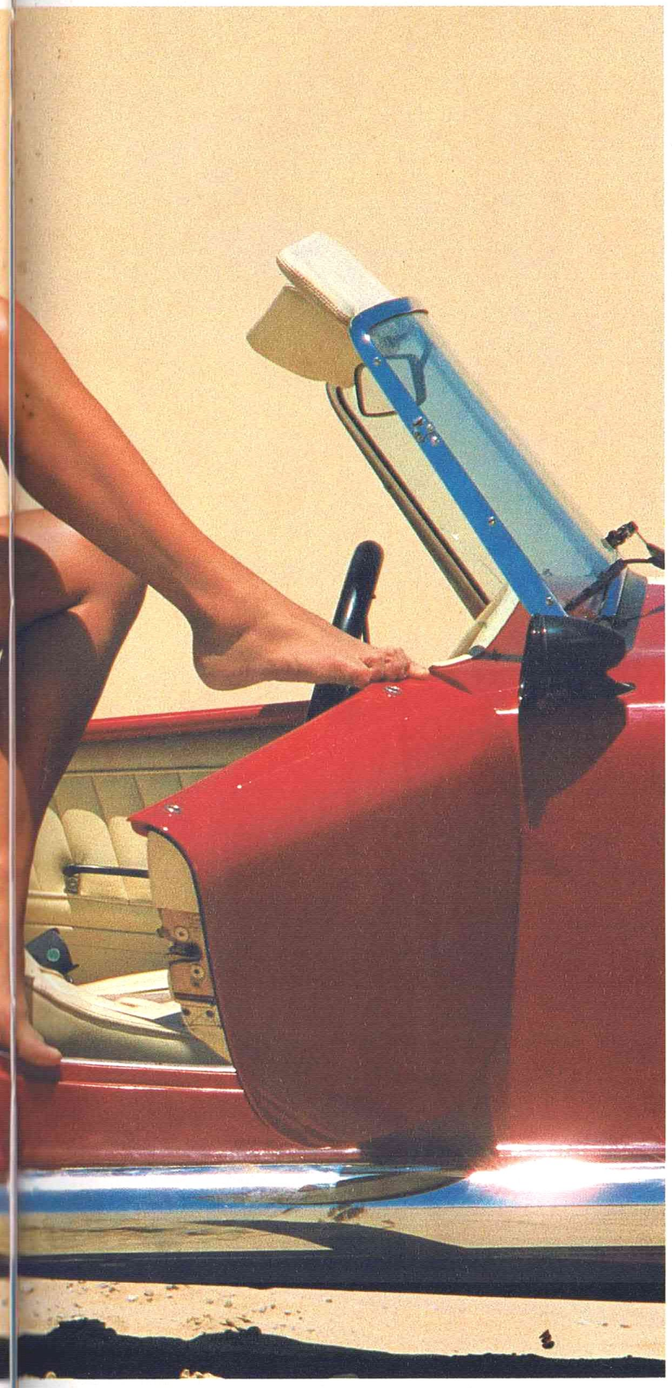
PHOTOGRAPHY BY NICK BROKENSHA

When it comes to fantasies, Emma's favorite is decidedly fishy. "I'd love to be a mermaid, swimming the oceans freely and playing with the dolphins," says this card-carrying member of Greenpeace. "And I'd like to be a famous actress and I'd like to fall in love with a man of substance — someone with intellect, humor and empathy . . ."



"Oh, and I'd like a sports car — something that goes like the wind. Just sitting in a racy, powerful car gives me a delicious thrill — driving one is wicked bliss. I once did promotional modelling at the Bathurst races and I've been hooked on power ever since," says Emma.





"Do you think I'm asking too much?" she continues. When you're only 18, you're allowed to ask for the world and a red sports car. And for "anyone who wants to buy me a birthday present," says Emma, "here's a hint: fast and sleek." And if you have any trouble remembering that, just take another long look at Emma Stone.

MISS EMMA STONE/PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH

THE NEW CONSERVATISM

BY GRAEME SIMS

GOING DOWN

ILLUSTRATION BY NIGEL BUCHANAN

The right wing push has put at risk the future of Australia's sex therapists, educators and researchers

Someone is going to go down in Australian criminal history — literally. Preposterous as it seems, the measured force of the current conservative backlash suggests that in ten to 20 years the first Australian may well be tried and convicted of the crime of oral sex. It may have been committed on a wife or husband, but that will make no difference. It will be the law. The decision by the US Supreme Court last year ruling that oral and anal sex were not protected under the right-to-privacy statutes in the Constitution, and could therefore be made illegal by states, is stark evidence of the weight of the new conservative push.

"Australia is considered to be about ten years behind the US in terms of these trends," explains Dr Jules Black, President of the Australian Society of Sex Educators, Researchers and Therapists (ASSERT). "It's a scary thought, isn't it? The person might have gone to their doctor with a mild case of oral thrush . . ."

Already the traditional confidence presumed to exist between patient and doctor has been eroded by legislation in some

GOING DOWN

Australian states. Large penalties are in place for doctors failing to report AIDS cases to the appropriate authorities. Australia's small band of sexologists, aware of the conservatives' tendency to make quantum leaps of association, are asking: What is to stop these laws being extended to other STDs?

Australia's sexologists are also wondering where a state like Queensland will stop. They note that Queensland has taken sex education out of schools. They note that such a fundamental stupidity lends weight to their worst fears for our society's sexual health and freedom. As they say: If, in this present climate, sex education can be taken out of schools, *anything* can happen.

Thus the possibility of the outlawing of oral love — cunnilingus, fellatio. Acts which, due to their promotion during the Seventies by the sexologists, have represented something of a fresh dimension in the expression of sexuality.

"It was around about the early Seventies," explains Dr Black, "that it was realised by many of us that there were certain sexual problems that you couldn't hit with a silver bullet or the surgeon's knife. We were interested in the psychosomatic aspects of sexuality.

"We also found that the great majority of patients with sexual problems suffered from a fundamental lack of knowledge about sexuality, specifically about sexual anatomy, physiology and psychology."

Sharing a commitment to public education in all issues relating to sexology, hoping to encourage high standards of professional competence, ethics, qualifications and achievement amongst sexologists themselves, and hoping to advance the scientific study and practise of sexology, the sexologists founded ASSERT in 1975. During those years their public profile was sky high; they were the darlings of the media.

Sexology — the study of sexual life and relationships — recognised that sex, to the majority of people, was more than specifically for procreation. If it were, intercourse would only take place an average of 2.3 times in a person's lifetime. Obviously there was more to it than that. Sex could be fun. Sex could be an intimate expression of love and caring — even outside the institution of marriage. Sex could be a key to a person's potential for self-actualisation . . .

To the majority of people, these ideas were brand new — as they still are to many now. "Yet everything ASSERT stands for is as much applicable now as ever," says Dr Black. "But impediments to sexology's message — some subtle, and others far from subtle — have really come into play in Australia in about the last five years.

"In fact, we are currently experiencing a conservative backlash *against* the progress we made over the past ten to 15 years. Somehow, people are thinking that sexual problems will go away — but they won't. In fact, *more* people benefit from medical help in relation to sexual matters than practically any other medical condition. The conservatives hope we researchers and therapists will go away — but we won't and it's vital that we don't. We must even endure pressures from within our own professional ranks . . ."

The reasons for the backlash are hard to pin down. As Dr Derek Richardson, ASSERT member and author of the book *Sexual Therapy — Your Guide To Sexuality And Counselling (Fontana),* explains: "Historically, there have been swings from extreme sexual licence to repression every 80 to 150 years. The peak of the last repression was probably the 1870s at the height of the Victorian era. You can go back to the Regency days for the previous extreme of licence. From there you can go back to the Puritan ethics of Oliver Cromwell, and you can go back from there to the complete licence of the times of Charles II.

"So we swing, and we can trace these swings back over the centuries. We are at the period now when we are starting to swing back to repression after the licence of the Sixties and Seventies.

"In the US in around 1972 and '73, the backlash started. You had the creationist-versus-evolutionist debate starting up — the fundamentalists began to gain a wider reach. The problem with the fundamentalist ethos is that it was forged more than 2000 years ago, when the average life expectancy for a man was 23, when eight out of ten babies died before the age of two, when *of course* there was more emphasis on having children, so that the species wouldn't drop off . . .

"What we sexologists say," Dr Richardson continues, "is that neither extreme has been shown to have been particularly healthy. In terms of the gay community, for instance, there probably *have* been very positive aspects in the return to 'conservative' values, if those values include longer term and more stable relationships or serial monogamy — factors likely to control the spread of AIDS.

"However, if the new conservatism means an increase in sexual inhibition, then the effect will be far worse. So long as it remains a swing *towards* conservatism, there are likely to be healthy aspects. Once you get back there, though, with repressive attitudes towards sex, there are serious consequences."

And that, to the sexologists, is the bottom line in the conservatives' threat to their profession: health. The health of their patients.

The sexologists of ASSERT agree that no other single issue or development has fuelled the bias against their profession as much as the outbreak of AIDS.

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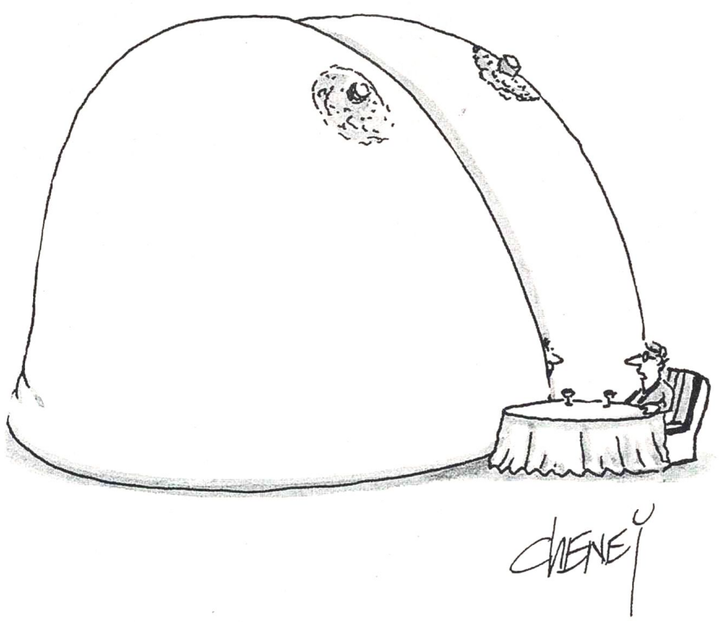
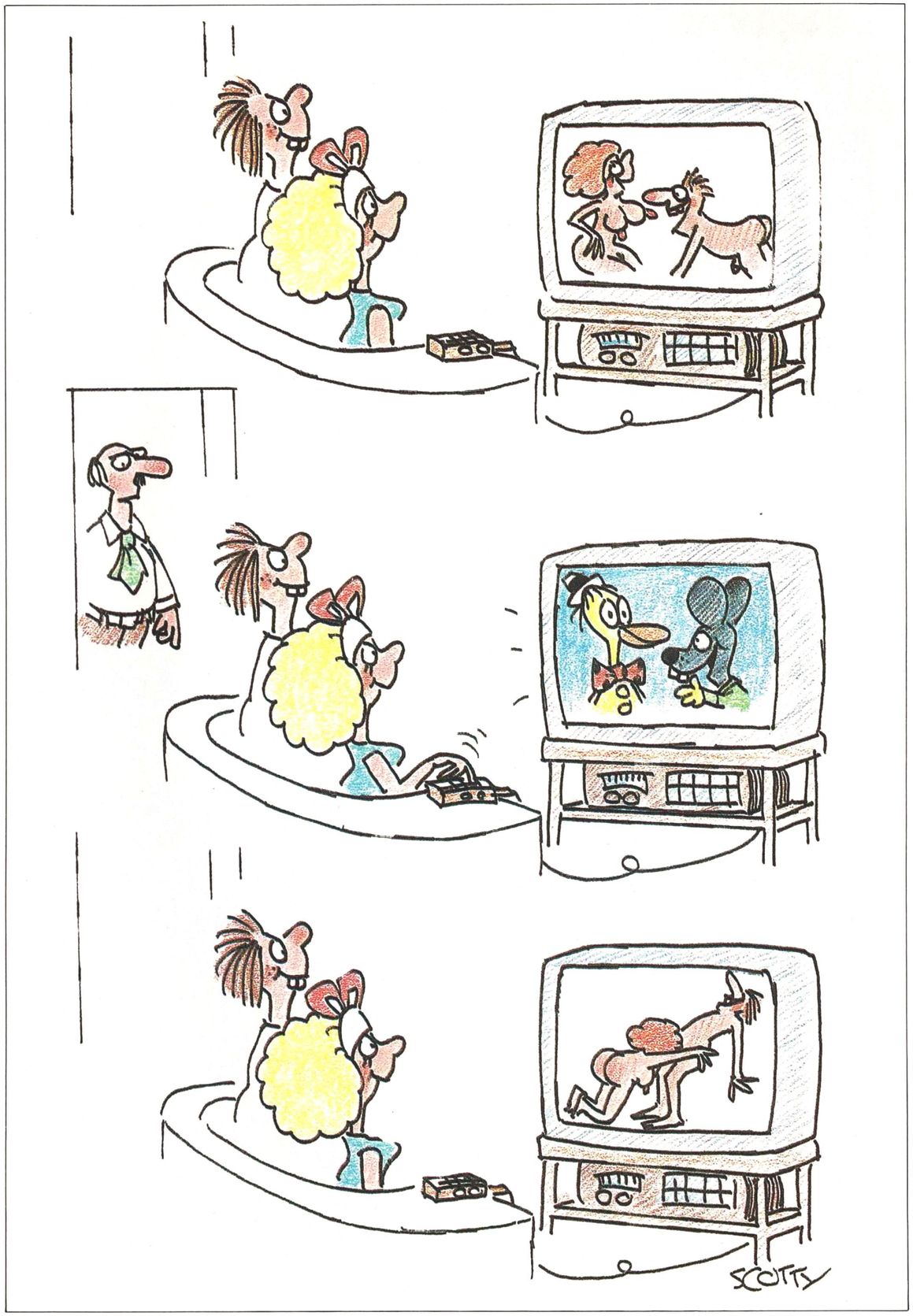
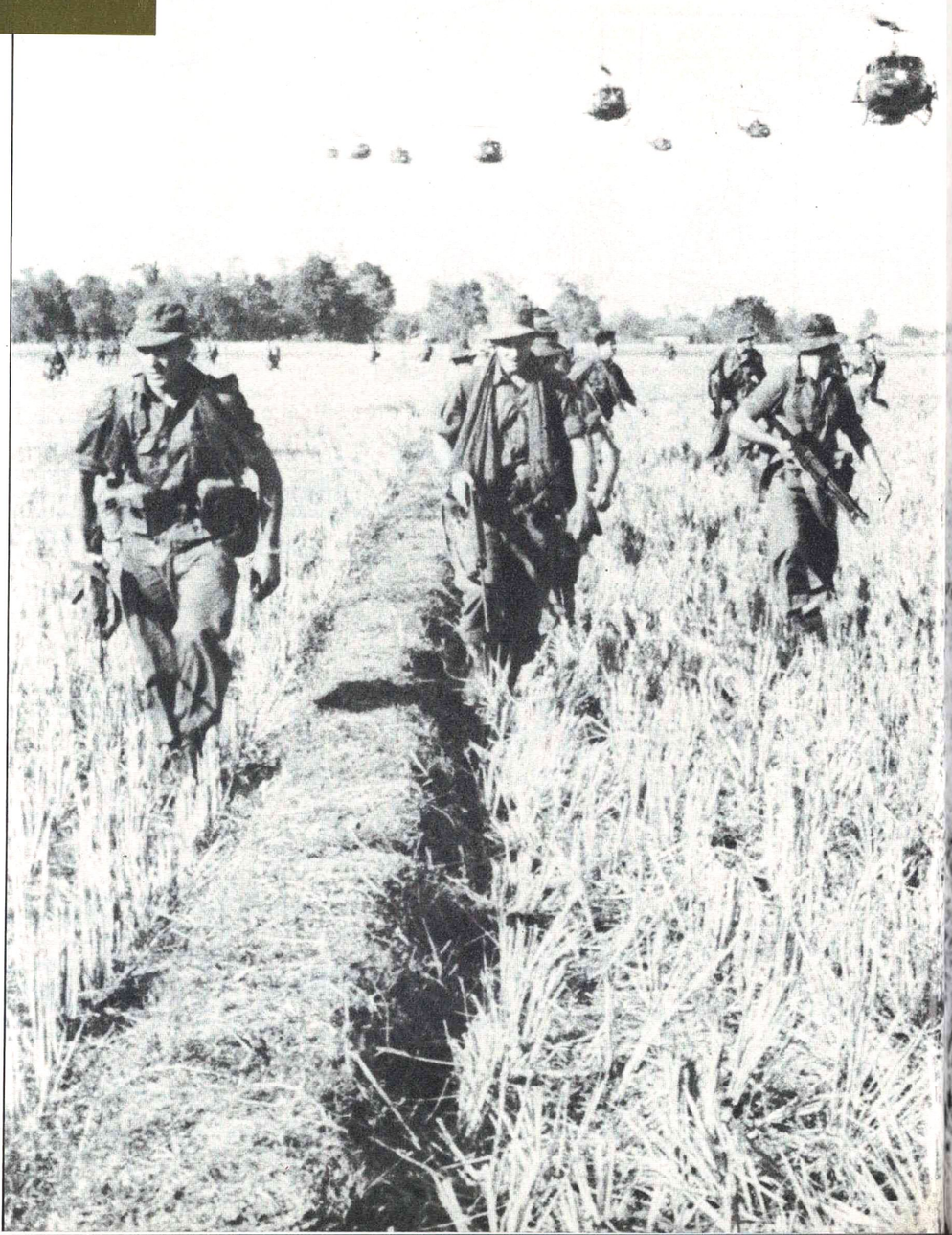


"Enough about me, Miss Brentwood . . . let's talk about your tits."



Troops of the 1st Battalion, Royal Australian Regiment, move through a paddy field after being landed by American helicopters during a search-and-destroy operation. The 1st Battalion, made up entirely of regular soldiers, was attached to the US 173rd Airborne Brigade at Bien Hoa.



Excerpted from *Vietnam Experience* by John Rowe. Published by Time Life Books in association with John Ferguson Pty Ltd, rrp $23.95.

ANGELS OF MERCY

For men of the Special Air Service on long-range patrols in South Vietman, there was no noise more welcome than the shuddering rhythm of helicopter blades approaching low over the treeline. That noise — which became a percussive signature tune for the war — meant escape from terrain occupied by an enemy who was usually unseen until the patrols triggered a deadly ambush. Guided in by radio beacons or colored flares, the helicopter crews landed their craft in open grassland, often under enemy fire, covering the patrols with a stream of M60 machine-gun rounds while the soldiers sprinted for the helicopter's open doorway. Sometimes no suitable landing site could be found; then the patrols had to be dropped or lifted through the jungle canopy on ropes or ladders. Either way, at these times the soldiers and the helicopter crews shared an awful vulnerability. From June 1966, the job of providing the Australian army with this sort of tactical air support fell mainly to the RAAF's No 9 Squadron, based at Vung Tau. As well as "inserting and extracting" the SAS, No 9 Squadron moved troops, evacuated casualties, undertook reconnaissance and search-and-rescue operations, and provided vital logistical support. The squadron's main warhorse was the turbo-jet Bell Iroquois Model B helicopter (and later, the Model H), often supported by American gunships and massive two-rotor Chinooks.

In 1969, the squadron received its own gunships. Armed with rocket pods, mini-cannon and machine-guns — and appropriately named "Bushrangers" — these helicopters took on the tasks for which the squadron had depended, sometimes in vain, on the Americans.

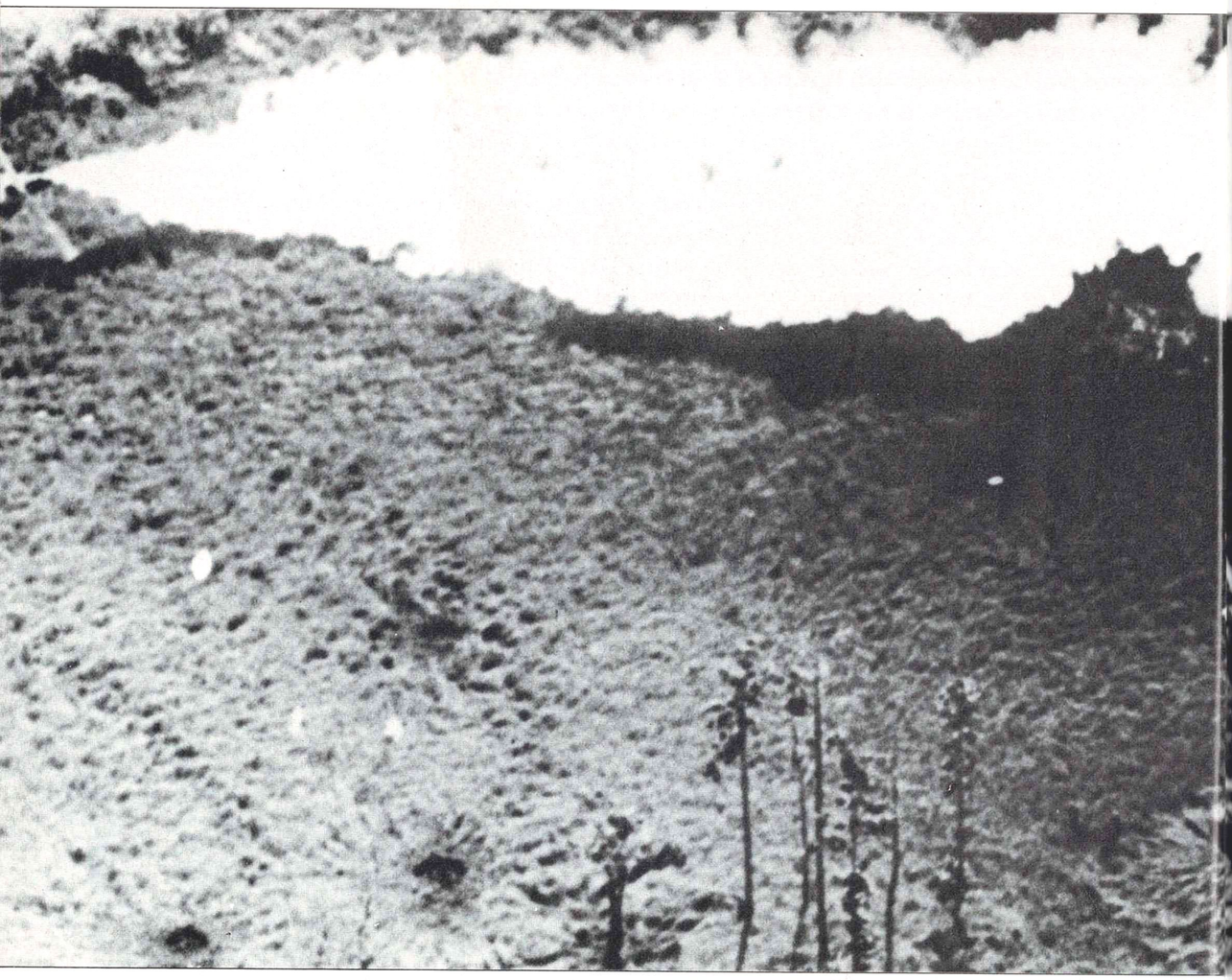
By early 1970, No 9 Squadron was flying an average of 4000 sorties a month. Perhaps the most morale-boosting were the "dust-off" operations — the life-saving evacuation of casualties by helicopter. Legend has it that the term "dust-off" was the call sign of an American pilot well known for his do-or-die "med-evacs" under enemy sights. The pilot was killed, but his call sign lived on for the rest of the war.

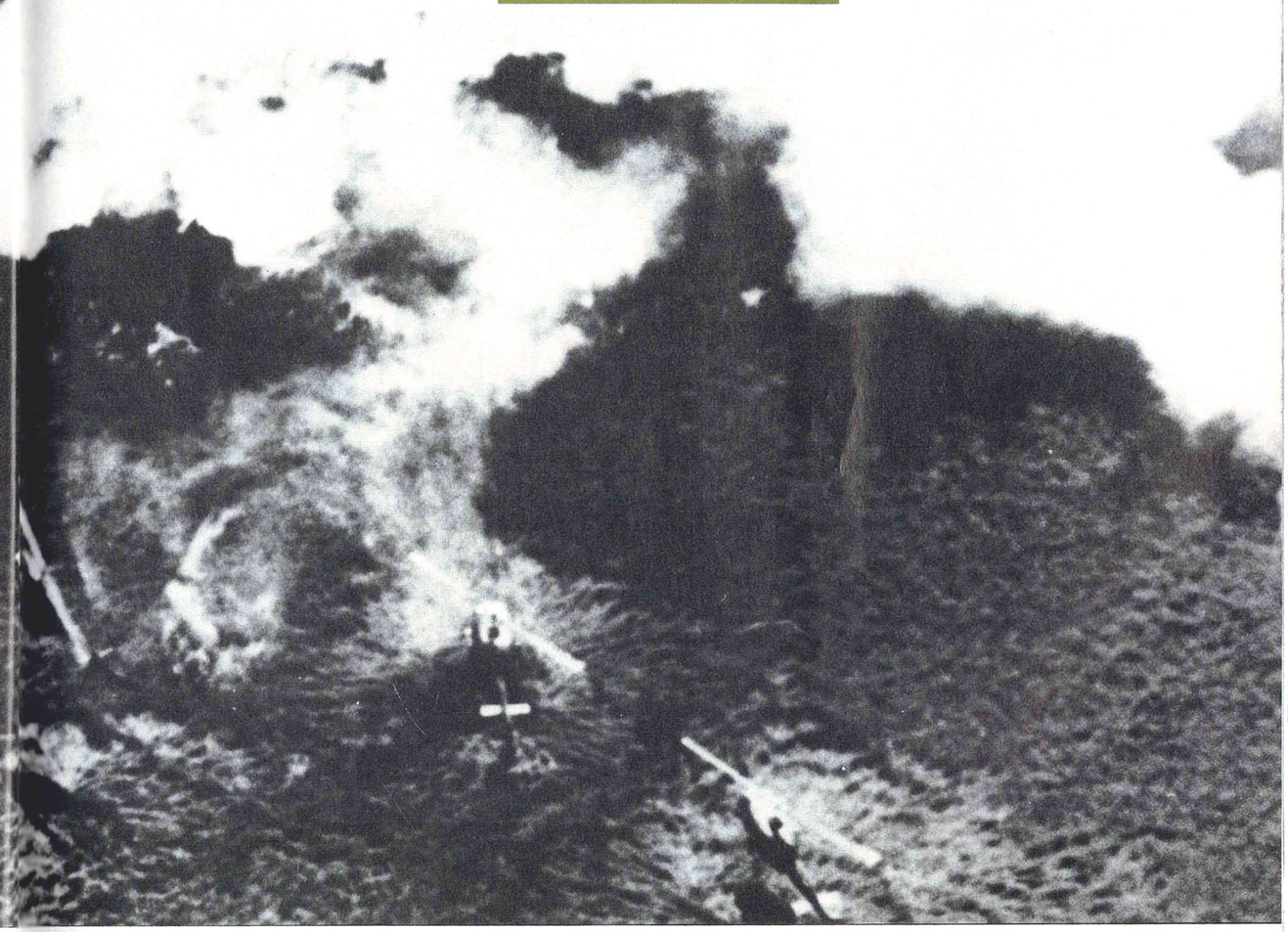
ANGELS OF DEATH

ANGELS OF MERCY
ANGELS OF DEATH

Members of the 7th Battalion crouch in readiness to be picked up by helicopters and moved to another battle area in Phuoc Tuy province.

Down they swoop to the rescue, one helicopter laying a smoke screen while others give the area a pounding with heavy machine-guns.





Wet and weary soldiers of D Company, 6th Battalion RAR/NZ (ANZAC) board a US Chinook helicopter in the north of Phuoc Tuy province to return to their base at Nui Dat. The battalion had just finished Operation Leverack, a four-week reconnaissance in force during which the battalion and supporting arms killed 102 Viet Cong, wounded 23 and captured eight.

ANGELS OF MERCY ANGELS OF DEATH

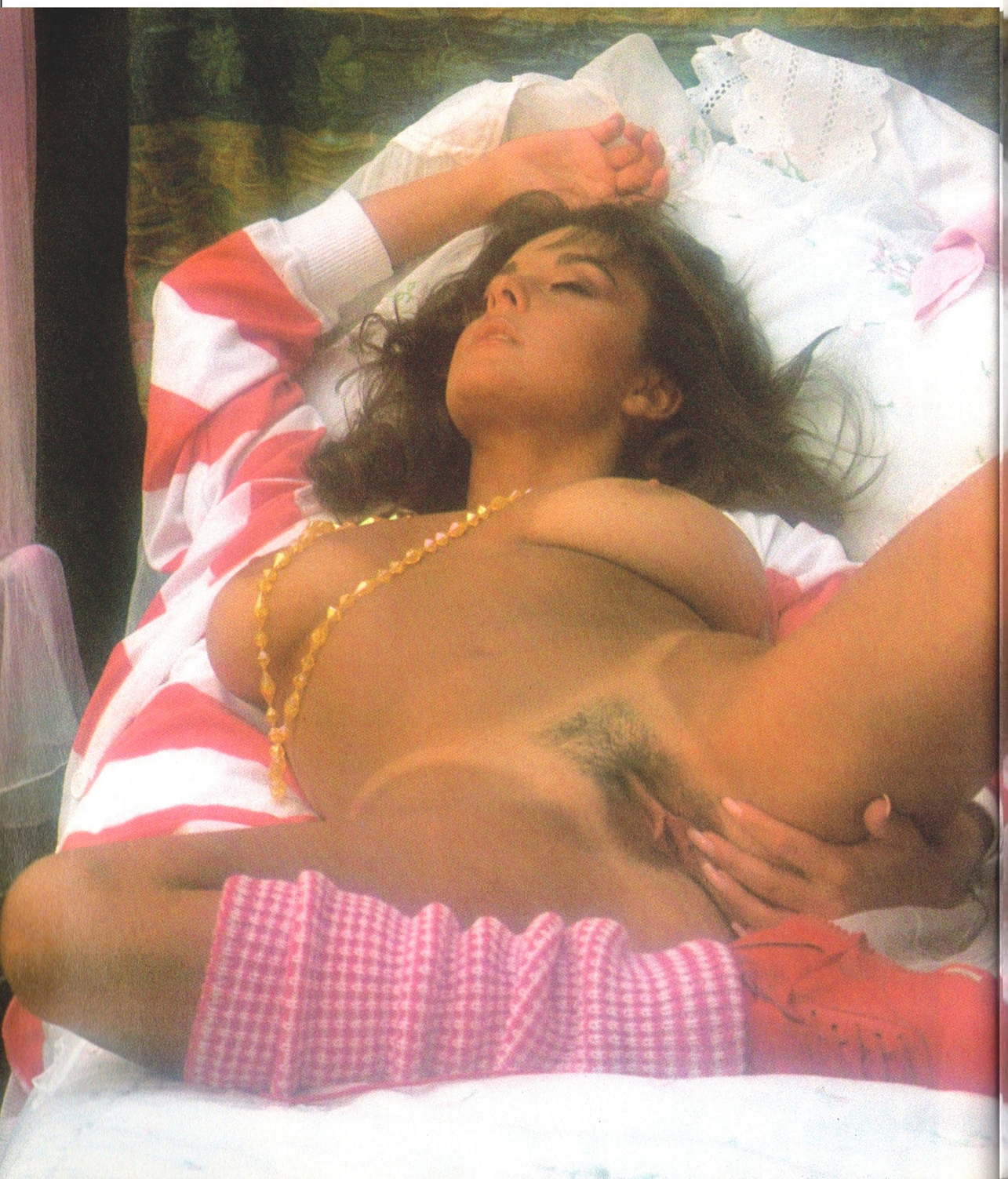
Medical team members rush a wounded soldier from an RAAF helicopter following one of the life-saving "dust-off" medical evacuations in Vietnam.

SWEET DREAM BELIEVER

PHOTOGRAPHY BY BOB GUCCIONE

If the face, or any other part of Mindy Farrar, is familiar it could be because she has appeared in *Penthouse* before. That was more than a year ago, excuse enough to present a new set of photographs of the luscious 23-year-old brunette. The fact is, Mindy Farrar has just been crowned Pet Of The Year by American *Penthouse* — and it's not hard to see why.

Mindy still works as a legal secretary, though she admits that it may be a little difficult to concentrate on red tape during the coming 12 months, when ticker tape will be the order of the day.



"I think now I'll be able to live my dreams," she muses happily. "I enjoy my career but my dream is to break into show business. Dreams sometimes come true if you wish hard enough. I'm wishing on a star — and the star is me."

Right now, the world seems to be hers. "I'm no longer with my fiance," she says, "I'm on the loose and fancy-free. There are so many things I want to do," she smiles, "and now I'll have the wherewithal to do them."

"There are two rules to living well. The first is, don't sweat the little shit. The second is, it's all little shit. It's all okay. We may be lost, but we're way ahead of schedule. So . . . let's dance!"

DAVID LEE ROTH

BY GERARD VAN DER LEUN

At the climax of the show, over a hundred airport runway lights explode into the faces of over 5000 rock fans already whipped into a frenzy by hours of the kind of rock music that liquefies the marrow of your bones. Rock 'n' roll's randiest California boy, David Lee Roth, bounds on to the stage brandishing a 25-foot inflated microphone labelled "Dave." It's the size of a small redwood and seems to be sprouting from his groin. For the third time that evening, a fine selection of panties and bras arcs out of the audience and lands at his feet. The song is "Goin' Crazy!" but the audience has long since gone.

Dave tosses the mike up over his head, grabs a live one, kicks high, does a leap, lands, and launches into "Jump." His new band is hot, tight, and loud, making a wall of sound drenched in a waterfall of light. Dave's into his umpteenth costume change and has already soaked through enough spandex to open a medium-size trampoline centre. It's late in the set, early in the tour, and about midway into one of the more colorful rock careers of recent history.

The concert tonight is in Carbondale, Illinois. It's the 15th city in a tour that will take the rock road show to more than a hundred in the coming year, with time off for making videos, recording albums, making a film, and good behavior. For the most part though, the road is long, even for a veteran road rat like David Lee Roth—a man with a

PHOTO BY DEBORAH FIENGOLD

mission. And that mission is to have as good a time as possible, as often as possible, with as many people as possible, for as long as possible. He's not doing badly at it tonight, and tonight is just an average show.

On-stage Roth looks as if he's come home. It's almost as if the show were something Dave and the guys just happened to put together on the spur of the moment and then invited 5000 close friends over to abuse the substances of their choice, kick back, and get rowdy. Of course everyone knows it's all carefully contrived, but that's just part of the fun. The persuasiveness of the band's performance, the design of the show, the choice of Roth's material, and the technical mastery of his band and his light and sound men rest on making the show include the audience instead of keeping them at arm's length.

Like most pure products of California, Roth originated elsewhere. He was born in Bloomington, Indiana, on October 10, 1955, but his family soon moved briefly to Chicago and Massachusetts before settling permanently in Pasadena, California.

Roth is still close to his family both emotionally and geographically. His father is an eye surgeon whose waiting room is decorated with some of David's gold records, and when Roth bought a mansion last year, he bought it in Pasadena, "for my dad."

Infatuated with show business from an early age, Roth was not exactly a star student at Pasadena's Muir High School, but then they didn't offer a major in *That's Entertainment.* Roth formed his first band while cutting classes at the high school. It was called the Red Balled Jets, after the sneakers of the same name. The Jets soon became aware of the other Pasadena garage band, Mammoth, led by two Dutch brothers named Van Halen. Roth soon joined them to merge their talents and—more important at the time—their equipment.

Mammoth soon began to play beyond backyard parties in Pasadena. They were playing the Starwood in LA when they were discovered by the bassist for Kiss, Gene Simmons. Simmons changed the name of the band to Van Halen, flew them to New York, produced a demo tape of their songs, and got Mo Ostin, president of Warner Brothers, and Ted Templeman, one of the five best producers in rock, to catch their act when they returned to the Starwood. Immediately after the show, Ostin signed the band. Roth, Van Halen, and Templeman dove into the studio and emerged in only 18 days with their first album. It wend gold with a bullet, and Van Halen went into orbit with Roth riding on the nose cone.

On the jacket of that first album, the band's personalities are revealed in the poses they strike. Eddie Van Halen proudly displays his customised guitar. Alex Van Halen hovers over a drum set that glows like an electric fire. Michael Anthony thrusts his bass at the viewer. And Dave . . . well, Dave seems to have a very large cordless microphone surgically implanted in his groin. It's a feature that survives in his concerts to this day.

To find out more about this rock phenomenon, *Penthouse* asked writer and editor Gerard Van der Leun to interview him on the road. Van der Leun found it a fascinating assignment:

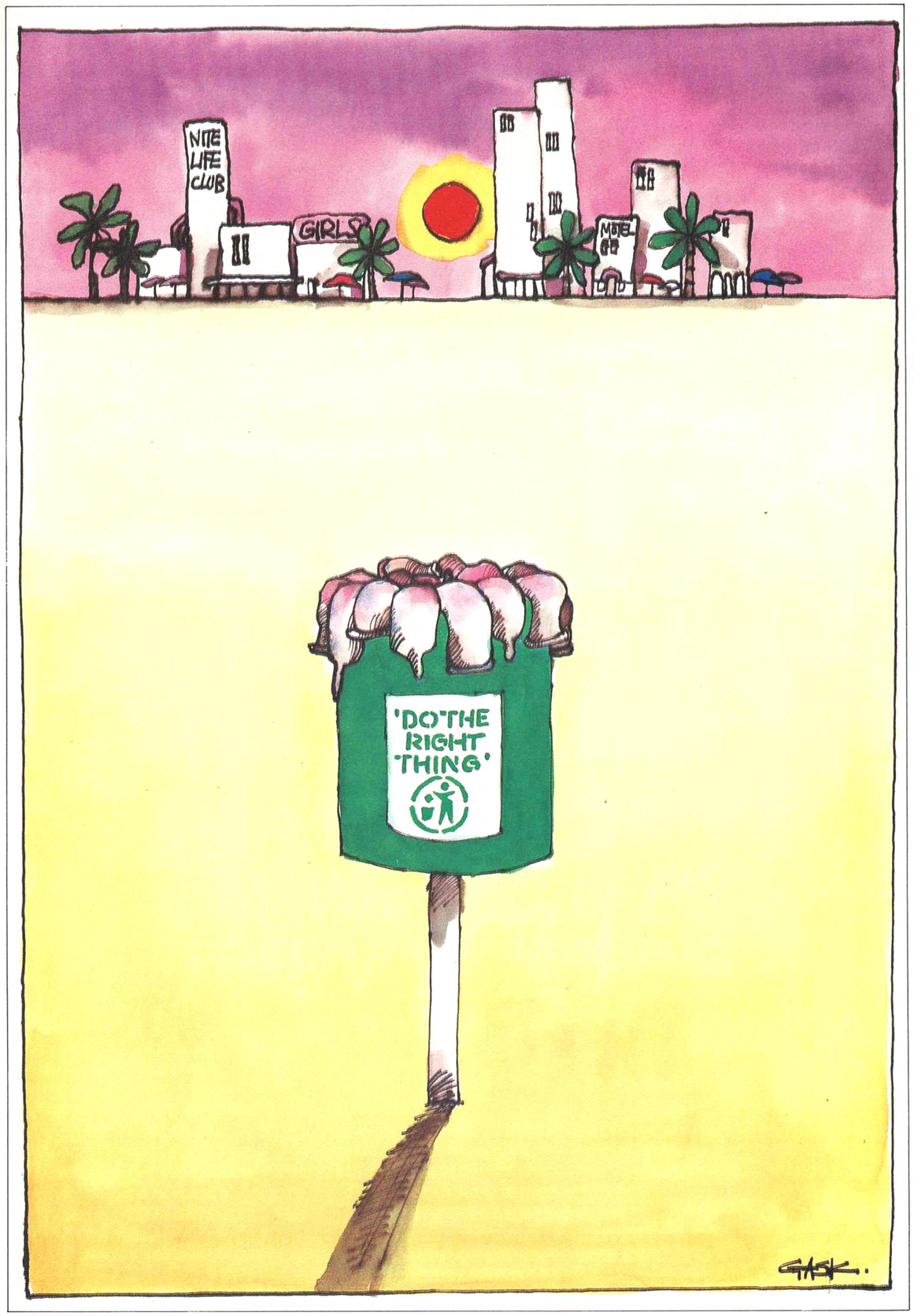
"Close up," he told us, "Dave is a sturdy man with big amiable features exaggerated by his years of mugging to the 90th row. His manner is friendly and sincere in a studied fashion, his conversation by turns thoughtful and bizarre. His metaphors are drawn from rock, popular music, films, cartoons, television, and a number of books. But mostly it is vintage David Lee Roth, the conversation of a man constantly rewriting his story to see if he can make it a little more vivid, a little larger than life, and a little more fun every day. He has a wicked sense of humor and laughs a lot—a man who's comfortable with himself and who likes to play at playing, even when he's working."

It has not always been so. A little over a year ago, Roth's immensely successful band, Van Halen, came to a very public and very ugly parting of the ways. Insults, recriminations, and accusations flew thick and fast with little regard for accuracy. Members of the band's supporting staff were drawn in, and even the fans began to choose sides. Everybody reached for their lawyers.

Outnumbered three to one, Roth gave as good as he got. Then he got on with the business of working hard in the fast lane of rock 'n' roll. After all, he was the lead singer of the band that had parachuted into their first major stadium appearance and held the world record for the most money ever paid a band for a single show ($1.5 million). He also enjoyed the reputation of being one of rock's leading lotharios. He was only a bit over 30 and hot. He'd conquered rock 'n' roll and, with his close friend and associate Pete Angelus, masterminded some of the funniest and most innovative rock videos to date, videos that more and more seemed to bring out his buffoonish persona, Dave, and push rock videos into manic rock comedy.

So why shouldn't he get on with it? Why shouldn't he form a new band almost overnight, cut a new album with them, produce several more videos from deep within a costume that added 100 pounds and 40 years to him, buy and move into a new mansion in Pasadena, launch a lawsuit, help promote a major MTV promotion, book a huge tour, load up 15 tons of equipment and at least three bus-loads of people, and just get on with it? All three Roths—David, David Lee, and Dave—had

"I realize we've all been dancing a lot, but this bill from the piper is outrageous."



been preparing to go solo and mobile all their life. Gotta dance. Might as well jump.

Penthouse: When did you first know you wanted to become a rock 'n' roll star?
Roth: I knew I wanted to travel and make music and sing and dance my way into the hearts and minds and bedrooms of people the world over when I was six or seven. I just knew. I got my first stack of records when I was seven. I got my first radio when I was seven. I got my first little record player when I was seven. I turned on to Marilyn Monroe when I was seven. Childhood, a magic time.
Penthouse: Did your family encourage you in your headlong pursuit of a life of fame, debauchery, and wealth beyond the dreams of avarice, or did they want you to get a job?
Roth: I didn't list that. I felt it was a given that I'd make it big in show business. They didn't take it seriously until the age of eight or nine, when I began actively preparing myself. I began learning commercials and acting out the plot lines of comic books, and there I went, off and running.
Penthouse: In the space of little more than a year, you've gone through the breakup of Van Halen, formed a new band, done numerous videos, recorded an EP and a full album, and launched a 110-city tour. What drives you?
Roth: I simply have to be creative all the time. I have to sit down with a group of people and create new things. I can be the quarterback. I can be the cheerleader. It doesn't matter to me. Throw me the ball. I have to travel, to meet people. All different kinds of people. People are my enthusiasm and the source of my inspirations. They're where I get the nuts and bolts of what I do.
Penthouse: So you don't buy into the crystal-castle syndrome of rich and famous stars?
Roth: Naw. Solitude is a pretty sweet drug, but if you try it for more than a couple of days, you're an odds-on candidate for the Keith Richards Hall of Fame.
Penthouse: How do you physically prepare for tours and shows that are so non-stop?
Roth: Mostly roadwork. Get the wind up and the heartbeat down. But it's not something I do just before we go out on the road, it's a year-round thing. I do martial arts. Life is a kung-fu movie, and you have to prepare for it in that way—physically and cerebrally.
Penthouse: How do you think your audiences have changed over the last ten years?
Roth: On this tour I'm seeing a much larger percentage of women in the audience, as much as 65 to 75 percent in some places. Conversely, we're seeing a lot of heavy-metal headbangers—you know, the black T-shirt set. Then we're getting everyone in between.
Penthouse: Seventy percent women in the audience? What do you suppose brings all these women out to see David Lee Roth?
Roth: Oh, well . . . my voice, I imagine.
Penthouse: Is your long-standing reputation as one of LA's greatest party animals accurate?
Roth: I know that people think I'm a party king; but face it, if I finished the bottle every time I took a drink, I wouldn't be able to do the aerials I do onstage. On the other hand, you're not going to get much of a poem out of a glass of ice tea. The same thing goes for all the parties backstage or for any other vices. These backstage happenings go on pretty constantly out here on the road. They're the payoff for all the hassles and the physical drain of the shows. Money is not the payback out here on the road. My life is spent onstage, in studios, offices, editing bays, and the back of a limo going to one or other of the above. So what am I going to get with my money? A bigger limo? A higher-tech editing bay? It really doesn't make much difference to me. So this scene is my payoff and is probably the most archetypal ghetto garage party you've ever known. Dim the lights. Turn up the music.
Penthouse: Talking about music, what do you think of the songs on your album *Eat 'Em And Smile?*
Roth: Songs are my fascination: verse, chorus, eight-bar B parts. I can name you a hundred Beatle songs and, Beatle fan or not, you can probably sing to me a little bit of each one. I can name you half of the Rolling Stones catalogue, and you can probably hum me parts of each chorus. Very different from humming, say, one of the long jams from Cream. That's a little tough. So songs that have a good structure to them are my fascination. That's what we set out to do with the record, and I think we've accomplished it by jumping around stylistically. It is a big jump in terms of style from "Yankee Rose" to "That's Life."
Penthouse: Besides your original numbers, how do you choose the songs that you cover? It's one thing to cover a hard-rock classic, it's quite another to reinterpret something like "That's Life" or the classic "Just A Gigolo."
Roth: My heart and soul are rock 'n' roll, but I also like to reach back and bring old songs up to speed. Everything my new band does is done with torque under very high pressure. Tricks done by professionals under professional supervision. We do not recommend them for home use. Any kind of music that has torque to it, any kind of music that has not speed, but thrust, appeals to me. A slow reggae song can have just as much thrust the way we do it as any of our speed-metal escapades like "Elephant Gun." So anything from Al Jolson to Bob Marley that has a boom-boom-boom-boom to it will fascinate me.

"You've got something stuck to the bottom of your shoe. For five bucks, I'll lick it off."

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INTERVIEW

Penthouse: It's appropriate that you should mention Al Jolson, since your performing style is similar. Are you a closet Jolson fan?

Roth: Oh yes. He's a classic show-biz model. The white gloves. Drop to one knee. The Knickerbocker break. The flat-spin. Smile! No dead space. I can't stand dead space on stage. You see, I've got a surgically implanted disco beat. My show has to be 130 beats a minute or better. Let's hit it! Open up them pearly gates because I am the California earthquake!

Penthouse: Putting aside the modesty that's been your trademark for many years, how would you compare your new band and your new album to Van Halen?

Roth: This music is much more precise. And the band is a real band, a band that competes with each other. Any time there's a hole in the music, Billy [Sheehan] and Steve [Vai] both rush to fill it with the ultimate rock 'n' roll riff. So it takes a really precise team to be able to change the signal once the play has been called. This band is like a pro football team. Once the ball has been snapped, this team is in action. Tight. Sharp. Nonstop go!

Most rockers rely totally on street smarts. I spent ten years dealing with Van Halen's street smarts and didn't know what I was missing. You can hear the tremendous difference onstage when we play old songs from Van Halen like "Panama" or "Jump." Now they're played with precision. When the dynamic is supposed to drop, it doesn't fade away—it's boom! When that's right, 10,000 people should turn to each other and say, "Did you feel that?" Not "Did you hear it," but "Did you feel it?"

Penthouse: How did you find your new band?

Roth: I didn't audition anyone, I just listened to bands and records. And what I listened for was not what they were doing then or what they had done before, but for pure potential. I figured that I knew what my contribution to a band could be. I listened for what they might be able to contribute. And when I found the musicians I wanted, I decided that if they weren't walking around unattended, I would, in the great old American rock 'n' roll tradition, simply steal them from another band.

Penthouse: Once you had your band, how did you go about building your songs?

Roth: When you start, you don't start writing songs together because you're going to be disappointed on a daily basis. Nobody delivers 100 percent pure great right from the start. So I figured we should learn all the oldies together. That way, as a band, we experienced the elation of how bitching we sounded immediately. That's the way to become a group, an identity, a team, a band. That way you play together, you're not just individuals trying to contribute the great end-of-the-world riff of the Famous Final Chorus.

After we got the oldies down, we moved into blast-off boogie songs, then we moved into vocals like "Sugar Pie, Honey Bunch" or "Help!" Pretty soon we had a band that could perform a whole show together. Then we started to write songs.

Penthouse: It's true that there are several different interpretations of "Yankee Rose."

Roth: Exactly. You're not sure what the song is about. Is it about the Statue of Liberty? Is it about a girl? Is it Dave talking about himself? You're not sure.

Penthouse: When you and your band go into the studio to cut an album, how prepared are you?

Roth: The idea is for us to do all our "homework" in the basement studio at my new house, then just have a whompin' good time in the recording studio. I want to commit a real "feel", a real spirit, on to the plastic. Once you begin to perform surgery on that spirit, you risk killing it.

Penthouse: Do you feel that the rift between the very serious musician's persona that Eddie Van Halen espouses and your showman's personality is what ultimately blew up Van Halen?

Roth: What destroyed Van Halen was that the band wanted to remain purely unidimensional. You just can't do that in rock 'n' roll, whether it's heavy metal or soul. To make great rock 'n' roll, you always have to be expanding into it, just like all the great bands have. The Beatles, Led Zeppelin, the Rolling Stones—all these people expanded with the times, grew with rock 'n' roll. Van Halen didn't want to do that. Van Halen had turned into Spinal Tap.

Penthouse: How bad was it at the end?

Roth: The band had disintegrated into a spiteful bunch of bleary-eyed, argumentative, procrastinating individuals. They wanted to fire their producer and produce themselves. They wanted to fire the manager and manage themselves. They didn't want to go on the road except to play gigantic stadiums for 60 days. I did everything I could to keep the act together. But after months and months of wasting time—and let us keep in mind that rock 'n' roll is in the fast lane— I had to leave. I was driven out.

Roth: Let's talk about video. When did you decide to dispense with an overly serious approach to videos—the smoke machine and the nymphette in the latex undergarments?

Roth: Early on, in MTV's first season with "Pretty Woman," Pete Angelus and I (The Fabulous Picasso Brothers as we are known in the trade) decided that videos were a great way to merge the songs with the movies that were always going on in my mind when I performed them. And we just took it from there.

Penthouse: How do The Fabulous Picasso Brothers go about creating a knockout video?

Roth: The process is about as simple as you and I sitting in front of the TV set for a couple of hours, having a few drinks. After a couple of beers you start to become a little derisive of the family in the living room inside the tube. And so you kind of leap to the challenge and help out. The television can't hear you, but your friends can and it kinds of livens up the experience. I just try to translate that on to video, that sense of humor, that sense of aggressiveness, of cynicism. That's where the concepts come from.

It's as simple as remembering where you've been. For instance, have you ever been in the 7-Eleven at four in the morning with that vile surgical lighting, and everybody has that lovely banana-yoghurt texture to their skin, and there's some sort of Arabian-beat-box Chinese disco whining away in the background; and there . . . there is the immigrant grocer with his hand outstretched, ready to take the money for your 12 Snickers bars!

Penthouse: Do you think that the fact that this year's award for Video of the Year to Dire Straits' "Money For Nothing" signals the death of MTV as we have known it?

Roth: I think it hails a return to cartoons. And a grand one at that. I see that Pee Wee Herman is hosting a kids' show on Saturday morning this fall. Do you know what this generation is ready for in a big way? Soupy Sales!

Penthouse: Rock runs on kinky sex, massive substance abuse, and shaking one's booty. How do you think that's going to be maintained in the face of America's current antisex, antidrug hysteria?

Roth: My point of view is cynical on both sides. I view people with drug problems as people with troubles. Big-time troubles. At the same time, I'm deeply suspicious of people who think the world's ending because someone took a drink or two. As far as the excesses of the road such as "the girls backstage"—well, the age of professional groupies is over. What's in the room next door now are college girls, working girls, secretaries, nurses, assistants. It's not really like New York after-hours anymore. As much as I might like it to be.

Penthouse: Could you discuss how you and Angelus and the rest of your company design the show that seems to make the whole stadium a part of it?

Roth: Do you remember those early Mickey Rooney-Judy Garland movies? In those films it was always "Hey, Mr Ziegfeld is coming to town! I have a backyard. We can turn it into a stage!" I've spent the last ten years of my career taking a million-dollar stage and attempting to turn it into a backyard.

The show is designed around a personal philosophy of mine that an audience, the way I make rock 'n' roll, is played with, not played at. Anything that's going to separate me from the audience on a visceral level is left out of this show. There are no laser beams in this rig. There are no smoke bombs or fireworks. These are all gimmicks that stand between people.

Penthouse: What do you think the next big thing in rock 'n' roll is going to be?

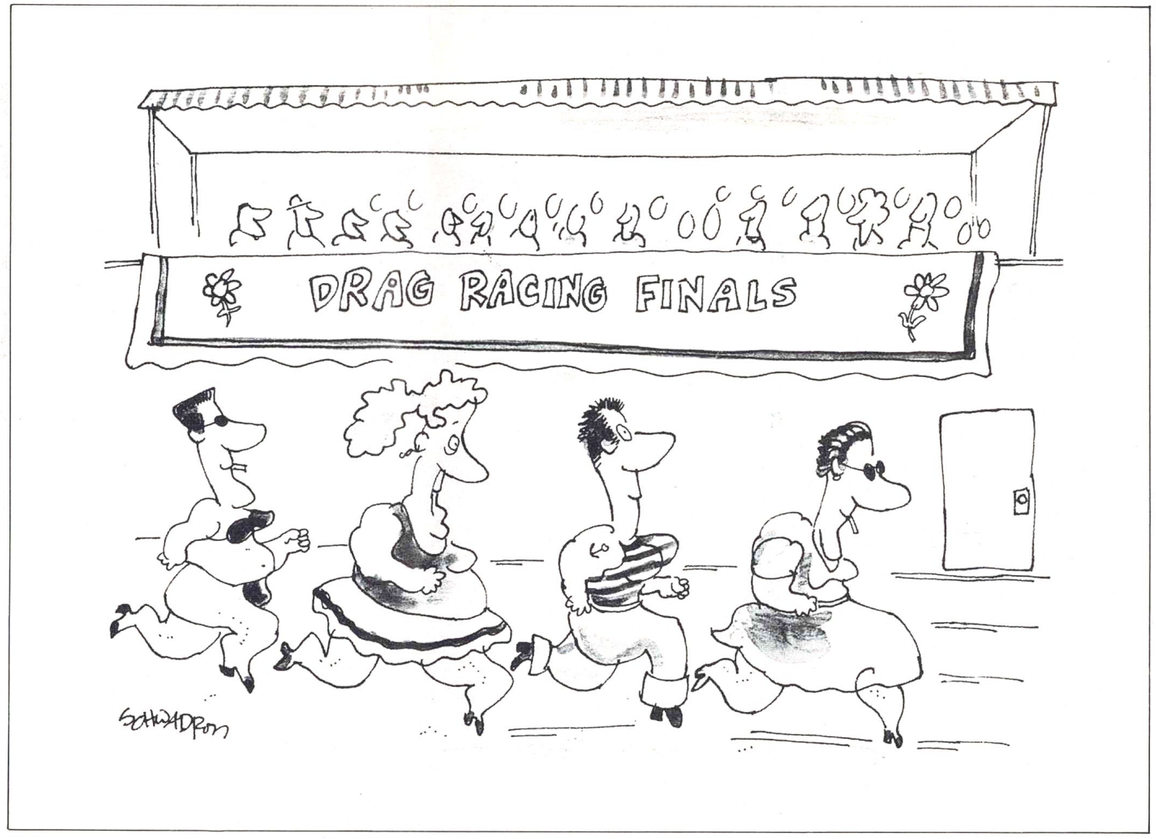
Roth: I've said through the years, rock is all shoes and haircuts. There's only about eight to 12 basic beats that you can use in popular music, and then you're off into fusion. I see a conglomeration of styles starting to happen. I see Anglo rock and girls doing a lot of bebop disco a la Madonna. And that's not a put-down by any means. Face it, even Bruce has a click track.

Penthouse: What's the next big step for David Lee Roth?

Roth: I really don't know. Things change so quickly around me. And things change so radically and quickly in the business of rock that a sane person knows they can't predict it. Six years ago, if we said what about MTV? Who woulda thunk it? Never would have thunk it. Then . . . whammo! Biggest thing in the world. Everyone's making a video. Synthesisers. Who woulda thunk it at the start? Just the difference in terms of what was being played in 1978 and now, as dance music is so radically different in sound and format because of synthesisers.

For a while there, I saw a lot of polarisation between different musical entities; between a punk rocker and a heavy-metal guy. Now you're seeing it seep under the door from one dressing room to the next.

Penthouse: This year you bought a large



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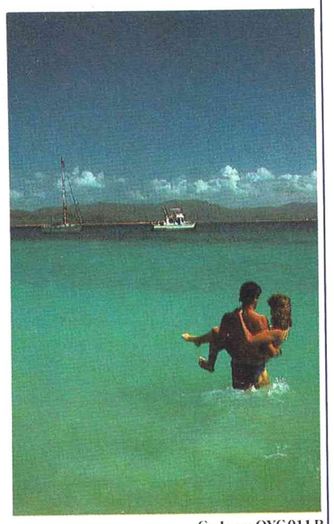

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house in Pasadena. What made you settle down in your home town when you could live anywhere in the world?

Roth: Ah, I bought the house for my pot. "Hey, I got a mansion/A real high price/They tell me it's lovely/They say it's nice." What do I know about it all? The last three months before we went out on this monster tour, I spent all my time in Hollywood. I slept in a car. I slept in a studio. I slept at the office. I suppose I should spend more time at home and more time with my family, but it just hasn't turned out that way. I like to go, and I like extremes.

Penthouse: Now that you're back on the scene in a big way, how do you manage to do all that you do and still maintain the life of a major, mellow superstar?

Roth: Stress is very un-rock 'n' roll. There are two rules to living well. The first is, don't sweat the little shit. The second is, it's all little shit. Now, if you can get yourself to really buy that, at least spiritually, then you're gonna be a lot happier moving from base to base. In other words, it's all okay. We may be lost but we're way ahead of schedule. So let's dance!

Penthouse: So you never let petty things bother you?

Roth: I've seen bands go right into the pipe over just this small shit. These small, mundane, garbagey little problems have destroyed bands much bigger than Van Halen ever was, or I'll ever be. That's why I'm always going off into the jungles. Sure, I deride all these people who can't get over the small shit.

But I'm also going to put my money where my mouth is. I'm going to go into the jungle and test the theory. I go and live by my wits and my hands for a month or two out of the reach of civilisation and when, upon returning, someone tells me that the monitor has just blown up, I just have to respond with: "It's cool."

Penthouse: When you come back from these adventures, you have to go back to work as a rock 'n' roll star. What's the job of a rock star these days?

Roth: My first response to any situation is always, "Let's go!" I always have lots of pots on the boil. Dave—the Video, the Record, the Movie Deal, the Band, the Latest Catastrophe! So when I come back from the outback, a lot of people look to me for, at least . . . spiritual guidance. Now, that's not as stupid as it seems, because when they come to me, they often say things like, "My gawd, Dave, it's an outdoor gig, and the power's blown, and it's starting to rain, and *People* magazine is showing up, and the audience is only half full."

My job is to say, "No, no, no. It's going to sell out, the power will come back on, the rain will stop, and everybody's gonna love it." It's easy for me. I don't believe in the politics of despair. And if it does continue raining, well, then it damn well isn't my fault.

Penthouse: What do you think are the major disadvantages of living a rock star's life?

Roth: Isolation. Being on the outside of normal experiences a lot of the time. Face it, if you walk into a room and the room freezes, this is not a normal peer-group situation. If it turns into E.F. Hutton, every time you open a window shade, you are not in a normal frame of reference from which one develops a normal personality. It's like any business. When you achieve a certain level of success and popularity, people don't really want you to be regular, don't want you to be normal. I have to take special care to circumnavigate being in that kind of situation.

Penthouse: How do you manage that?

Roth: I don't spend much time at all with people in the music business. I mean, I've shaken everybody's hand. I've had a drink with every guy or gal. But I spend most of my off-time by myself. I'm very much of a loner like that.

Penthouse: What do you like in a woman?

Roth: I like strength. Physical and spiritual strength. Just like in my music, I like a woman with street smarts and book learning. I like a lethal tongue. I like a gal with a sense of humor and a gal who's furious. That pretty much excludes most of the modelling community and the entertainment field.

If you're asking me what I look for in a girlfriend, to me that means a woman I'm going to wake up next to, somebody I'm going to have dinner with more often that not; that means a soul mate, a pal, someone to cover my back as well as make out with. I'm hyperdemanding about that. Those special gals are few and far between. I suspect that if I had a formal education or was in some other industry, maybe there'd be more opportunity to find women like that. But I'm just guessing.

Penthouse: You've travelled a lot. What's the most exotic place you've been to?

Roth: Los Angeles. We've got all the art and culture that New York has. We've got all the sun and bikini lines that Tahiti has. Most successful musicians conceive of the outdoors as, in Fran Lebowitz's phrase, "The distance you have to walk from the hotel door to the limousine." LA has the limousines, the hotels, the mountains, the beach, the drag strip, the tractor pull, the art museum, the Getty Museum, the tar pits, the Schubert Theatre, off Broadway. And you've got cable.

Penthouse: To what do you attribute your incredible sense of fashion? After all, you've probably done more for spandex than any other individual since the dawn of time.

Roth: My costumes are strictly fantasyland. When I dream them up, I work in concert with a gal named Melissa Daniel. It all comes from my personal fascinations. It combines comic books with kung-fu movies. The clothes I wear are heavily influenced by the movies. Tonight, for instance, was sort of suggestive of Buck-Rogers-goes-to-the-beach and *Raiders Of The Lost Ark*.

Penthouse: Yes, you can get some stunning accessories at J. C. Penny's.

Roth: Right. Over-the-counter fashion is the hippest fashion. If you can take something over the counter and make it yours, shazam! In rock 'n' roll you can get away with crazy combinations. Today, we're a cowboy. Tomorrow, we're Buck Rogers.

Penthouse: What's next for you when you finish this soul-devouring tour?

Roth: Well, The Fabulous Picasso Brothers should really make a movie. I think we have all the rock 'n' roll credibility in the world here, music-wise and show-wise. The combination is unique. There are people who have done the same kinds of things, but they didn't come from this kind of rock theatre. Such a move seems like a very logical step from the road show we do. I'm very much in favor of blowing my image up out of all proportion to itself. Twenty-six inches or 40 feet, what's the difference? "Where are we going?" is the question I like to ask.

Penthouse: So you are saying that we're going to continue to see the two major Roth images—David Lee Roth, super stud-superstar, and Dave, rocker and mocker—continue to get larger and larger?

Roth: I don't know what we're going to be doing, but rest assured we're going to be doing something as fast and as furiously as possible. I'm going to pursue what I'm doing and see where it leads. I'm having a blast.

Penthouse: If there comes a day when youth will pass away, what will they say about you, Dave?

Roth: When they make my gravestone, it's going to be a cement copy of Huckleberry Finn with a cement pair of handcuffs on top of it.

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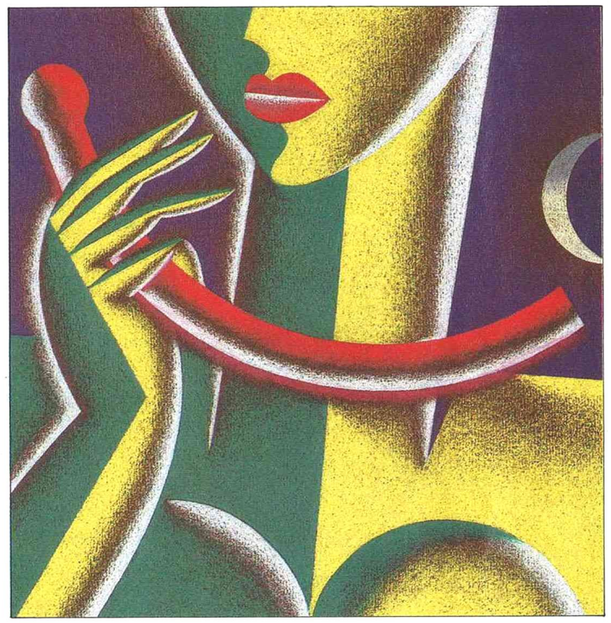
"Later, as dawn comes, it is she who wakes me up with her hand stroking me until I'm hard again."

XAVIERA HOLLANDER

CALL ME MADAM



Letter of the month

I'm sort of surprised that I'm writing to you, but perhaps your experience will provide me with an answer to my problem. Let me describe an event. It's late at night and I find myself massaging my wife's buttocks slowly as she has her back toward me and is sort of snuggled up close. The massaging gets more intense. I swear I'm still asleep but sense myself getting excited. I move the massaging down lower and into her crotch. She doesn't resist and I rub her clit through the cloth of her pyjamas. She mutters, "Are you trying to wake me up?" I answer with a kiss that is hotly returned. My hand now slides under clothes, down her panties, and to her wet slit. She opens her legs and I start to circle her clit. I keep this up as she arches her back and slides the panties off. I pause and help her get her top off, then kiss each of her small breasts as my hand gets back to work.

I slip a finger down and in, and she sighs. Next I roll her over on her side facing away from me and she arches a leg to let me slide my fingers back into her wet pussy. With my other hand I reach around her waist and start massaging her clit again. She is getting hotter, her legs are wide open, and I have three fingers in that hot box. I slide myself lower and kiss her back, heading down her spine. At this point I pop my fingers out of her cunt and slide my thumb in, working it round and round.

I slowly remove my fingers and roll her over on to her back so I can lick her inner thighs. She closes her eyes, moans, and reaches above her head to grab the bars of the brass headboard. I plant a kiss on her clit and suck on it. She pushes her cunt into my face and I continue to suck, nibble, and lick her pussy, clit, and thighs. I know she's come several times by now from her heavy breathing. As she relaxes, I'm ready. I give her clit one last lick and move up to mount her. I'm not hung like some of the horses in your column, but I do have incredible staying power. I slip my thick seven inches into her and she raises her legs. I pull them up higher and start to stroke. Her face is flushed; she cries and bites her lip and comes, time after time for the next 30 minutes as we move from position to position. Finally, mounting her doggie-style, I push into her smooth, slippery cunt and come in a wonder spurt of bliss.

We relax in this position, clean up a bit, and snuggle into sleep. Later, as dawn comes, it is she who wakes me up with her hand stroking me until I'm hard again. We kiss and she hops on top and rides me for a good 20 minutes. Not a bad night; we're tired and a bit sore, but it was worth it.

Reading through all this, you may be wondering what my problem is. Well, this kind of thing only happens maybe twice a year, and only if my wife gets carried away by her hormones in a state of semi-sleep. I'm faithful and I wait, but what is holding her back? She used to like sex when we were first married but now insists that she just has no interest and calls me a bastard if I push her on the subject. She accuses me of grabbing and groping her.

I like sex, I love my wife, and I'm a good lover. She wants no part of marriage counsellors, hates any "marital aids," and generally tries to avoid the subject. Have you any ideas? I'm 40 and she's 37. I have women friends of whom she's jealous, and sometimes she accuses me of having affairs. Yet as soon as I come home she runs out the door, claiming she has to get away from the kids for a while. In fact, that's where she is right now as I write this. Xaviera, can you help me? — *S. P.*

XAVIERA

The problem of different levels of sexual desire within a marriage is constantly popping up in the letters I receive, but in your case, I would say that the problem is psychological rather than hormonal. This does not necessarily mean that you have to rush your wife to a shrink, although her refusal to visit a marriage counsellor, in the face of what seems to be an almost total rejection of sexual relations, shows that she may need counselling. Since she probably won't open this magazine, let alone read my column, anything I say here is for your personal consumption only. One of the things that I find a little odd in your poetic account of your lovemaking is fighting your way through several layers of cloth, your wife's (and your own?) pyjamas. I would have thought that it is warm enough in the summer to sleep nude, and I've always believed that pyjamas were invented in the early days of Hollywood, to get bedroom scenes past the censor. In any case, they are the most asexual garments ever designed, so if you must dress up to go to bed, why don't you buy your wife some sexy nightgowns?

Many married women with children tend to push their sexuality into the background and sublimate their libidos by occupying their minds with the kids' schooling, morning coffee in the shopping mall, the affairs of the neighbors, or the simple activities of managing a home. After a year or two of this, their sexual desire is tightly wrapped in a cocoon of domesticity and only raises its ugly head (or its little pink clioris) in dreamy moments of half-awareness on the edge of sleep.

You must discuss your problem with your wife and if she refuses to listen, you must make her. You have the right to a sex life, and if she denies you that, it may be grounds for divorce. You should consult a lawyer first, even though you may not wish to carry it through, but you must convince your wife that you are serious.

"And what makes you think your wife is being unfaithful. . .?"

Third party

It all started innocently enough about six years ago. I was 31, divorced about two years, and had a hot-blooded, highly sexed girlfriend who loved to fuck as much as I did. I really loved Cara. To me she personified a walking wet dream. I was very proud of her, and pleased that she loved me.

One day I bumped into an old friend of mine from my married days. As Ryan and I got to talking over a cup of coffee, I began to get a few interesting ideas. You see, I had a brief affair with his ex-wife years ago, and she had mentioned to me that Ryan was particularly well-endowed. I've also always wanted to watch my lover fuck another man.

With these thoughts in mind, I asked Ryan if he would be interested in a threesome with my girlfriend and me. As soon as I asked, I regretted it, because he answered me with a long, blank stare. I decided to let the subject drop, and we continued our pleasant conversation. Before we parted, we exchanged numbers and agreed to get together soon.

About a week later Ryan called me and we made plans to go to dinner. Accompanying the two of us would be Cara, of course, and a few of Ryan's friends. I remember thinking, tonight's the night, but refused to dwell on the possibilities. Dinner was fun, and I particularly enjoyed the obvious fact that Ryan and Cara were attracted to each other. Cara was acting very flirtatiously, secure in the fact that I was there and there was little or no danger of anything developing. Boy was she wrong.

Since Ryan lived close to our place, we all shared a cab home. When we arrived, Cara invited Ryan up for a nightcap. Meanwhile, I was getting more and more excited at the prospect of my fantasy coming to fruition. While I poured the brandies, Ryan began to snuggle up to Cara on the couch. She looked over at me with a puzzled expression that quickly turned to one of delight as she realised exactly what was going on.

I was filled with lust, pride, and desire for Cara as Ryan and I pulled her dress off over her head. I unhooked her bra and exposed her breasts while bragging to Ryan what a hot, horny woman she was. I was incredibly excited as Ryan and I stripped. We wedged her in between us and felt her all over, our fingers meeting as we both penetrated her now dripping cunt. I gently pushed Cara to the floor, and had her kneel on all fours. I pointed her face at Ryan's rapidly hardening cock, which certainly lived up to its reputation. As I slipped my dick into her hole from behind, I rested my chin on her shoulders so I could watch her work her magic on Ryan's rod. My dick furiously pumped her twat, and before long I erupted deep inside her.

Cara rolled over on to her back and willingly spread her legs to give Ryan access to her tunnel of lust. This was the moment I'd been waiting for! I don't know who was more excited, me or Cara, but at this point it didn't really matter. As his pecker split open her pussy lips, her mouth fell open, and a low moan emitted from her throat. Her pussy was so wet that Ryan got every millimetre of his cock into her cunt on the first thrust. Her legs were spread wider than I had ever seen them, and they jerked spasmodically with each pounding of Ryan's flesh.

After watching this for a few minutes, I bent down to kiss my beautiful woman. She responded by nearly swallowing my tongue as she started coming on this stranger's cock. As Ryan blasted all his juices into her, his body twitched with pleasure from his head to his toenails. Seeing what had just happened made me hard again. Without letting Cara have a break, I got down between her legs. The sight of her cunt, open and wet with come, filled me with a lust I had never felt before. I surged inside her warm, welcome pussy and came again very quickly.

After the three of us had regained our breath, we went our separate ways. When Ryan had left, Cara and I talked about what just went down. We got so horny reliving the experience that we made love again. The memory of our threesome kept us entertained for about six months, when we decided to try it again. All in all, we had group sex with five different men, many of them more than once. I loved it every time and so did Cara.

Xaviera, my problem is that I think I love it too much. Cara and I broke up three years ago when I moved out of the state. I have not been able to find another woman who would like to fuck while I watch. They all think I'm either crazy or just kidding. Am I crazy? Do you think I can find a woman who would participate in a threesome? Please tell me what you think about all this. — *D. K.*

You don't seem to have had much luck with your women. You divorced at 29, your relationship with Cara broke up when you moved, and now you can't find a replacement. But is it bad luck, or could there be a reason? As you say, maybe you love it too much. Your desire to watch another man fuck your girlfriend has reached the proportions of a fetish, but it is not clear exactly what your problem is. Are you saying, "I have not been able to find another woman who would like to fuck while I watch," or are you saying, "I have not been able to find another woman." You must admit that it is unusual for a girl to be asked by her escort on her first date with him, "Can I watch you fuck someone else?"

I gave a daytime barbecue party recently. Another of my friends, the publisher of a Swedish sex magazine, arrived with his new girlfriend, a gorgeous, sexy 19-year old blonde, and he told me that she was ready for anything.

Some of my rather straight neighbors were also present and I persuaded him not to do anything too outrageous for a while. She soon had her clothes off, however, and was swimming naked in the pool, quickly joined by an enthusiastic crowd of skinny dippers. There was also a group of young men who refused to remove their baggy shorts and sat disapprovingly around the edge, making scathing remarks, while their wives and girlfriends were watching jealously from a safe distance. Then the action started. She came up on the terrace where the majority of the guests were; her boyfried laid her nude on the dining table with her legs apart, displaying a beautiful shaven pussy. As hostess, I was offered the first lick.

So you see, there are girls who are into your fetish, although it is not the kind of thing they talk about often. I would suggest that you try and be less clinical in your approach. Pick the most likely candidate, date her regularly, and make love to her as well as you know how before you actually pop the question.

Good neighbors

I am a 24-year-old male who has been on his own for three years. I have an average sex life. I live in a ground floor flat and the problem I have is that I have become obsessed with the woman who lives above me. Tracy is about five feet tall and slender but what's really striking about her is her incredible 36D tits.

I'm not a pervert, but I swear I can almost smell her pussy through the door. I've even toyed with the idea of sneaking into her apartment when she's out and jerking off while sniffing a pair of her panties. Whenever I have sex with somebody else, I fantasise about her. I've spoken with Tracy a few times, and I get the feeling that she shares my feelings but is too afraid of messing up her live-in relationship. One time while we were having a mundane conversation, she constantly stared at my crotch. Of course, this gave me an immediate hard-on, of which Tracy was well aware.

The reason I'm writing is that I thought you might give me a suggestion on what to do. How can I make my wet dreams of Tracy come true? — *M.Z.*

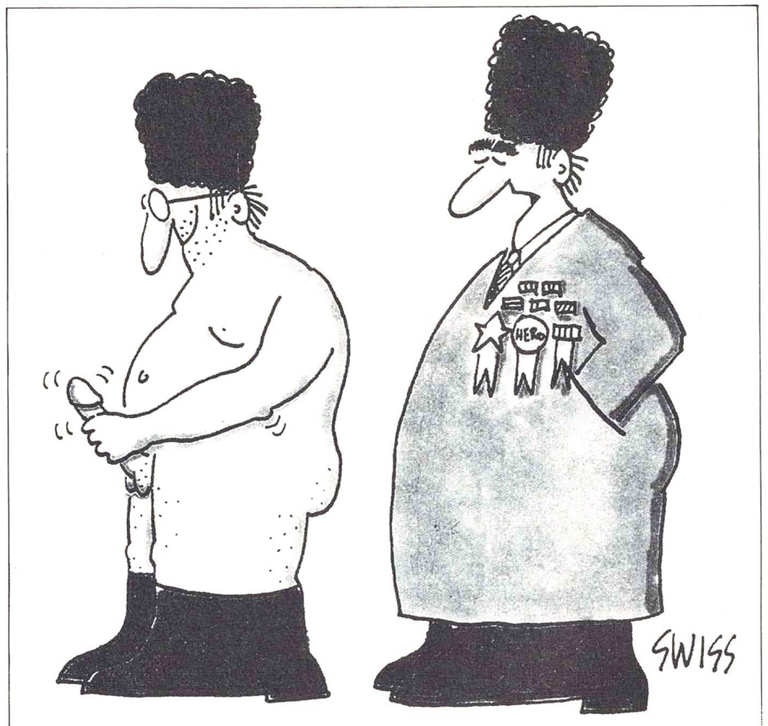
First of all, find out all about her boyfriend: Where does he work and what are his hours? Does he have brothers in the Army, the Mafia, or ASIO? Does he practice karate, kung fu, or fencing? Is he a member of a local gun club?

Next, you must find a love nest. Her place is too risky. Her boyfriend could walk in any minute, an occurrence that is not conducive to maintaining a nice rigid erection, unless danger turns you on. Your own place is too close, and will not have a good escape route. Also, if you do get caught, you will probably have to find somewhere else to live.

Before you actually get on to "intimate" terms with the lady, do a PhD-level study on her personality. It could be that after you've screwed her, she will blackmail you by threatening to tell hubby. You may then find yourself an unpaid housemaid or odd job man in their grand scheme.

Finally, if you suffer from "periculomania"—ie danger makes you horny—ignore the previous rules. All you have to do is hang around outside her flat, hold her shopping while she is looking for her key; carry it in for her; and as soon as you put it down, grab her. It doesn't matter what happens next; you'll enjoy whatever it is.

You will probably spend a lot of time climbing out of windows naked, so you would do well to conceal your own key somewhere outside your place.



"You have done well. So, tell me . . . what are you callink this new inwention of yours, Comrade Jackov . . .?"

CORPORATE CANNIBALS

Continued from page 53

first private enterprise university. He also imports the Hyundai motor car. Not bad for a migrant sign-writer.

John Elliott, 46, is a company man but his company controls our biggest brewer, England's second-biggest brewer, our biggest pastoral house, a finance company with more than $1 billion in superannuation funds alone, and a handful of gold, oil and other mineral companies.

John Spalvins, 50, is another company man. Under his management the company, Adelaide Steamships Ltd, has gone from a tug-boat outfit into one that controls Australia's biggest meat company, David Jones and other retailers, Penfolds wines, Seppelts, 250 hotels, Peters ice cream, Braemar and a whole lot more.

Ron Brierley, 49, founded his first public company, Brierley Investments, at the age of 24 and that company is now far and away New Zealand's biggest and the major shareholder of IEL, Australia's fifth-largest in sharemarket terms. (Brierley Investments, by the way, is Australia's second-largest, in stock market terms.) Besides those assets listed previously, Brierley has expanded his food interests so that he is a leader in the industry, especially in the dairy and fishing industries (he owns Safcol) and has significant positions in the Herald & Weekly Times, AGL (NSW's gas supplier), Simplicity Funerals, gold and uranium miner Peko-Wallsend and companies in Hong Kong, the US and Britain.

What the takeover merchants do is to clean up the economy. They take companies that are performing below their capacity, lop off the dead wood, cash in a few assets and turn the companies around. Often they have to fight each other to do so — when that happens one usually is forced to buy the other out at a profit, and thus all parties win. The losers, I suppose, are those characterised as the dead wood, and the poor people who sell out too early.

The takeover fever — which has seen some thousand or so listed companies removed from the stock exchange lists over the past 15 years — has not gone by without its critics.

Head of the National Companies & Securities Commission, Henry Bosch (who, when in the business world, was taken over twice), is one important critic. Bosch has said too much time is taken up with defending companies from takeovers, and that the fear of takeover forces companies to take short-term views (which produce quick profits) rather than take long-term positions (where the profits, although perhaps bigger, take a long time to appear). The result, Bosch says, is companies too busy looking for a quick quid than building up long-term assets; and long-term assets are what build nations, not quick quids.

Another criticism is often levelled at the practitioners of the takeovers — usually by supporters of the Old Guard. This is that while the Holmes a Courts and Ron Brierleys may be very clever company analysts and share speculators, they are not necessarily good managers — they are in fact asset strippers who take over successful companies, strip them down to hot rods by selling off the least successful assets, and end up with a much reduced business.

A further criticism is that the takeovers are often funded by debt. That is, they borrow to buy. Now, because interest is tax-deductible this has the effect of replacing the payment of company tax with the payment of interest. (For instance, Bond Corp, between 1978 and 1985, netted $165 million in profits and paid only $7.28 million in tax — a rate of 4.4 percent!) So instead of paying the government, they pay the banks.

There has also been criticism of the way these company raiders are borrowing the money from overseas. This puts heavy pressure on the Australian dollar but to an extent undermines the argument above. If the government doesn't get the money in tax but it stays in Australia, that *may* be all right — but if that money goes to the gnomes in Zurich or Boston or wherever, what good does that do Australia?

Where will it all end? In the Dark Ages, such as those that followed the collapse of Rome? I doubt it. Some experts say it will probably end pretty soon, as there aren't that many big companies left as targets. Most big companies are pretty tightly sewn up and have trimmed off a lot of the fat that made them such desirable targets. Of course there are still smaller companies around that would make good takeovers, but the veterans are leaving them for the newcomers.

Instead the big boys are heading overseas. Brierley, Bond and Holmes a Court already have significant corporate entities in the US and UK and, having picked over the local field, are now setting their sights on the rest of the world.

One small-time corporate raider once opined that Australia has, in its company pirates, probably the most active takeover scene in the world. To succeed here is to succeed in one of the world's toughest markets. Apparently we have more takeover merchants per head than anywhere else.

Murdoch has slain 'em overseas. So should that most intellectual of raiders, Robert Holmes a Court. Bond, being the great gambler that he is, could possibly fulfil the prognostications of some corporate analysts — that he'll eventually succumb to the pressures of playing the international game — but so far his early ventures have been resounding successes. In one recent deal he bought and sold a UK company within a fortnight, netting himself a 50 million pound profit on the way.

Bag a Stag.

Tooheys Stag Premium Lager.
If it didn't have an Australian accent, you'd swear it was imported.

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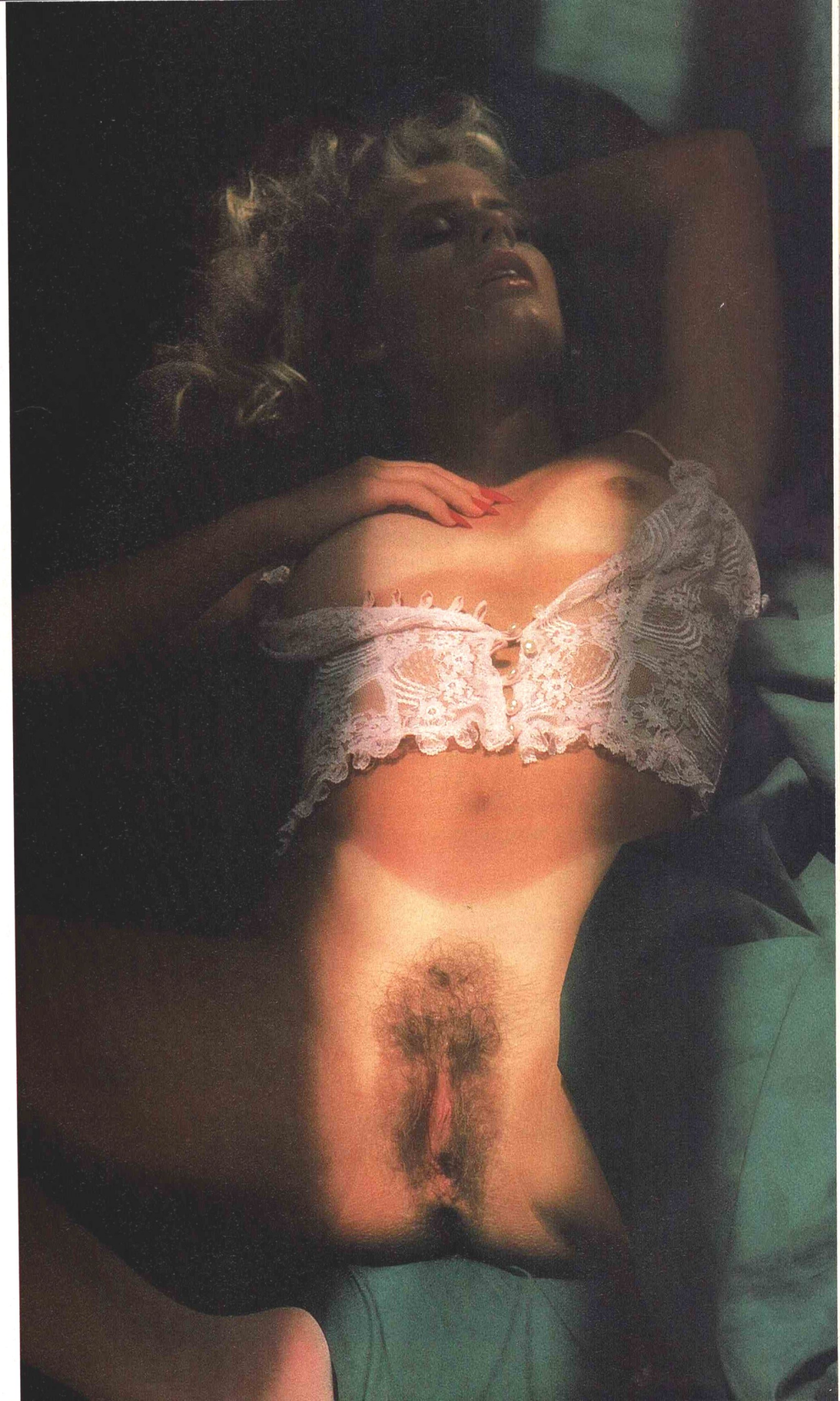
PHOTOGRAPHY BY STEPHEN HICKS

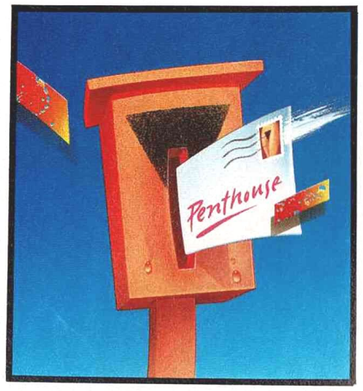
LIFE'S LITTLE MYSTERIES

Felicia Mandell thinks she has the answer to a question the whole of Australia has been asking for the last few months. Felicia, just back from a trip to the States, thinks she knows what happened to Malcolm Fraser's trousers. "I can't be sure, mind you," says the beautiful 23-year-old. "But while I was hitch-hiking some women in overalls picked me up and they sang a song that went like this. . .

"Long distance information Give me Memphis, Tennessee. I've got a pair of trousers, That are way too big for me. I really had to take them, 'Cos I'm a liberated Ms, And anyone who gets in my pants, Should let me into his," sings Felicia.

"But here's the cruncher," she says, continuing the song. "*I stole them for good reason, For now my act provides, That the US women's movement Goes forth in giant strides.*" Well, it's a theory.





FORUM

Continued from page 16

G-string in front of a large group of horny women. I was thrilled when one day last summer an acquaintance of mine asked me if I knew of any men who would jump out of a cake at a bachelorette party. I thought for about ten seconds before I replied, "Sure, I would love to do it." Anita gave me the time and place and told me that she would get the cake.

The night came and I was ready. I arrived at the hall early enough to watch some women prepare for the night's events. There was plenty of food, booze, and champagne, and for dessert, a huge cake—with me for the icing! The plan was for me to wait in the back room until it was time to make my entrance. By this time the hall was filled with about 30 women, who were eating, drinking, and partying. Anita made an announcement that there would be a male stripper, and the women began to chant for me to start. Lucy and Anita, accompanied by two women I didn't know, came into the back room to wheel out the cake. One of the women, who was introduced as Megan, was a tall redhead with stunningly long legs. If I thought I was excited before, she really put me over the edge. I pictured her watching me strip, and I was more than ready to take on the whole room.

The women wheeled me out the door. I crouched inside the cake as they toasted the bride-to-be, and waited for my music to start. When I heard my cue, I emerged, dressed in a little loincloth, looking like a Roman gladiator. The whistles and cheers boosted my already intense feelings. Off came the helmet I was wearing, followed by the arm bracelets. The shouts of "Take it off!" nearly drowned out the music. I slowly removed by loincloth and started to dance in and around the tables, being pinched here and grabbed there. I loved every minute of it, and my dance became more and more provocative. By now the only thing keeping me decent was my G-string, and with the raging hard-on I had, it wasn't much help. Shouts of "Let's see more," and "Take it all off!" rang through the room. Seeing this many women letting loose, lusting to see a naked male body, was driving me wild. There were women flashing their tits, and others raising their skirts to reveal their panties and garter belts. All this time I was being constantly touched, and it was driving me crazy. I was so hot I could have come at any second.

My last song was nearing its halfway point, so I made my way to the front of the room. Hoping I was teasing each and every woman, I quickly removed the G-string and stood motionless in front of the lusty ladies. Then I slowly walked through the entire group, wanting any or all of them to look, touch, and admire my fully erect nine-inch cock. As I passed Anita, I bent down to tell her to play one more song.

I danced around the tables until one woman fell to her knees in front of me and grabbed my cock, engulfing it with her mouth. I thought I was going to shoot my load immediately, but as quick as it was down her throat, it was out again. Next, three woman led me over to the bride-to-be, took her hands, and wrapped them around my erection. Then came the most memorable part of an unforgettable evening. About ten of the wilder women knelt down in a line. Anita took me by the hand and placed me in front of the first one, who took my tool in her mouth and gave it a good hard suck. After that, Anita led me down the line, each lady taking a taste of my man-meat. When I got to the end of the line I was dizzy with excitement and could barely see straight. The woman on her knees was Megan, and as she looked up at me she said, "I saved room for dessert. Give me your cream." She sucked my cock into her mouth like a pro, letting me tickle her tonsils as she gave me the best head I've ever had. Within seconds I was shooting my load, and as Megan slurped my come, the room burst out in cheers.

I've been asked to to another bachelorette party by one of the ladies who attended my debut. I've already got a new costume ready—this time I'll be an Indian chief. They even offered to pay me, but if it's anything like the first one, I'll gladly donate my services. — *Name and address withheld*

F-stop

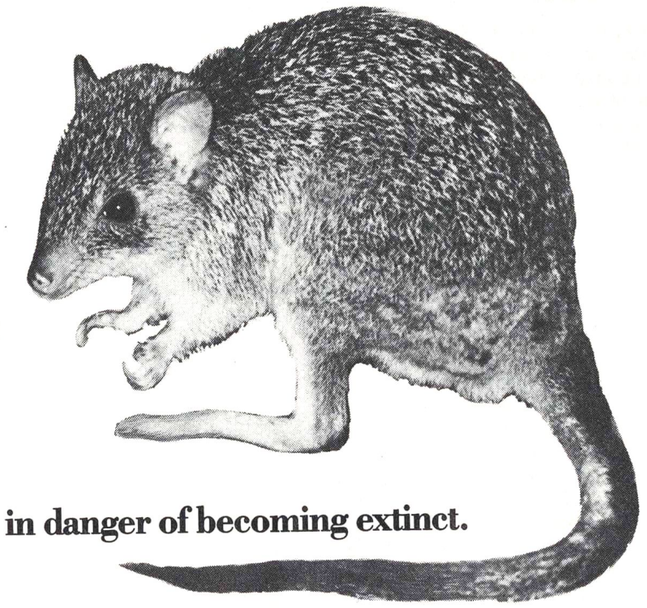
My boyfriend and I are both avid *Penthouse* readers, but although we've had more than our share of wild sexual experiences, we never thought we'd have an episode worthy of the Forum pages. It started out as a normal Sunday afternoon. I was visiting Seth, who had just moved to South Australia. Little did he realise the surprises I had waiting for him. Little did I realise the way he'd react to them!

We were watching TV and trying to decide what to do with the day, when all at once I said, "My, it's quite hot!" and tore off my jumper, revealing my well-rounded breasts, clad only in a clinging T-shirt. They were aching for attention and Seth knew it. He reached out and started to pinch my nipples. As they grew harder, I pulled away from him and stood up to tease him with the rest of my Gold Coast beach body.

My "special dance" was really starting to get to him and he was having trouble sitting still, when out of the blue he said, "Where's that camera?"

We had often joked about having some fun with photography, so I knew exactly what he had in mind. We went out into the

Please help me survive



This Brush-tailed Bettong is in danger of becoming extinct.

Only a few are known to be living in North-Eastern Australia in two widely-separated areas, and very little is known about this rare small animal.

WWF Australia is committed to the conservation of our wildlife and it is vital that we carry out a survey of the Brush-tailed Bettong's habitat before it disappears forever.

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backyard and started playing "*Penthouse* photo session." Unfortunately, we wanted to be able to have the film developed at one of those one-hour places, so I had to stay sinfully clothed. At first I was a little shutter shy, but after a few shots, I started to get the hang of it and was really enjoying it. It became a challenge to pose as sexily as possible and remain at least partially clothed. I must have been doing okay because I caught Seth just staring a couple of times, completely forgetting the camera!

I decided it was time for a costume change. As I shuffled through my suitcase, I tried to find something to really turn him on. I chose a white cotton mini-skirt — he's a sucker for thighs and bums. To top it off, I slipped on a mesh half-shirt to really show off my tits in the sunlight. Until he met me and my tits, he had always been an arse man!

When I got back outside, I found he had taken his jeans off and the bulge in his shorts caught me staring. I could feel myself gettting wet and my excitement only made me want to perform even more. I knew the poses I had planned would make his cock harder and more eager.

I perched myself on the fence with my legs apart so he could enjoy a clear view of my now juicy crotch. I put my arms above my head to allow the shirt to expose the bottoms of my breasts, and innocently asked, "How's this?" After Seth regained his balance and captured my near-nakedness, I turned so the sun would silhouette my upper body through the shirt. These pictures are the fuzziest of the rolls, as he had trouble holding the camera still.

My next change was into my leopard-skin bathing suit, which is cut quite high on the hip and dangerously low both front and back. This time I returned to find his huge dick bare to the world, apparently approving of my outfit and twitching with my every move.

I really started to turn on the heat now, my hands rushing over my body, squeezing my tits together and rubbing my crotch. As he started to slip into his aroused trance again, I realised that I had taken control. I could have continued to tease Seth all day, but the film was running low and so was his control. His cock seemed to grow even larger, and I knew if I didn't give in soon, he might burst in frustration. I wanted to stay in control of the situation a little bit longer, so I called for one last wardrobe change.

For what turned out to be the final session, I chose a cotton and lace sundress, and after sneaking back outside, I positioned myself so that the sun behind me would shadow my naked body beneath the fabric. I had unlaced the front to show off my cleavage and the look on my face was one of unmistakable lust. I let out a small moan, and Seth turned around and nearly dropped the camera! I began a simulated striptease, culminating in a pose where I had pulled the dress up to expose my bottom—one very reminiscent of a *Penthouse* cover.

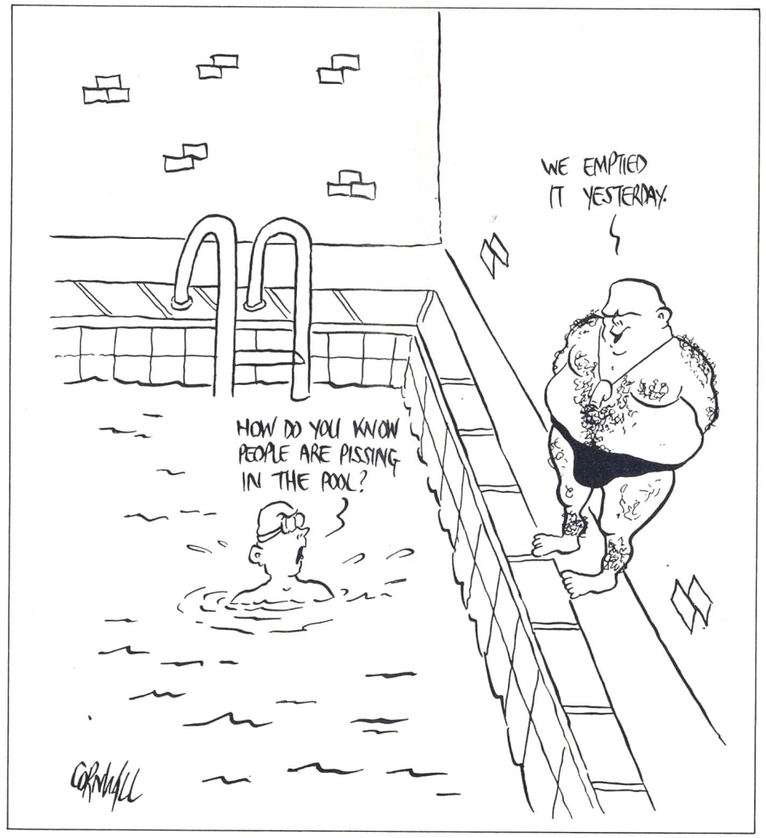
Something about these last shots welled up the heat inside me. Seth had collapsed on his back, his throbbing cock erect and hungry. Slowly I moved over to him and stood straddling his body. I fell to my knees and positioned myself over his eager penis. It was enormous and I wanted all of it. Seth's dick, although an average seven and a half inches long, is all of six inches around and never fails to give me the fuck of my life.

I rubbed my slit along the length of his shaft. As I slid my way back up to the huge purple knob, I lifted my pelvis and impaled myself on what felt like a flagpole. He could only rock his head back and forth and moan. I was still in complete control. Seth eventually regained semi-consciousness and his hands reached out to squeeze my swollen tits. I sat down especially hard, and something inside of him snapped. He grabbed my hips firmly and started to pound my pussy with such a furious pace that I was quickly brought to the edge of climax. But I wasn't to get off that easy. Seth planned on making me pay for my afternoon of teasing.

In one motion, he rolled me on to my back, ramming my pussy once more for good measure before diving for the pool of moistness between my legs. His tongue flicked furiously at my clit, dancing around my parted lips, thrusting deep inside every so often. I was moaning uncontrollably, my body quivering frantically. There was nothing I could do, or wanted to do, except come. But Seth knew my orgasms too well and he wouldn't let me. I apparently hadn't paid my debt to him yet. Finally he slipped two fingers into my twat, and with his lips wrapped around my clit, he sucked so hard that my head spun and my fingers and toes tingled. My body began to shake and I cried out as I exploded into orgasm.

Now his torture took a different form—he wouldn't let me stop coming. After what seemed like hours had passed, he let up long enough to crawl back up and mount me. He started pumping slow and rhythmically, but soon the movements became quick and jerky as his own climax drew closer. He buried his face into my neck to muffle his screams and I knew I was about to witness an explosion. The thought of that beautiful cock filling me with cream brought me off again as we both cried out in orgasm.

The pictures turned out fantastic. We each have a set (I kept the negatives!) and Seth tells me when I visit again, he'll have a Polaroid waiting for us! — *Name and address withheld*



FORUM

Love song

I have been reading your magazine for ten years and have always found the letters written by fellow readers to be extremely stimulating. Hopefully, a very special lady from my past also reads Forum and will now relive the ecstasy we shared so many years ago.

I am a fairly good-looking singer, and since high school have sung with a number of groups in clubs and restaurants. I have been told I sound like Lou Rawls, which I consider a compliment, because his music suits my soft, slow, rock and blues style. A few years ago I had a gig in a large restaurant, and on a slow night I happened to notice two attractive women in their twenties sitting together at a table near the bandstand. They appeared to be sisters, and were very pretty in a wholesome, innocent way. Maybe it was because I was in a horny mood, but I found myself very attracted to the smaller of the two.

At the end of my set I asked them if I could join them for a drink. We introduced ourselves, and Belinda (the one I liked), her sister, and I had a friendly chat. In no time at all my break was over and I had to return to work. Onstage, I noticed that Belinda was carefully watching me, so I sang one of my sexiest love songs directly to her. Throughout the rest of the night I spent each break talking with her, subtly trying to let her know just how attracted to her I was. She seemed to ignore my signals, and eventually she and her sister waved goodbye to me as I sang on the stage.

I figured that was the end of that, so I was surprised when about an hour later Belinda re-entered the restaurant. During my next break she asked me what I was doing after work. Without thinking, I responded, "Going home with you!" and to my delight Belinda sheepishly smiled and gave me directions to her place. I told her I'd be there after the last set, in about an hour and a half.

It seemed to take forever before I'd finished singing and got to my car to drive to her townhouse. When I got to her place, she invited me in and offered me a drink. We were both nervous and the sexual tension grew between us. In fact, I was so tense that I can't remember who kissed who first; but the next thing I knew we were in each other's arms. I could tell by her breathing that she was getting turned on. We kissed for quite a while, caressing and trying to undress each other at the same time.

In the soft light, I watched Belinda remove her clothes. She looked like an erotic ballet dancer as she slid her lace panties off her hips and down her shapely legs. I quickly undressed, and pulled her to me. With our first naked embrace I felt her tremble and moan slightly. The contrast between her ivory skin and my darker torso magnified our excitement. Belinda began to kiss me with abandon, thrusting her tongue in my mouth. My cock pressed against her stomach and I could feel her pussy hair tickle my balls. She was moaning as I ran my fingers over her body to the soft, wet folds of her cunt. Belinda slid her hand between our bodies and stroked my cock with a pumping motion.

As we caressed and kissed, I sensed the urgency in her movements. Her pussy grew wetter and her lips had opened to receive me as I put my fingers into her inner tightness. I kissed and licked her body and worked my way down to gently lick her slit. She changed her position and pulled me on top of her. My cock was pressed lengthwise between her thighs, and I shivered when Belinda squeezed them together, rubbing her pussy mound against me. She spread her legs, and I almost came when I felt how wet she was as I entered her pleasure palace.

I thrust forward slowly and she gasped and wiggled her pussy back and forth. The deeper I went inside her, the more she fucked me back, until I felt Belinda begin to convulse as her orgasm started. I pulled out until the head of my cock remained inside and then began stroking in and out. As the tempo of our fucking increased, I could feel Belinda's snatch grasping and squeezing my dick. I thrust as deep inside her as I could and as she gasped in ecstasy, I came for what seemed like forever. I lay inside her, my jism dripping out from between her legs. I was totally spent and rolled off to one side to let her regain her breath.

It was very late, we were both tired, and I didn't expect us to make love again that night. But as we lay side by side in the soft moonlight, the contrast of Belinda's white skin next to mine began to excite me again. I got hard again, and when Belinda saw my obvious arousal, she climbed on top of me. She rubbed my dick all over her pussy before expertly sliding it in her love canal and humping me wildly. I grabbed her and pushed myself still deeper inside her. I watched the lust and excitement in her face as she watched our bodies rhythmically coming together. I looked over her shoulder and saw my hands caressing her small tight bum as I pumped my cock. I exploded, spurting hot come in her as she ground her pussy against me, trying to get as much cock into her as she could.

I was exhausted and must have fallen asleep for a while, because the next thing I remembered was Belinda kissing me goodbye at the front door. My gig at the restaurant ended the next week, and I never saw her again, but I will always treasure the memory of that night. All I have to do is think about her, and I get turned on. I hope she is reading this somewhere, fantasising about our erotic night and getting excited all over again. — *Name and address withheld*

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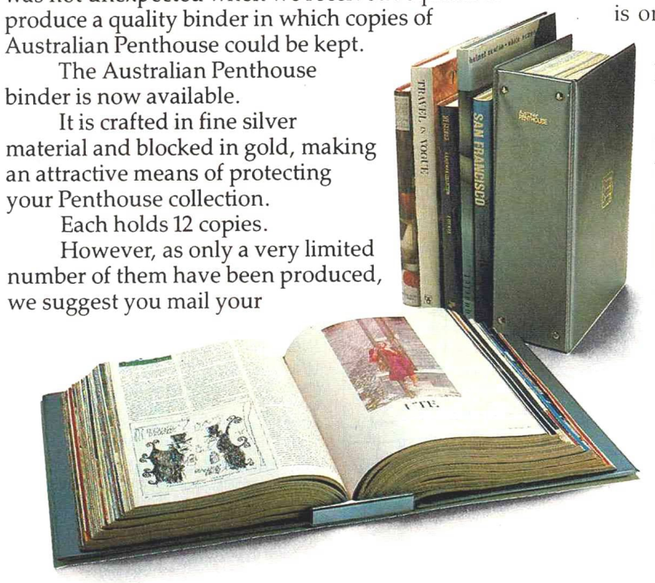

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GOING DOWN

Continued from page 76

Says Dr Black: "ASSERT feels that since homosexuality is such an established form of sexual behavior which has existed for all of recorded history, and since examples of homosexual behavior abound throughout the entire animal kingdom, such behavior cannot be stopped — and it is a waste of time trying to stop it. Sexologists aren't in the business of moralising — we're in the business of helping, and ASSERT feels homosexuals are entitled to assistance."

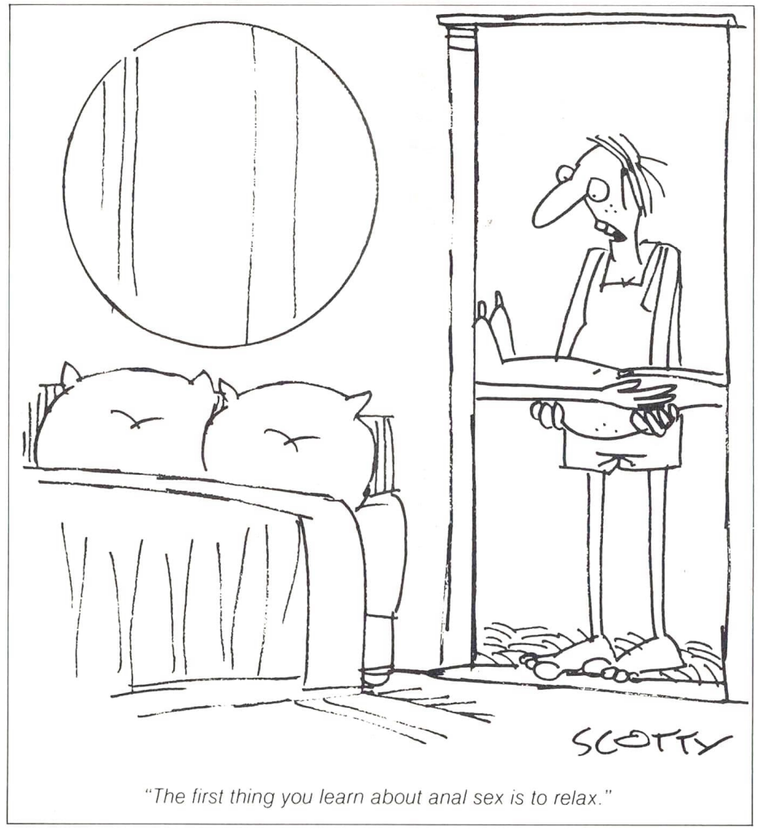
However, other forces were at work to make the issue a political pointscorer and to appeal to the hysteria of an ill-informed public. "It would not have happened if Labor Party policies had not portrayed homosexuality as the norm," said National Party leader Ian Sinclair. Federal action — an AIDS summit — was "too late because Labor had helped downgrade the role of the family."

Meanwhile, the Reverend Fred Nile had blamed AIDS on Health Minister Dr Neil Blewett's failure to heed his calls for a ban on homosexuals travelling to the US and a compulsory quarantine for any returning from there. It seemed the sexual reactionaries at last had the ammunition they'd been waiting for — and an audience. AIDS was proof that sex could kill.

ASSERT realises all too well that AIDS represents a tremendous threat to health. So for the society's last national conference, the American authors of a recent study on homosexual couples were invited to speak. "These men had written a fine study called *The Male Couple*. Not even Reverend Fred Nile could criticise us for promoting monogamy," says Dr Black.

Federal Health Minister Neil Blewett was invited to officially open the conference. "We offered him various timeslots on separate days, but all we got was his flat rejection — no substitute was offered. He'd just come back from a highly publicised tour of the UK and the US centres dealing with AIDS in order to formulate policies and initiatives here. He appeared via satellite on national TV every day. So when a Federal Minister makes such a public stand on the AIDS problem, and then fails to follow through, we have to resign ourselves to the fact that he is a mere politician. I used to take everyone at face value. That naivety is being replaced with cynicism now, the way ASSERT has been routinely ignored . . ." Twelve people turned up to hear these internationally renowned speakers.

This is just one example of the politically motivated snubbing that sexologists must currently endure. ASSERT has not been consulted once by any government body, nor any AIDS taskforce, when public education in "safe sex" practices and the like is their forte.



"The first thing you learn about anal sex is to relax."

And it's not as if a man like Dr Jules Black is in any way deficient in communication skills. When the Whitlam government promised sweeping social reforms, and set as a starting point the Royal Commission Into Human Relations, the very first speaker to go on record was Dr Black. He is also the Secretary of the World Association of Sexology. He understands how the media can act as the conduit for the educative processes that ASSERT realises are so vital at the moment.

When the story appeared last November of the grieving woman whose 15-year-old daughter had died of toxic shock syndrome, it was Dr Black who was making the radio appearances to fill in the gaps. The mother had claimed she hadn't known what toxic shock was.

As a specialist obstetrician/gynaecologist, he is one of the very few of his profession in the world who take into account, to any degree, the psychosomatic aspects of sexuality. He does deliver babies as well . . . The walls of his surgery are covered with heart-thumping portraits of him up to his elbows in childbirth. He has delivered thousands.

Still, the man with these achievements behind him, one of the pioneers of sexology in Australia, must endure sniggers and giggles not only from politicians and the public, but most of all from among his medical peers.

"Just the other day I passed another gynaecologist I know in the street. We said hello and stuff . . . and then he asked me if I was 'still involved in that . . . business of mine.' He couldn't even say 'sex.' So I pushed him, and asked what business that was. 'You know, all that stuff . . .' he said. So I said to him: 'Oh, you mean my sex therapy. Sure I am. Actually I find it's impossible to deal with a patient's obstetrical and gynaecological problems without to some extent taking into account the psychosomatic aspects of sexuality.' Then he replied: 'Oh, well I try to do everything I can to make sure they *are* distinct.' That's the sort of thing you're up against.

"Evidently I'm known around the place as Dr Filth, which obviously indicates something of the attitude in the medical profession. I once received a letter from a doctor I know who at the time was conducting post-mortems in a leading Sydney hospital. Down the bottom was a PS: '*You can keep your frigid — I'll have my rigid . . .*'

"The point is," continues Dr Black, "that so many doctors have the same hang-ups as my patients. But I just keep on kicking them in the teeth — and they just keep on coming back for more."

As Dr Derek Richardson explains: "The problem for the medical establishment is that they don't think they should associate with those without registrable qualifications. And a group like ASSERT is considered too small to be noticed."

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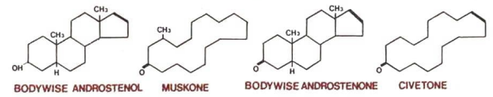

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GOING DOWN

whether it was acknowledged by the AMA that sexology had made a significant contribution to the health of the public, and whether there was any possibility in the mind of the Australian Medical Association that sexology might in the future become a recognised specialty.

"What's sexology?" was the reply from the AMA spokesman. He went on to say that he'd never heard of ASSERT. "There are about 50 national organisations all dealing with some specific area of medicine, such as acupuncture associations and the like," he added as justification for his ignorance.

This reaction, however, does not surprise Dr Black. For some reason, the subject of sex and sexology seems to bring out many ironies relating to the conservative values currently gaining momentum.

For example, anyone can — tomorrow, if they wish — open up a business in NSW as a sex counsellor. However, because it isn't possible to obtain qualifications specifically in sexology — and thus it isn't a specialty "able" to be recognised by the medical authorities — a doctor such as Jules Black, an internationally renowned specialist in obstetrics and gynaecology, cannot be known in the phonebook as a sexologist. In the eyes of the Medical Board, that would be advertising. Advertising is not permitted by doctors. Three years ago, the description "sexologist" *did* appear in the phonebook. Moves were made to have it deleted.

There is nothing new in the proposition that the medical establishment itself is one of the very bastions of conservatism in Australia. Dr Black cites the example of the Pill's introduction in Australia in 1962. "That was a major development — the first time anyone took a tablet even though they were well. Tremendous guilt and anxiety was lifted from millions of women.

"Yet it is the doctor, of course, who must help a woman decide what form, brand and strength of contraception is most suitable. It wasn't till around 1968, some six years later, that a question was even asked in the medical students' final exam paper on the subject of the Pill. I had made repeated enquiries and discovered the subject was deleted so as not to offend the morals and standards of the students." Even today there is no mandatory part of doctors' training dealing with aspects of psychosexuality. Sexuality is still viewed by the medical profession as something distinct from the skin, organs and bones of the human being.

Sex research is another issue in which sexologists are relegated to the fringes. "Sex research has always been considered the Cinderella of medical research," says Dr Black. "Therefore, when funding is cut, sex research is the first to go. This logic is spurious — sexual behavior affects us *all*, whether we like it or not. We don't all behave arthritically, nor asthmatically. However, we all behave sexually."

"Major work is being done which is of great importance to the lives of many people," explains Dr Richardson. "For example, 30 years ago it was thought that all cases of male impotence were 'in the head.' However, very recent research — some of which has been done in Australia — suggests that in something like 40 percent of cases of impotence there is a medical reason.

"For almost 20 years we have been conducting heart bypass surgery. Now there is major work being done in blood flows to the penis. Just over a year ago the first penile bypass was performed." Obviously the resultant benefits will be of great importance.

ASSERT has had *some* successes which they see as justifying the hard slog for recognition of their potential contribution. When, in 1985, it was announced by the NSW government that it had finally accepted incest as a significant problem in the community, and that a $5 million "war against child sex abuse" had been launched, ASSERT members felt they were entitled to some sense of achievement. They had been after such recognition for years. "That really typified how and why we must continue to exist in order to right some of the wrongs going on in society," says Dr Black.

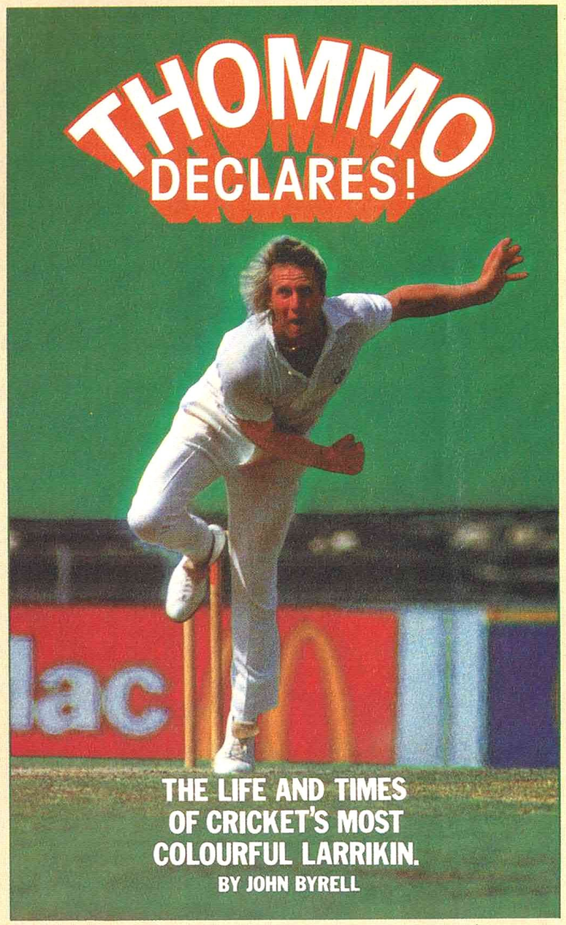
There has been some official recognition of ASSERT. It is the *only* recognition — but it's something. A $1000 grant was made by NSW Government for the purchase of a telephone switching device. A telephone sex information help line is manned voluntarily by ASSERT members. It's a free phone counselling and referral service. Any member of the public can ring week days between 10 and 3 for free qualified information on 02 — 389 0469.

When ASSERT was first formed, the acronym seemed quite applicable. Women, in particular, were starting to assert themselves in all ways, socially, politically and sexually.

It is another irony that the title now applies to the survival of the society itself. A dozen people sitting around a loungeroom once a month is hardly an optimistic picture of the future of sexology in Australia . . . but they will keep plugging away. It's not a grand vision. There's a feeling of being in some underground organisation — keeping voices low and making sure they don't all leave at once . . .

The membership has hardly altered since the society was first conceived — in fact, it has if anything shrunk. But as the sexologists know, the final irony is that the people who will blindly bind themselves to the conservatives' apparently fear-based morality will be the patients who will ensure the future of the sexology business.

IAN BOTHAM'S CHRISTMAS READING LIST



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A Cheat's Guide to GOLF

Quick and easy directions for skinning your opponents

HUMOR BY COLIN BOWLES

ILLUSTRATION BY CHRIS PAYNE

It's not cheap to buy yourself a round of golf these days. In fact, it makes good sense that you should have as many shots as possible during your four-hour stroll to make sure you get your money's worth.

Unfortunately, while this rationale works sufficiently to vaguely soothe your razzed nerves once *you've finished* a particularly pathetic round, it simply does not stand up as you address the ball on the first tee. All you want to do is belt that sucker straight, hard and out of sight.

The fundamental problem with golf is that every so often, no matter how lacking you may be in the essential virtues required of a steady player, the odds are that you *will* eventually belt the socks off a ball — straight, hard, and out of sight. This is the essential frustration of this excruciating sport. For when you have done it but once,

you make the mistake of wondering why you can't seem to *do it more often*.

The simple fact is that the ball will only go straight, hard and out of sight when it is good and ready. It will happen when you least expect it. It will probably surprise you. In fact, the next time you are attempting a delicate pitch and run to the flag, you may *well* find that you belt the ball straight, hard and out of sight.

It's reasonable to ask, then, why does anyone play golf at all? Very reasonable. "A good walk ruined," it's been called.

Here lies golf's fundamental beauty. That is, given the right preparation and attitude to the game, no matter how bad you may feel after a round, the potential *always* exists for one of your playing partners to feel *worse than you do*.

This is the fundamental secret in actually "enjoying" a round of golf. And no-one feels worse after a game than someone who played far better than you, but who *lost money*. To this end, it becomes possible to devise and adapt ploys more commonly applied to the poker table. Golf is, in fact, a way to play poker and not put on weight. It is a way of playing poker and walking six kilometres at the same time.

THE BASICS

Now, though some people say that playing the game of golf *itself* is a handicap, the truth is that if you are a terrible player but serious about betting, you will be playing with a handicap: about two shots per hole. Your opponents, too, will be playing with a handicap: *you*.

The poker of golf is a form known as Skins. All you need is a set of clubs, a bag, and a steely determination to crush your opposition no matter the cost. Remember the golden rule of golf: "The end justifies the means."

The marvellous aspect of golf is that there's no such thing as cheating in the game. That's because *everybody* cheats. There's nothing to feel guilty about at all. It's part of the *art* of golf, the poetry of the game.

Golfers are very honest about this. They know there's nothing more irritating than an honest player. Some clubs even go so far as to erect signs on the first tees of their courses for all to see, so there is no confusion. These signs say: PREFERRED LIES. (Just put a colon after "preferred" and it makes perfect sense.) Golfers are forever talking about "good" lies and "bad" lies, such is their importance in the game.

Why else do you think Bob Hawke took up golf *after* he became Prime Minister? Obviously, a golfer told him he had proved he has what it takes to excel at the game.

Back to Skins.

Skins is played with four players. Each hole is worth a previously agreed sum of money. One player has to win the hole outright from the others in order to take the money and win the "skin." If there is no outright winner, the sum jackpots to the next hole.

Now if you're a professional, the stakes will be provided by sponsors. But if, like most of us, you're just an enthusiastic amateur, you'll be putting up the stakes yourself.

So if you're playing for $2 a hole, for example, the winner of a hole will pick up $2 each from the other three players. If there's no winner the total $8 jackpots to the next hole.

As the stakes increase, so the game becomes more interesting. It can result in the sort of contest where American professional Fuzzy Zoeller recently won $150,000 on a single putt.

You may never play for such intimidating stakes yourself, but you can appreciate why Skins is not a game to be taken lightly. Okay, so winning isn't everything — but losing is expensive.

THE IMPORTANCE OF A GOOD ATTITUDE

To win at Skins requires skills of a different sort to the normal golf game that we all know and detest.

Now I'm not talking about cheating, although obviously that's part of it. To win by cheating *alone* is crass; the other players will think you won fair and square, and that can spoil the game for the dedicated exponent of Skins golf.

The object is to win when all the other players know they should have beaten you. Then, at the end of the day, you extract their money through the gaps in their gritted teeth.

No matter what the Bhagwan says, this is the road to true bliss.

ON THE COURSE

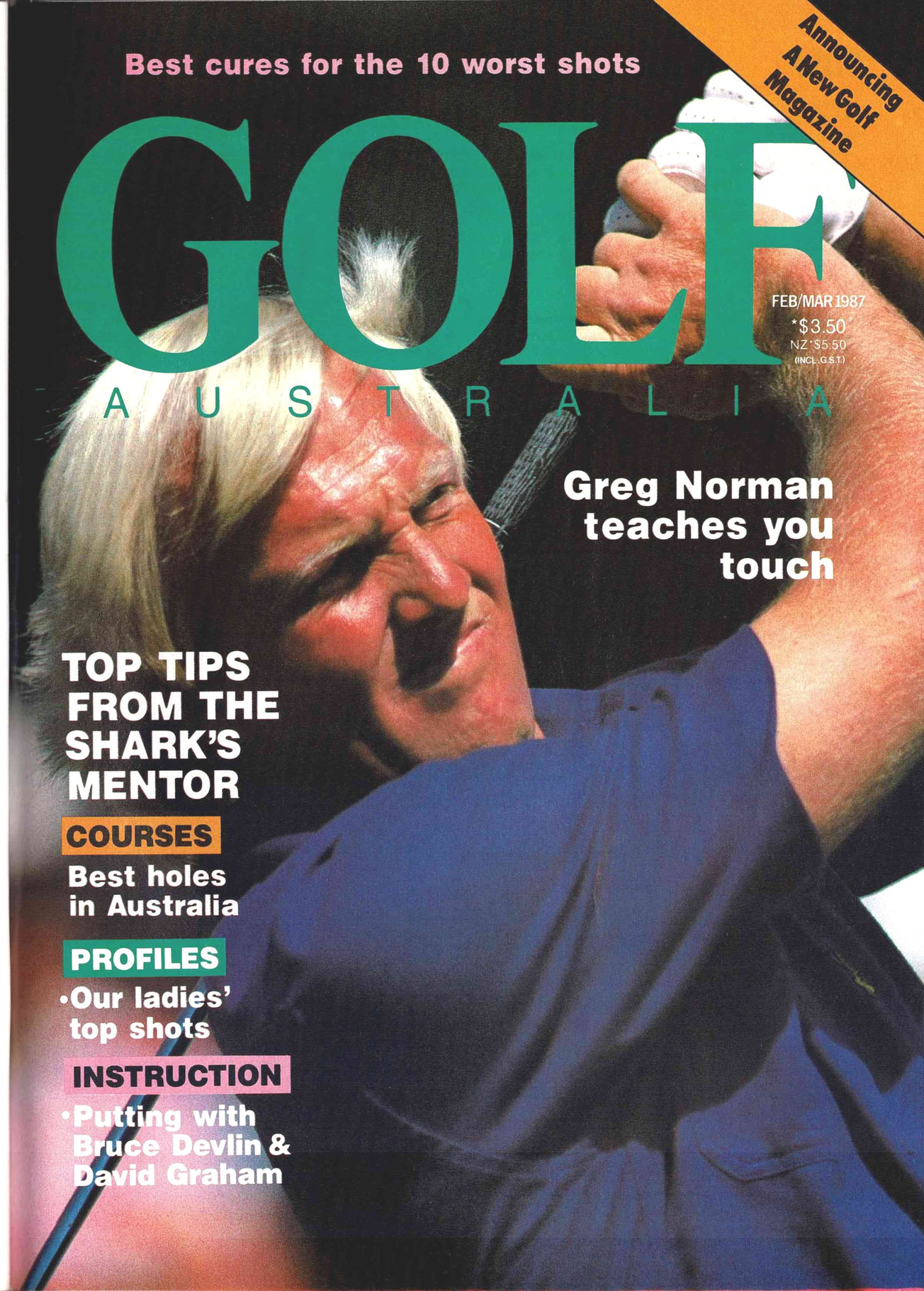
First, a word about gamesmanship. Most people think they know what gamesmanship is all about, and assume that if they are aware of what the other player is doing, they will not be affected by it.

This is not true.

The power to irritate in minor ways is your most effective weapon in Skins. It can do to a vaguely good golfer's game what a family of termites will do to a balsawood dunny. Only far quicker.

You should start to aggravate the other players as soon as you meet them on the course. Show up with a new glove, wide check slacks, *real* golf shoes (begged, borrowed, or ripped off), or the new Golden Bear clubs you borrowed from a friend, family or stroke victim three doors up. Anything that aspires to pretention on your part puts you a couple of points ahead even before the first stroke is played. Vitally important is the brand new quality golf ball which you must unwrap from its box, screwing up the tissue paper, as your opponent lines up his first tee shot.

A Bankcard symbol on the side of your



golf bag is an especially effective ploy.

Amateurs often try to blatantly needle their opponents. This is a mistake.

The image you should convey is one of genial conviviality. As you begin to play, offer friendly hints to the others. If someone is pulling to the left on their swing, commiserate with them. Mention it each time they step up to drive, and express the wish that the problem will disappear. Offer suggestions on how they might be able to correct the problem. In no time at all the minor flaw should magnify into a major crisis of confidence that will infect all areas of your opponent's game.

You now have only two others to worry about.

If you have been thinking ahead, and if you've had one of them up all night getting shagged to death by his wife, and the other holding a dawn service for his carefully nurtured patch of Kentucky Blue, which you have furtively savaged, you can start to appreciate just how easy it is to win at golf.

PUTTING YOUR GAME TOGETHER

However, let's assume that things are not going to plan. The faulty swing has miraculously righted itself. The first guy's wife had a headache and the other guy didn't give a shit about his lawn. He was going to put slabs down anyway. What next?

First — learn to play the big points, as good tennis champions do. Keep your best moves for the big holes. Meanwhile concentrate on maintaining consistency.

The good golfer's game is based on attrition. This is done with an incessant level of chatter. Sex, religion and politics are good subjects. Get two of your opponents involved in a heated debate over privatisation, Papal infallibility or Jacqueline Bisset and you're halfway there.

There are three areas of skill to look at:

1. Driving
2. Approach shots
3. Putting

DRIVING

As every golfer knows, good timing is vital, especially on the tee. For example, you should know exactly the right moment in someone's backswing to turn on your radio for the latest cricket score.

If a player has a poor technique, then it's pointless wasting energy trying to put him off his game. But if he's consistently putting his tee shot 300 yards down the middle of the fairway, stern measures are called for.

Remember to never allow a good player to tee off — especially on a par three — without telling the other players a joke. The joke should be a short one, so that the player on the tee doesn't have to interrupt his swing to catch the punch line.

For example: "Did you hear about the homosexual undertaker? Said to his mate, come round to my place tonight and we'll suck on a few cold ones."

Another alternative is to inspect your ball as your main opposition lines up his shot. Comment on an "onion" cut (imagined), or dimple, and tell everyone loudly — in accordance with the rules, mind you — that you are replacing it. Have a brand new specimen on hand, make sure you are upwind, and then "accidentally" drop the tissue-wrapping so that it *just* flashes in the corner of his eye on the downswing. Never fails.

APPROACH SHOTS

No competent player should ever find himself in the position of being uncompetitive by the time he gets to the green. Getting to within putting distance of the hole is not what golf is about. It is a formality and should be treated as such. A nice relaxing walk before the real battle is joined.

> Don't forget the Grosby wedge shot. The casual flick of a toe can improve a game out of sight — so to speak.

On no account should you ever lose a ball and incur penalty shots. Keep plenty of spare balls in your bag, all the same make and same number. If your ball disappears into the rough, march off and tell the others: "You play ahead. I'll see if I can find it."

You then get far enough away from the others to be out of their vision. Find a good lie, with a clear shot through to the green. This is the spot to tee-up one of your spare balls.

There's no need to shout: "It's okay, I've found it! Gee, that was lucky."

If you do find your ball, ignore it unless it has a good lie. Tread on it, if it's too conspicuous. Then walk another 50 metres on and put your spare down.

If it's a terrible lie, but in a good position, don't forget the Grosby wedge shot. Soccer players can improve their game out of sight — so to speak — by employing the casual flick of the toe.

If you're completely out of sight of the others, you can save yourself a lot of time and trouble by employing the five finger drive.

This is done by positioning yourself over the ball, ensuring your back is straight, and looking up once to make sure no-one is looking. You then pick the ball up and throw it as far as you can in the direction of the green. Cricketers and baseballers will find this particularly fruitful. (This shot can also be employed in very deep bunkers. Remember to throw a handful of sand up with your ball.)

Remember — always volunteer to help your opponents look for their ball. If you find it, tread on it firmly, covering it over with loose dirt and leaves if possible.

Or to quote the old Skins maxim: "Find it and grind it." Not only is this an extremely expedient move, but it offers an incredible thrill that must be experienced to be believed.

PUTTING

It is not until you're on the green that the game really begins. It's where the money's won and lost. If you've been paying attention up till now you should be on the green safely, and in a position to win the hole; or at the very least, able to stop anyone else winning.

It's time to get serious. Hard cash is involved.

By this stage one of the other players will have blown out in the trees, the sand, the water, or all three. So your chance of winning is 2 to 1 against. A good Skins player can reduce these odds dramatically, to around 50 to 1 on.

Retaining your air of good-natured bonhomie, discuss the green in detail with the remaining players. Criticise the surface. Exaggerate breaks out of all proportion. Tell the one closest to the hole that the skin's as good as his.

Sow the seeds of doubt when he's examining the putt: "The green looks a bit fast." You'll get him thinking about it.

"There's a bit of a break to the left, isn't there?" He won't believe you, of course; chances are he'll overcompensate and play too far to the left anyway.

As on the tee, timing is vital. Never allow a player to step up for a crucial putt without a comment. You might, for example, comment on his putting style to one of the others. (In a whisper just loud enough for him to hear, of course.) "Gee, he's got a great stance, hasn't he?"

It doesn't hurt either to mention the sum of money the player might win if he's successful: "Concentrate, Harry — don't forget this one's worth 40 bucks." This is usually enough to save the hole.

Flatulence can be another useful — though obviously unsubtle — weapon in your armory. With correct use a healthy fart at the crucial moment of a three-foot putt has been known to put a player back in the bunker traps. Remember, it's not the *sound*. That's so overdone it's unfunny. Just ensure you're upwind so he can get

Continued on page 144

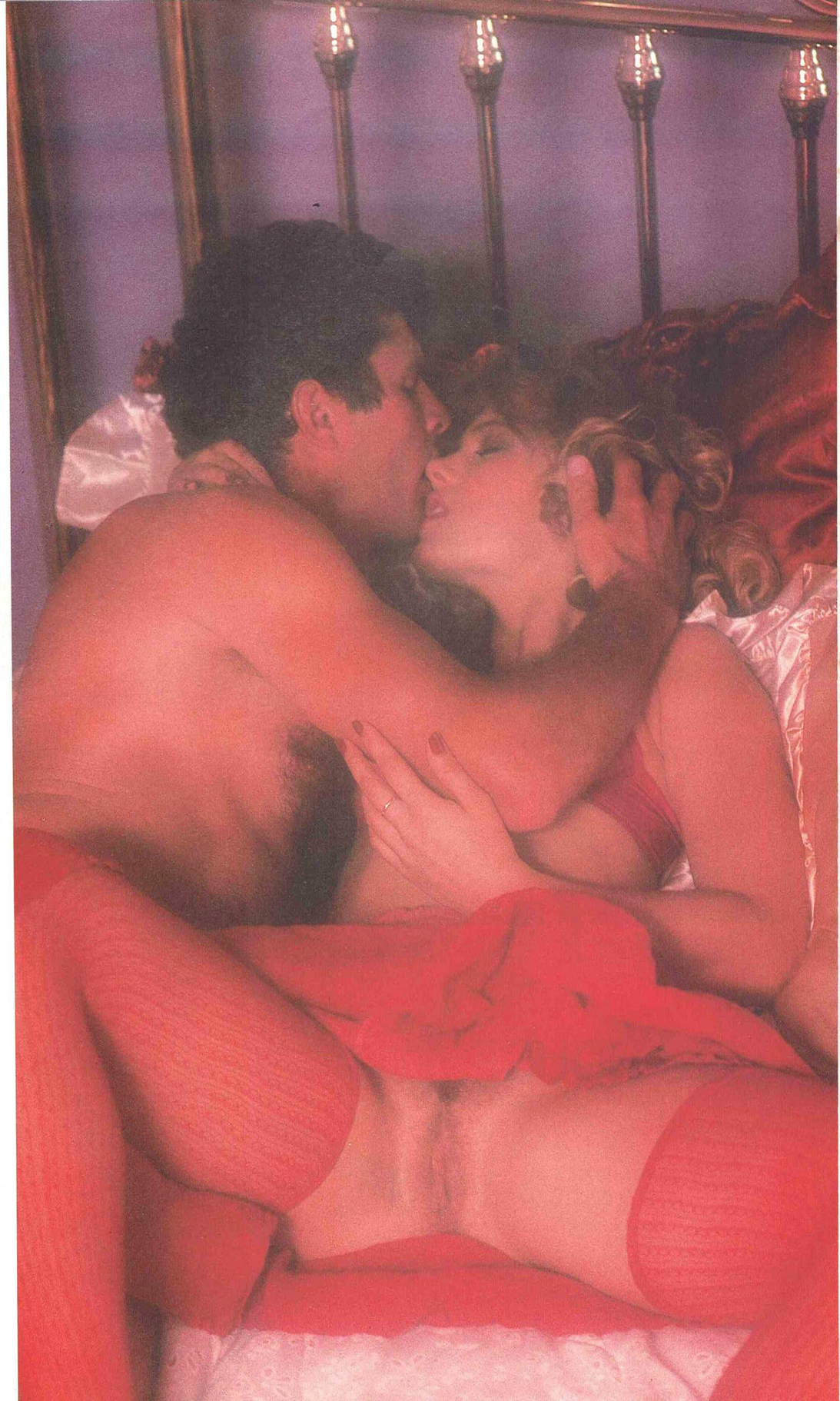
IN THE DEEP END

PHOTOGRAPHY BY DAVID SCHOEN

The convenience of having somewhere to cool off during the long hot summer is the generally accepted reason for having a swimming pool installed in the backyard. But, as many will tell you, life is littered with perversities. While most of us are jumping, all hot and bothered, in the deep end and emerging relieved at the other end, there are those who reverse the procedure. Behold Valerie and Steve. . .

This couple use their pool to get all hot and steamy, then they seek a different kind of relief on dry land. Well, maybe not that different. . . there's still a lot of lapping involved.

You might say it's a matter of different strokes for different folks — breast stroke being a favorite. Perhaps there's a lesson for all of us in the methods of these indoor sports fans. Their sex life appears to be going swimmingly.



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LOOSE ENDS

WHERE SHEEP ARE SHEEP AND WOMEN ARE NERVOUS

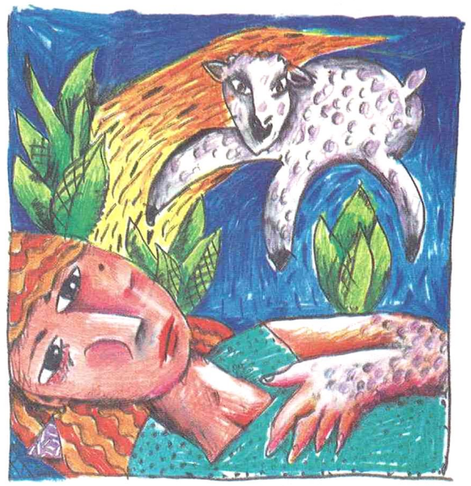


Illustration by Graham Rendoth

I really shouldn't be telling you this, but the fact is that lately the offices of *Penthouse* have taken on a distinct smell of lamb chops. Yes, lamb chops. Not cooked ones either. Fresh raw ones. And if you ask me, it's getting stronger all the time. The most unnerving thing about it, though, is that I'm the only one who can smell it.

Unnerving and embarrassing. Like, early last week I was distracted in the middle of a story by a powerful waft that smelled for all the world like a barbecue before you light the fire. I said to the guy sitting across from me, "Hey, can you smell that?" He said, "Yeah, sorry. Excuse me. Hahahahaha."

I just let it go that first time, but later I smelled it again and it was definitely a meat odor. And the guy who sits across from me is a vegetarian. It wasn't just any old meat smell, it was definitely lamb, and it was . . . unsettling.

When I smelled it again the following day I didn't bother telling anyone, I just began crawling around the floor checking to see if anyone had taped a chop under one of the desks. I thought I'd solved the mystery. Someone had obviously broken into the offices during the night with half a kilo of chump chops and some masking tape. I thought a quick scan would reveal the offending cut bearing the message: "PENTHOUSE, WOMEN ARE NOT JUST MEAT. THEY HAVE BRAINS, EMOTIONS AND A LOT OF OTHER INTERESTING THINGS GOING FOR THEM." I checked every desk but nary a cutlet did I discover.

In the succeeding days it became increasingly difficult to concentrate. I started to feel a little like Mary from the nursery rhyme. Everywhere I went, sheep were sure to find me. Even at home I found no respite. I drifted off at night to sheep leaping over a little fence like they do in the cartoons — but they didn't stop there. They bounded, bleating mercilessly, on into my dreams. I dreamed I was making a movie. It was called *Ram Beau* and it starred Meryl Sheep and, for some reason, Rolf Harris. Rolf had three legs and he was covered from head to hoofs in off-white, curly hair. I awoke in a lather of perspiration, the image still vivid in my fevered mind. The horrific image of a Rolf in sheep's clothing . . .

Now, I don't believe in multiple orgasms and I don't believe in omens — for the simple reason that I have never experienced either. But that dream was an omen and the only positive thought that I could summon up when I realised, spookily, that I had experienced one was the possibility that I may one day also experience the other.

It was a couple of days after I had the dream that I realised its portent. The choppy smell still hung heavy in the office air but by that stage I'd learned not to make a big thing of it. I had a reputation of reasonable sanity to uphold, after all, and I'd never enjoyed being the butt of any jokes, let alone cruel lamb jokes.

Well, it was a Friday and someone suggested that we go to the pub for lunch. I jumped at the idea of some fresh, sheep-free air and off we went. Three guesses what the roast of the day was. Roast leg of lamb, of course, but that wasn't the strange bit.

The omen came true when a colleague — not the vegetarian — decided on the lamb because it reminded him of a story about friends of a friend of his. They had so many children and they were so poor, he said as the waitress placed the roast before him, that they made the terrible decision to eat the family pet.

"Now the decision wasn't as terrible as you may first think," he continued, shovelling mint sauced pink flesh into his mouth, "because the family pet was a sheep.

"But the children loved that little sheep and they howled when they learned of their parents' plan. But the growls of the children's tummies were louder than the howls so the parents faced an awful dilemma. Can you guess how they solved it so the kids were fed and still got to keep their cherished pet?" my colleague asked, mopping the last of the gravy and blood from his plate with a wad of bread.

"They sent for a kindly doctor friend who carefully amputated one of the sheep's legs so mum could cook it to feed the starving mouths. And to this day that sheep lives, revelling in the kikuyu of a suburban backyard and the deep affection of many children who love him all the more for the fact that the poor thing has only got three legs."

A three-legged sheep! I didn't ask, I couldn't, but somehow I knew that that sheep's name was Rolf. It was more than a coincidence . . . it was uncanny.

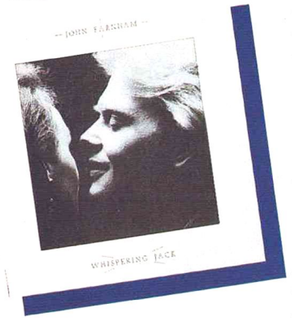
That happened last week and since then I've kept the door to my office firmly closed against the worst of my fears — in case a sheep suddenly rounds the corner and confronts me with a menacing gleam in its eye. Lambzilla! The state I'm in I reckon I'd jump if anyone even mentioned flock wallpaper.

I can't understand what's happening to me. It's got me scratching my head. Funny, it's got me scratching my back, too, and my stomach and legs feel kind of itchy. If I didn't know better I'd swear I had fleece. — *C.J. Mackay*

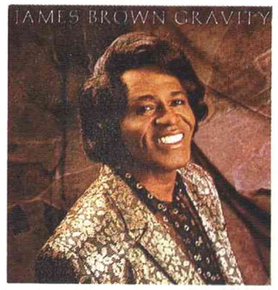
SOUNDS

HARDEST WORKIN' MAN IN SHOWBIZ

Once dubbed the "hardest working man in showbusiness", number one soul brother **James Brown**, whose recorded output has graced the airwaves for nigh on 30 years, is back defying *Gravity* (CBS). He is one of the few performers not to worry about being unhip by wearing three-piece suits with outrageous flares in 1987 — he is thankfully timeless. If you could copyright a feel, Brown would have been a multi-millionaire in the disco Seventies instead of being pushed off the charts by his musical debtors. Choppy downbeat funk with brass stabs and half improvised, shouted vocals that form his best works (like "Sex Machine") push this release along. "How Do You Stop", with Steve Winwood on keyboards, and "Return To Me" slow the pace but the freneticism of "Turn Me Loose I'm Dr Feelgood" restores the energy balance. The album may not have any new classic songs but it is the classic Brown message of universal salvation: "repeat the beat."



John Farnham has had an extremely varied career since recording "Sadie The Cleaning Lady" as a fresh faced 18-year-old in 1967 — with an overriding aura of "nice voice, shame about the songs." Roles in shows like "Pippin" may have fulfilled a thespian ambition and shown Farnham to be a committed, versatile performer but they didn't really guarantee that this, his second solo album *Whispering Jack* (Wheatley), would be worth two spins. Recorded in the spare hours left after cutting a brace of songs for various film projects and touring and recording a new LRB album, it is, quite simply, a very good album — strong songs, suitably punchy playing and production, and above all, powerful singing. "You're The Voice" owes much to Quincy Jones' rework of "State Of Independence" for Donna Summer, and "Going Going Gone" has all the phrasing and brass lines (simulated) of classic Phil Collins. There is still the sense of melodrama that he brought to "Help." However, in the context of a well chosen set (including some of his own, and some from the Mondo camp) he has somewhere memorable to hang his emotives.

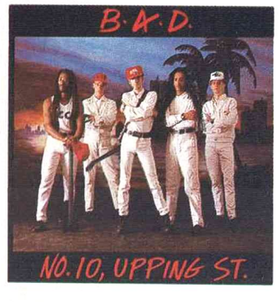


A much more recent arrival on the local scene are funk poppers **Wa Wa Nee** (CBS). Formed by the duo of Paul Gray (vocals, keyboards) and Steve Williams (guitars) they've constructed some punchy funk with a digital heartbeat. As long as you don't clock the lyrics, sporting the pubescent angst of "in my lonely room I have loved and lost", you'd be healthily impressed. They've got the feel, though not the Prince sleaze, that would make lines like "Jelly baby you make me high, love's a lotion in my hand" positively lewd.

The most significant thing about *No 10, Upping St* (CBS), the current musical address of Mick Jones' band **BAD**, is that Joe Strummer called in and seemed to stay for more than the weekend. Not only did he co-produce with Jones but helped write half the tracks. This is not a Clash revival though. The clatter of machines, snatches of sound effects and touches of B-movie voice-overs ("Dial A Hitman") survive from BAD's first release. They advocate a cheery facade in the face of Thatcher's Britain. The effect is like having the TV, radio and record player on simultaneously — and about as engaging.

Local bits of bovver **Rose Tattoo** crossed over from bad boys for love to heavy melodic on their last album and with *Beats From A Single Drum* (Mushroom) the Tatts champion whales, Winnie Mandela and victims of misunderstanding parents. Hearts of gold with a bash of steel.

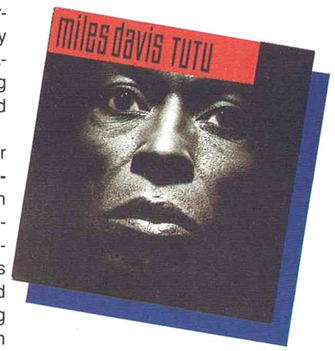
Miles Davis dons his smartest *Tutu* (WEA) for his latest release. Here's soulful atmospherics over skilfully manipulated machines, mainly the work of bassist Marcus Miller (who also wrote most of the tracks). Miles also covers Scritti Politi's "Perfect Way" (instrumentally of course), its jabbing funk owing much to Miles' earlier efforts like "On The Corner."



Displaying an arrogant hatred of "pop" music not always refuted by the Top 40, trumpeter **Wynton Marsalis** and band are in the *J Mood* (CBS). They pine for their golden age of jazz and owe a lot to Miles circa 1966 and earlier exponents of the Mood like Thelonious Monk and Charlie Parker. Although they may be "examples of the discipline and feeling that make jazz our most difficult performance art" the quartet thankfully has enough flexibility and empathy to make it enjoyable listening and not simply a well crafted museum piece.

Also bringing life to an earlier musical style (circa Thirties) is **Linda Ronstadt** in her last outing with veteran arranger/composer/conductor Nelson Riddle. *For Sentimental Reasons* (WEA) was Riddle's swansong from this world but his arrangements lack nothing of his earlier masterful works with people like Sinatra and Judy Garland. Big band, but hold the brass was his forte. "My Funny Valentine" starts like a chamber orchestra. Elsewhere the songs of Gershwin, Rodgers and Hart, Nat King Cole and Thelonious Monk drip with his mellifluous strings.

Sporting an unfortunate name for local release, **Bruce Hornsby And The Range** (with Fred Essendon on bass and Johnny Yagoona on spoons?) tell it *The Way It Is* (RCA). With a touch of good old boy rock and roll (Huey Lewis produced three tracks) they address a few urban ills of the heart. — *Jeremy Cook*



Clockwise from far left: John Farnham's second solo album; James Brown, full of energy on Gravity; BAD advocate cheer in the Old Dart; Miles Davis' atmospheric soul and jabbing funk.

FILM

DECK THE HALLS WITH BUDDY HOLLY

Q. What did Buddy Holly say to Peggy Sue? **A.** Can I crash at your place? Sick, sick, sick and about as amusing as a firecracker in a suppository box.

Q. Whatever happened to good, old-fashioned, wholesome humor — the kind The Whole Family Can Enjoy? **A.** It's alive and well in **Peggy Sue Got Married**, the latest celluloid effort from Francis Coppola — a film that's as light and frothy as a tulle petticoat.

This is one of those films that invites us to wonder what we'd do if we got the chance to live life over again. In this case, Kathleen Turner plays Peggy Sue Bodell, a fortyish mother of two, who is transported back through the decades to the *Happy Days* era of senior proms and making out in the back seat of dad's Edsel.

We meet Peggy Sue as she's climbing into her old prom dress to attend a 25-year school reunion. She's going alone because her husband Charlie (Nicholas Cage), whom she met and married at high school, has just walked out on her. Charlie is a chain store proprietor who appears in his own television ads as Crazy Charlie, a character who makes Tony Packard look like a candidate for assertiveness classes. He's just run off with a younger woman so it's a blue Peggy Sue who goes to the reunion and meets up with the old gang (a group of young actors made up unconvincingly to look middle aged.) At evening's end Peggy Sue is named belle of the ball, but she faints as she's being crowned. Then, lo and behold, the screen goes all wavy in the tried and true manner of sitcom dream sequences, and Peggy Sue finds herself back in 1961 with all her old pals. And that, as they say, is where the fun begins . . .

Humorous scripting by Jerry Leichtling and Arlene Sarner pits Peggy Sue's post-liberation, post-Pill, worldly woman against the naivete of her classmates and highlights some delightful absurdities of the era, including a very funny profile of the Beat generation. Some pathos mingles with decidely bizarrre and amusing elements at the film's climax, making for nicely rounded entertainment.

If you liked *Back To The Future*, you'll love *Peggy Sue Got Married*. It's aimed at a more mature audience, it's funnier, and Kathleen Turner has got it all over Michael J. Fox in every department. Don't expect Academy Award material, just a light and lively fantasy that makes you laugh and never leaves you in any doubt that everyone will live happily ever after. Heaven forbid that Peggy Sue should be left pining over old flames.

While we're on the subject of 1961, you may recall a film of that year by the name of *The Hustler*. Who knows, maybe Peggy Sue and Charlie made out in the back row while Paul Newman as born loser Fast Eddy Felson flickered away on the screen. Well, Fast Eddy's back, albeit a lot slower, in director Martin Scorsese's **The Color Of Money**, which takes up Eddy's story 25 years after he was wiped by Minnesota Fats.

Newman reprises his classic Academy Award nominated role, co-starring with *Top Gun* actor Tom Cruise who plays young hotshot pool player Vincent Lauria. Mary Elizabeth Mastrantonio supports as Vincent's street-wise, hard-as-nails girlfriend, Carmen.

Fast Eddy doesn't play pool any more — the old eyes have gone on him and it's a different ball game these days. But he's still hustling, flogging low grade booze under high grade labels around the traps. Visiting his barmaid girlfriend Janelle (Helen Shaver) at a pool hall, Eddy witnesses Vince Lauria in action and sets about convincing the talented innocent that he's got what it takes to be the best. In the intellect department Vince is about on par with Jethro Bodine, so the carnal charms of Carmen come into play in getting Vince to start hustling the halls interstate.

Up to about its midway point *The Color Of Money* is lively and engrossing, with Cruise particularly appealing, but then the film becomes disjointed and characters undergo poorly explained or simply too rapid metamorphoses. It contains some good laughs, some good portrayals and it has a punchy score. Scorsese and director of photography Michael Ballhaus could have gone a little easier on the smartarse camera tricks. It's nothing great, but it's diverting and to say that it compares favorably with the original is to say that Eddie Charlton plays a mean game of tiddlywinks.

Starting to feel queasy with all this jumping backwards and forwards in time? Get the bad water off your chest with a dose of **Frenchman's Farm**, an Australian movie about murders and time warps. It'll make you laugh, it may make you puke — and all unintentionally. Ignore the promising cast that includes John Meillon, Ray Barrett and Norman Kaye and concentrate instead on the ludicrous plot, the appalling script and the film's uncanny resemblance to the second-rate show of the late Sixties that went under the name of *The Evil Touch*. It is ironic that *Frenchman's Farm* should pivot on travelling back in time. The film itself sets the industry back a bad 25 years. — *C.J. Mackay*

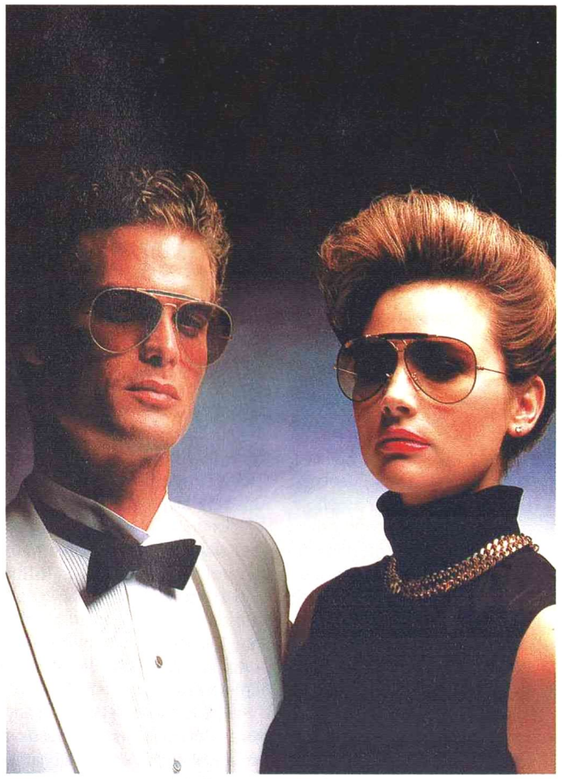
From the top: Kathleen Turner as the time travelling Peggy Sue in Peggy Sue Got Married; Tom Cruise chalks up a good performance in The Color Of Money; Ray Barrett in They Shoot Turkeys Don't They? (better known as Frenchman's Farm).

RULE THE WORLD

Today the loungeroom, tomorrow the world! That's what you'll be saying after playing Powerplay, a new Australian card game in which players strive to build an empire in a competitive world market by either picking up a country or acquiring it through negotiation with other players. This is not one of those games that goes on forever. Win, lose or stalemate, the game is over in less than an hour. But when it's over, the megalomaniac streak in all players is whetted, and everyone will be hanging out for just one more game. Powerplay sells for $34.99 at Toyworld and all specialty game stores.

SUN, SOUND AND SEA

The world's first solar-powered Walkman, the WM F-107, is here. This revolutionary system gives two hours of playback with a four-hour solar charge to the nickel cadmium battery, although it can also be juiced from an AC adaptor or a car battery. It's cute — and it works.



SPECS OF GOLD

How'd you like to be up to your eyeballs in precious metals? The only bridge you have to cross to find yourself in this enviable position is the one on your nose. Cross it with a pair of Ray-Ban Precious Metals, singular sunnies for those who treasure detail and perfection. These specs combine the finest optical protection with strength and purity of design. The lightweight lenses provide wearer comfort with top gradient, absorbing light when protection is most needed. All Precious Metals have two-tone treatment — gold/black chrome, gold/platinum and gold/ruthinium (white). They retail at optical stores for a recommended $377.95 for gold/black and $397.95 for gold/platinum and gold/ruthinium (white).

WHO CAN?

The Catcan is aptly described as innovative: a sailing boat-rigger-come-canoe, it's one of the more unusual designs around, but extremely practical. It was designed by Australian commandos for long range sea and river operations — and is even capable of being fitted with heavy weapon mounts for rocket firing, if you ever spot hoons tossing their empty tinnies overboard. It all packs up to be quite neat and portable — ideal for everyone from adventure types to leisure lazers. Ring Trek Outdoors Australia on 02-52 1322 for more details.

ABOUT FACE

Over the past few years men's attitudes to the well-being of their bodies have been heightened as the population as a whole becomes more conscious of the right foods, the right amount of exercise and the right grooming regimens to keep hair and skin looking their best. Many men are now prepared to accept that their skin and hair will benefit from the cleansing, polishing and protecting routines women have used since the year dot. Mostly Men is a range of simple, straightforward products created for men who want to build simple skin and hair protection into their daily ablutions. All products from protective moisturiser, shampoo and conditioner to aftershave are herbal and no cute, fluffy little animals have been tortured in their preparation and testing. Good for your skin, hair and sound ideological fibre.

REV IT UP

Time to get serious. Yamaha's Tenere 600cc brute is not for the airy-fairies. It's for the rider who is very interested in going very fast for a very long time — and who isn't likely to whinge about the fact that Australia is *not* a country linked by a network of super-highways. Based on the Yamaha fashioned for the gruelling Paris/Dakar endurance race, it's a stylishly finished machine which just happens to double as a mean mother.

SAVING YOUR SKIN

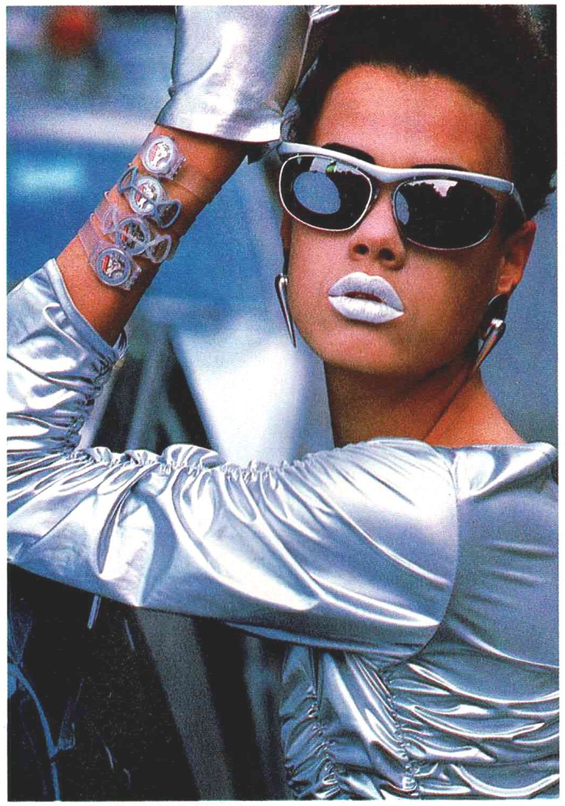
Talking bikes, and talking high performance fashion, the brand to turn the heads is Dainese — imported from Italy by Monza Imports of Melbourne. Whether it's racing, touring or heavy metal rocking, Dainese is the name that's worn to be wild. Ring Monza on 03-328 1798 for more info.

COMING UP ROSES

If a rose is a rose is a rose, how come the cost of sending ten of the long-stemmed article varies so widely across the country? That was a question that prompted man of flowers Michael Packer to set up Roseland, a nation-wide service that allows you to have roses delivered across town or to Woop Woop across the continent for a set price of $34.95. Packer recently obtained quotes from florists for delivery of roses between Melbourne and Sydney. They averaged $60. Between Melbourne suburbs the cost was around $45. So Roseland's one-price-fits-all deal would appear to be a bargain for anyone sending the gift that's most likely to impress a woman. You just call 'em up toll free and ten roses of your color choice will be delivered in an elegant box to your beloved the following morning. The number's 008-03 8188. Have your credit card number, personal message and delivery instructions at the ready.

SMELL LIKE NORMAN MAY

It's GOLD, GOLD, GOLD all the way with Yardley's very popular range of men's grooming products. The company's advertising tells us that they've bottled the spirit of Australian sporting winners, making Yardley Gold For Men sound like it'll hit the hooter like a changeroom full of nosey Nikes. In fact, the stuff has a refreshing herbaceous fragrance and, in the spirit of all things sporty, prices are very competitive. The range is priced from $5.95 for lather shaving cream up to $10.95 for 75ml aftershave and splash-on. In distinctive red, green and gold packaging at pharmacies and department stores nationally.



WRISTY BUSINESS

Ever wished you'd held on to your Beatle wig, or your technicolor platform shoes, or that groovy lamp with the colored blobs that oozed around? Those things are worth heavy lettuce these days in natty little boutiques that specialise in nostalgia. Trouble is you never know what's going to be worth a crust in years to come. Well, here's a tip. Recently Sotheby's held an auction of the early ranges of Swatch and bidding was, as they say, brisk. So don't dispose of your disposable watch — you may regret it someday. And, by the way, the latest range is now in the stores.

WHAT'S YOUR BAG?

Louis Vuitton luggage has established itself as the range that carries more status than any of the items it carries. Anyone who's anyone won't leave home without it. For a superb range of accessories for the trendy traveller, visit the Louis Vuitton stores in Melbourne, Fremantle or the new one on the corner of King and Castlereagh streets, Sydney.

C THIS

CDs being all the rage, it seemed only a matter of time before the go-anywheres came along. And, of course, they're now getting smaller. These days, we're talking *miniature*. The Sony Discman is the Walkman of CDs, operating on penlight batteries or adapting to any home sound system. It's superb sound at a time when the market is demanding portability.

AN ASIDE

Far from being the gimmicks and novelties of a past era, sidecars are back for very good reasons: they are eminently comfortable and downright fun. Bikers who once felt they had to ditch their passion when the kids came along are now opting for the legal model "chairs." Sidecars are available in various sizes, right up to units capable of seating two adults and four children. Ron Hurdis of HRD Sidecars in Sydney's far west has raced them for 14 years, is still in one piece, and is riding their revival. He can be reached on 047-77 4269 if you like the look of the one pictured.

Brisbane's Maria Sansom

COMING IN APRIL AUSTRALIAN PENTHOUSE

Grim Reapings — "It couldn't happen in a country town like this," was the initial reaction of the people of Warwick when confronted by dozens of ritually tortured and slaughtered animals on a nearby farm. Worse was to come when these pop-Satanism cult rituals were linked to the death of a local youth. *Penthouse* investigates the ugly incidents which shamed this god-fearing Queensland town.

Grandmaster Cheung — The best boxers in the world can't throw more than four punches in a second. William Cheung can throw nine. His hands move faster than you can count, faster than you can think, faster than you can see. *Penthouse* profiles this remarkable Melbourne-based martial artist, a man who is not just the master of an Oriental discipline, but a master of life.

Backchat — They're the most offensive weapon in the armory of modern communications — the talkback commentators whose pompous sermons dominate Australian radio. Laws, Hinch, Tingle, Jones and the rest are force-feeding gullible audiences the politics of the far right. In another instalment in the series on the New Conservatism, *Penthouse* considers the power of these ratbags of radio.

Farnham's Voice— John Farnham's singing career has spanned two decades and a range of styles from corny balladeer to soft rock frontman and his latest image change to soulful sophisticate, which has shot him to his greatest chart success. Meet the man behind the voice in an illuminating interview in next month's *Australian Penthouse.*

Pet Of The Month — Listen in on some of the delicious secrets of the stunning Maria Sansom. This is a lady who says she likes the feeling of danger and action . . . April *Penthouse* accommodates her whim in a nautical setting — and gets the best from her in return.

GOLF

Continued from page 128

a nasty gust up his shnoz when he thinks everything's settled down.

A doner kebab for breakfast with a glass of warm Toohey's Old should see you through 36 holes at least . . .

Don't let your own concentration lapse. Never forget you should always be able to gain an advantage when marking your ball. Putting down the marker, picking up your ball, picking up the marker, replacing the ball . . . there are a lot of hand and ball motions here that should guarantee you an extra metre — more if you're at the back of the green.

Remember — never concede a putt. Never ever. Make them play it. Any situation can be saved with imagination. One exponent saved a two-foot tap-in for $200 by throwing up over his opponent's ball. It's this sort of dedication to detail that earmarks the truly great Skins player.

The second maxim of golf states: "No-one ever got to be great by playing it straight."

GENERAL TIPS

Never be a poor sport. Don't ever appear upset that you're losing. If someone is playing well, *tell him about it*. Express the hope that he can keep it up for the whole game. Enquire about his best round ever and suggest that if he can be consistent and not lose his rhythm through a couple of loose shots he might be able to improve his handicap. Suggest ways he might eradicate flaws in his putting.

When his game starts to fall to bits, express sympathy.

Remind him it's only a game.

On the other hand, when you get on top — as you undoubtedly will if you practise hard at the skills we're discussing here — *never let the others forget it*.

If you save a hole with a flukey 15-metre putt when one of the others has a tap in for the money, it should become your only topic of conversation for the rest of the day.

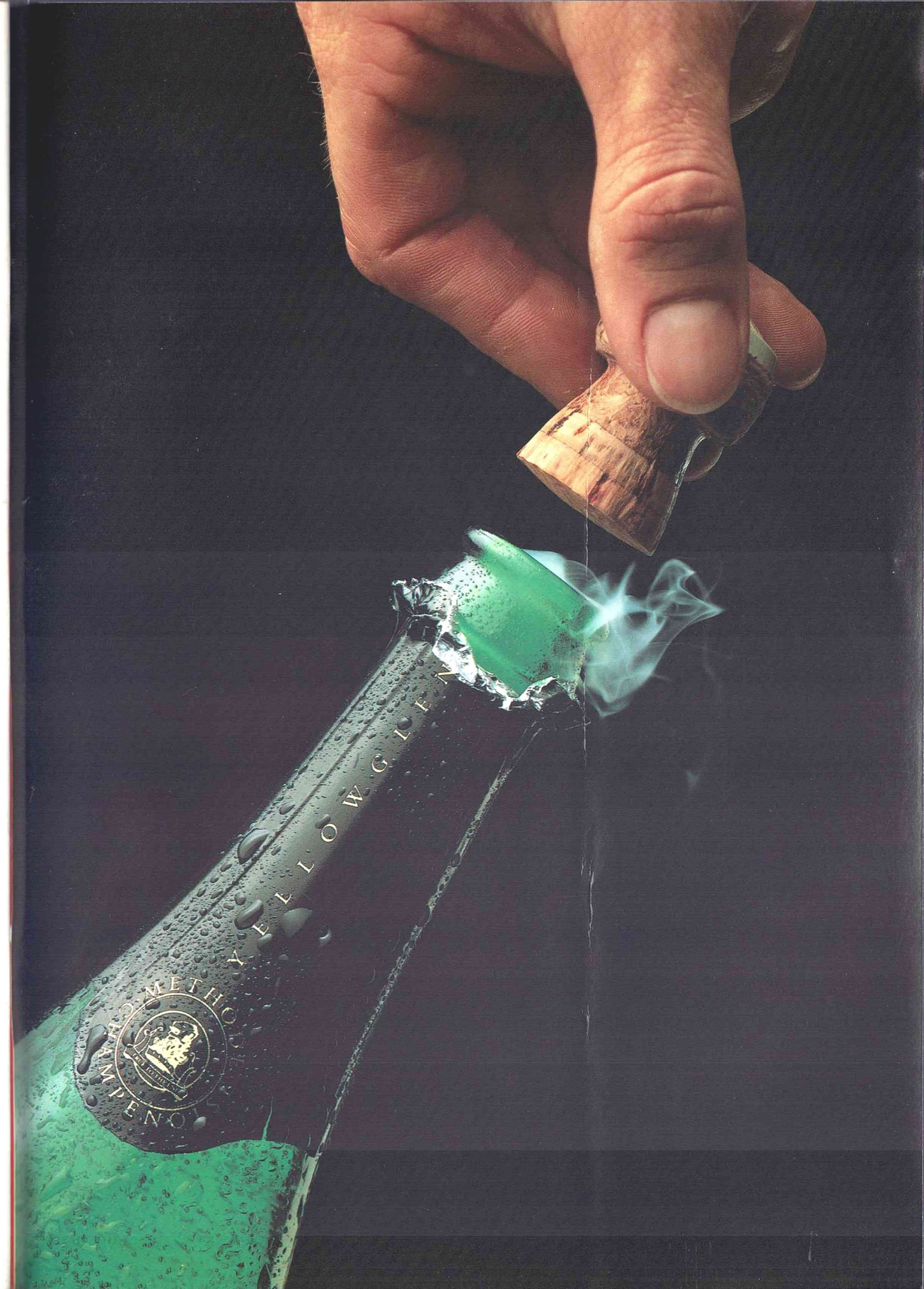
Invite the others to do better: "Put another one up close and make it a challenge for me."

Or: "That was a great second shot of yours. Right next to the pin. If it had gone in, you would have won the hole."

When you win a "skin" don't be gracious. Inform everyone you take Bankcard and American Express if they can't afford to pay up. No cheques thanks. It's the third maxim of Skins: "When you take the note remember to gloat."

So when you watch the pros do battle again on your screens this year, watch out for the finer points of the game. As Tom Watson kneels down to line up his putt, keep your eyes on Fuzzy Zoeller.

I swear you'll hear him murmur: "Concentrate, Tom. Forget this one's for a quarter of a mill. Hell, it's only a game." OH



...anyhow* have a Winfield 25's

Five smokes ahead of the rest

WV2.Q2
CC494/80